

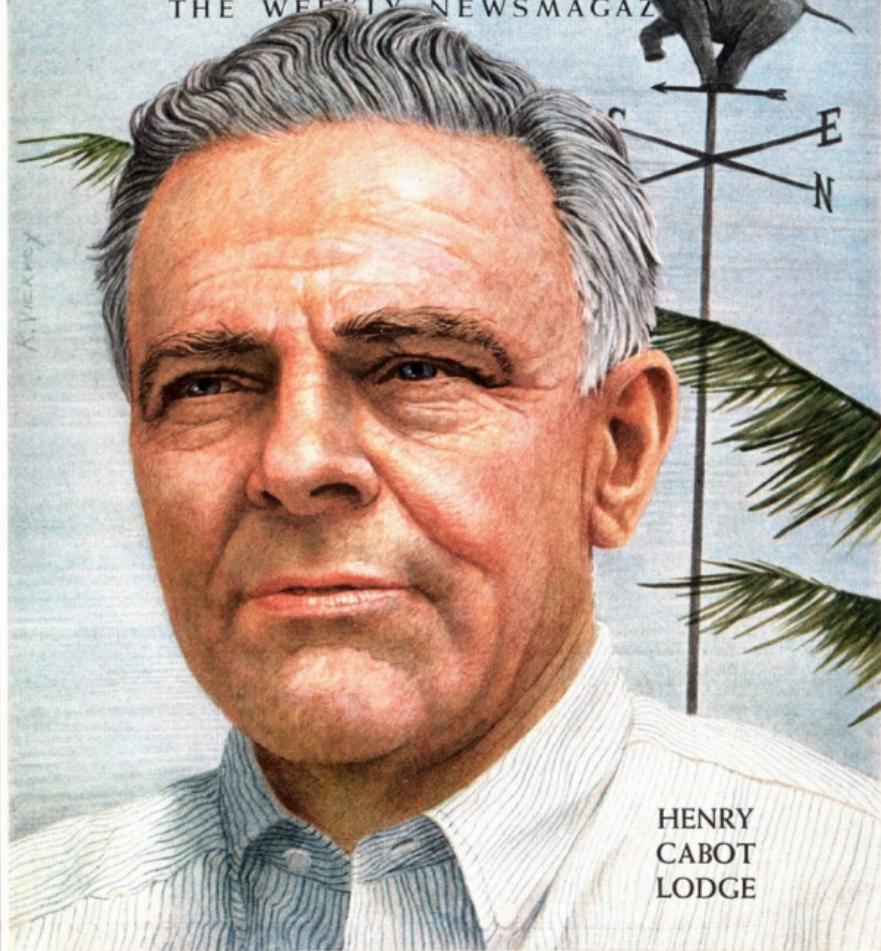
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 13, 1964

THE REPUBLICANS:
Can Popularity Win the Prize?

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



HENRY
CABOT
LODGE

VOL. 83 NO. 20
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

STRENGTH



Where do we get our muscle? From the growth of our vigorous subsidiaries: ■ Telephone operating companies in 32 states; GT&E Laboratories; GT&E International in 17 countries; General Telephone Directory Co.; Automatic Electric, a manufacturer of telephone equipment and control systems; Lenkurt Electric, specializing in

video, voice and data transmission; and Sylvania Electric Products, making TV, stereo, lighting, electronic components. ■ We're 97,000 people strong! All working to strengthen our position as a major telecommunications company both here and abroad. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

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Today, more youngsters are learning to roll before they rock.



Not dancing. We mean bowling.

Thousands of youngsters are taking to bowling.

It's easy to learn (easy as dancing).

Real fun.

Especially with a group of friends. Inexpensive, too.

And the modern bowling center with its wholesome, friendly atmosphere
is a fine place for youngsters to enjoy themselves.

Bowling's a fine sport for any age.

Have you tried bowling?

Look for the Magic Triangle for the best in bowling.



All the parts that make a watch fast or slow have been left out of the Accutron® movement.



Old-fashioned balance wheel is still used in all wind, self-wind, and electric watches. It is not used in the Accutron movement.



Accutron tuning fork keeps virtually perfect time and comes with the first guarantee of accuracy ever given.

The balance wheel, springs, staff and screws in your present watch are mechanical parts.

A speck of dust can upset them. So can congealed oil. And normal wear.

We do not use these parts in the Accutron movement. Instead, a tiny tuning fork keeps time through vibrations,

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(Your present watch divides a second only into 5 parts.)

Accutron time is so precise that we guarantee average daily accuracy within 2 seconds.*

And we know owners who have not gained or lost this in 2 months.

You might also like to know that the U.S. uses Accutron movements in satellites. And that the Air Force has issued them to all X-15 pilots.

However, don't let this make you think that Accutron prices are higher than any other fine timepiece's.

(Remember, we left a lot of parts out.)



© Bulova Watch Company, Inc. ♦ Accutron Spaceview model, with transparent dial to show movement, \$125 plus tax. Other styles available. *Your Accutron jeweler will adjust accuracy to this tolerance, if necessary. Guarantee is for one full year.



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General's Dual Super G doubles previous original tread mileage for Colorado trucker

July, 1963: Shupe Brothers, Greeley, Colorado, mounted a set of 1000/22 Dual Super Gs on their new ten-wheeler.

February, 1964: recorded mileage, 98,860 with 9/32 tread remaining, or less than 50% worn. Rolling in all kinds of weather from Salt Lake City to the Kansas plains. Carried maximum loads of grain and salt.

Conclusion: Super Gs were delivering twice the original tread mileage as previous tires.

With tire performance like this, there's only one decision to make, and the Shupe Brothers made it...they mounted

Super Gs on every rig in their fleet!

Why does this tire deliver the goods so well? Because it's built with miracle-mileage Duragen rubber and steel. Two steel belts stabilize the tread. Two steel beads support radial plies of exclusive Nygen cord.

That's why the Dual Super G delivered double the previous original tread mileage for this Colorado trucker. It'll probably do the same for you...and save you as much as 17% on fuel costs, too! Check with your General Tire Dealer and find out for sure!





**Any toothbrush
helps clean your teeth...**

Your dentist will tell you that nothing causes as much adult tooth loss as gum disease and that a most frequent cause of gum disease is tartar. He'll tell you that tartar begins as plaque, a film on your teeth that quickly hardens into this tough, cement-like substance. Once tartar forms, only your dentist can remove it.

BROXODENT (Squibb Automatic-Action Brush for Teeth and Gums) helps remove this tooth film and thus helps to prevent



**Broxodent helps clean your teeth better
and stop the #1 cause of tooth loss**

tartar from ever forming in the first place!

And BROXODENT does this vital tooth-savaging job better and more thoroughly, because BROXODENT delivers 120 up-and-down brushing strokes per second. BROXODENT sweeps away even tiny food particles, refreshes your gums, and then leaves your whole mouth feeling tinglingly clean.

BROXODENT was tested and developed in dental clinics. Most people are buying

BROXODENT on their dentist's recommendation. There are some 20 other automatic toothbrushes available. None is quite like BROXODENT. You will find BROXODENT has constant, unfailing power. No batteries, or plug-in converters.

BROXODENT comes with four snap-on brushes. At your druggist's.

*The perfect gift for Father's Day, and
for weddings, graduations and birthdays
is BROXODENT.*

Ask your dentist about **Broxodent**[®] the automatic toothbrush from **SQUIBB**



BROXODENT[®]...the Automatic-Action Brush for Teeth and Gums from SQUIBB...a leader in dental research / BROXODENT[®] is a trademark - SQUIBB DIVISION Olin



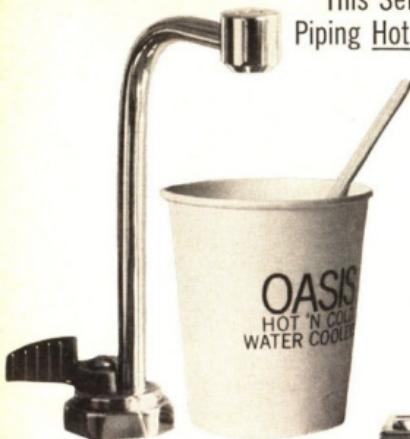
Employers Mutuals' safety engineer Roger Campbell (left) and Personnel Manager John O'Donnell (center) check for possible danger spots in the bottling line for "Fleecy White" liquid bleach at the Purex plant in East Chicago, Indiana.



Show of hands symbolizes the "Woman's Touch" in every Purex product for President Alan C. Dyer and Adrien C. Pelletier at the central headquarters of Purex Corporation, Ltd., Lakewood, California.



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Piping Hot Water



This Serves
Icy Cold Water



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puts both hot and cold water
where the work is

One unit. Hot or cold. Now the OASIS Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler puts a complete refreshment center where the work is. Use the piping hot water tap for coffee, tea, chocolate or soups. Use the cold water tap for perfect drinking water or a variety of delicious fruit-flavored drinks. ■ Either way this trim and attractive OASIS will keep your people happily refreshed without travel time, wait time, wasted time. And their time

OASIS is your money. That's why now is the best time to use the coupon.

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Sold or rented everywhere. Products of **EBCO** See the Yellow Pages. Also: OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

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How up-to-date are you on railroading?

Test your knowledge of facts on Great Northern



Here's a little brain-teaser that will quickly tell you if you are right up to snuff on the progress made by Great Northern Railway.

1. Let's start with an easy one. In what state is located the longest tunnel in the Western Hemisphere? Circle one: Colorado, Washington, California, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Idaho. ANSWER: The Cascade Tunnel, completed 35 years ago, is Great Northern's way of "cutting corners" through the Cascade Range of the State of Washington. The tunnel, now air-conditioned, is 7.79 miles long and rates as one of the longest tunnels in the world. Sure saves time and effort moving freight both ways between Puget Sound and points east.

2. Now test your mathematics. What's the cube root of

2,656,741,625?

Allow yourself about 10 seconds for this one.

ANSWER: We asked our brand new Univac III to "do this in its head" and this electronic marvel came up with the answer (1385) in exactly .0026 seconds. We don't do much cube root figuring in the railroad business, but our Univac sure helps keep inventory records, compile pay rolls and do a lot of other jobs fantastically fast.



3. If you were shipping 500 pounds of canned goods from St. Paul, Minnesota to Minot, N. D., how much money would you save by shipping on Great Northern as compared to motor common carrier?

ANSWER: One peek at Great Northern's new memorandum of LCL freight rates on shipments from the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis to Minot would

show you that your saving by using Great Northern would amount to \$1.60 or 32¢ per hundred pounds. More and more shippers are using Great Northern for fast, dependable LCL transportation. GN picks up your goods—and delivers them to your customer's receiving dock at 323 points in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa and Wisconsin.



4. Now for geography. Great Northern parallels or crosses all but one of these rivers. Do you know which one is not "on" the Great Northern? Circle one: Columbia, Missouri, Mississippi, Red, Pascagoula, Fraser, Yellowstone.

ANSWER: The Pascagoula is in the State of Mississippi—a long distance from Great Northern's line. But Great Northern does run along or across all these other famous rivers. The Fraser? That's near Vancouver, British Columbia.



man enjoying a magnificent meal?

ANSWER: You probably had no trouble with this one. The answer is the dining car of GN's incomparable Empire Builder which in June celebrates its 35th anniversary of service between Chicago and Seattle.

cago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Spokane and Seattle-Portland.

9. Now you're a Minneapolis manufacturer with carload freight to ship to a customer in Seattle. Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock your car is loaded and ready to move from Minneapolis Union Yards of Great Northern. When will it reach Seattle?



ANSWER: Your car will arrive in Seattle on Wednesday night, ready for spotting at your customer's loading dock on Thursday morning. This is possible because Great Northern has recently trimmed a full day from its westbound and eastbound transcontinental freight schedules. It works both ways—between Chicago and Seattle.

10. We left initials to the last. What's the meaning of

**CTC CSS
TOFC
FGGWIGGN ?**

ANSWER: CTC means centralized traffic control, by which Great Northern expedites train movements with remote control. CSS refers to coordinated shipping service—a flexible combination of rail, truck and piggyback offered shippers by GN. TOFC is railroads' way of referring to piggyback (trailer-on-flat-car). The long one? Freight Goes Great When It Goes Great Northern! Now to answer your questions about Great Northern services please direct freight inquiries to G. D. Johnson, General Freight Traffic Manager. For travel information write to K. C. Van Wyck, Passenger Traffic Manager.

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The great impostor



The real McCoy

These two performers have got quite an act. Look closely at the one on top. The great impostor. A handsome hardtop with all the excitement of a convertible. The optional vinyl covering does it—gives it a distinctive, custom-tailored, sophisticated appearance. Regal. Travels well in the best of circles—or out on the straightaway.

The quick-change artist in the bottom picture is the Polara 500 Convertible. Loves to put on airs, but underneath it all, is loaded with fun. Buoyant bucket seats, ready-for-action console and the

biggest standard V8 in the low-priced field. Sporty as they come—and a sun worshiper from the word go.

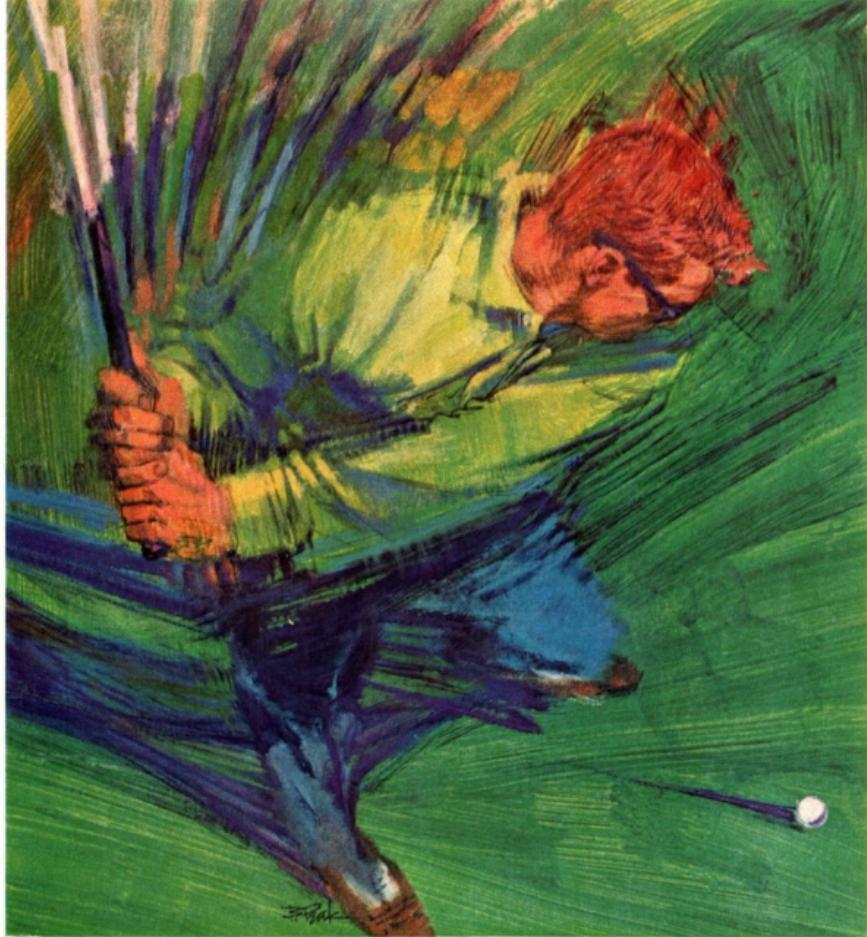
But with either of these new Dodges, the price sticker's the real kicker—makes it almost as easy to own one as it is to drive one. No wonder Dodge has been leading the industry in percentage of sales increase for fifteen months in a row.

Why don't you get in the act? See your Dodge Dealer. Pick the model you want—then wait for the applause.

'64 Dodge

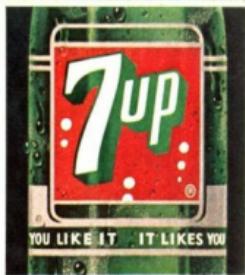
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MOTORS CORPORATION

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Fast enough to be able to *guarantee* him a college education?

His world is shaping with enormous speed into a world of specialization. A college education is not a luxury in that world. It is vital for financial success.

Before long he'll be asking you for that college education. Life Insurance is the way to say "yes". Through the accumulated cash values of your Life Insurance policy you can *guarantee* his education, and protect your family at the same time.

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It makes good sense to rely on the company that has won the confidence of businessmen . . . Aetna Life. More businesses are group insured with Aetna Life than with any other company.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 13

THE ELEVENTH HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).
Rachel Roberts plays a terrified pregnant wife who cannot cope with the news that her husband may soon die. Repeat.

Thursday, May 14

THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A television unit invades a hospital to film a story about doctors and nurses and wreaks havoc with routine. Barbara Harris and Kevin McCarthy guest-star.

Friday, May 15

THE OREGON PRIMARY (CBS, 11:15 p.m. to midnight, ABC continues from 12:30 a.m. to 1 a.m., and NBC from 12:45 a.m. to 1 a.m.).

Saturday, May 16

TRIPLE CROWN—THE PREAKNESS (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). The 88th running of the Preakness, from Baltimore.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9 p.m.-conclusion). *The Left Hand of God*, starring Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney. Color.

Sunday, May 17

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Oregon Governor Mark O. Hatfield.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Portrait of Pierre Laval. Repeat.

Tuesday, May 19

MOMENT OF FEAR (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Thirteen years after the fact, a conscience-stricken woman confesses the murder of her husband. Nina Foch, Dean Stockwell and Gary Merrill star in the first of selections from past series.

THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Singer Harry Belafonte, Tenor Franco Corelli and Pianist Grant Johannesen. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Witty, virile, supremely intelligent, Richard Burton's Hamlet is a masterful prince of language, though never quite the fallen prince of tragedy.

HIGH SPIRITS. A house was never haunted by so blithe a spirit as Tammy Grimes, and Bea Lillie is the comic conjurer who brings her back to earth to tempt her husband and torture his second wife.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in several seasons, Barbara Streisand. She colors every song and caps all her clowning with the indelible impact of a fiercely magnetic stage presence.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closeful of balloons, Sandy Dennis ascends from playmate to helplimate in two acts.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, moving, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO, DOLLY! Cast as a matchmaker, Carol Channing dangles her gay, cartoon-topped self in front of a stuffy moneybags.

• All times E.D.T.

(David Burns) who is slow off the mark. Gower Champion's dancers set a brisk pace for the chase.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. As a fast-talking TV producer-director, Robert Preston gives a sly, light touch to a play full of caustic mass-media mockery.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford spice an early married life with dollops of humor and bright good looks.

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones. In a New York subway car, a white girl who is a twitchy, neurotic bundle of well-informed clichés and sterile sexual aggressions, lures, taunts, degrades and destroys a Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but not before he tells her, with profane and explicit brutality, how much Negroes hate whites. Though his one-acter repeats the pattern of Albee's *The Zoo Story*, Jones captures the contemporary mood of violence with raw and nerve-tingling fury.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half brothers—joined in kinship, disjunctively opposite in color—prey on each other's weaknesses, but stay together in a communion of spirit that is full of laughter, envy, good intent and deep fears.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, acted in the round and with a classic chorus, is a powerful, tormenting image of humans bearing the unbearable.

RECORDS

Orchestral Music

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 5 (Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic; Columbia, 2 LPs). Bernstein again shows his affinity for Mahler in this strong, youthful performance of the panoramic five-movement work sometimes called "The Giant." There are none of the songs that Mahler put in some of his other symphonies, but the instruments alone, as he used them, have eloquence to spare. Bernstein handles the long, playful scherzo with easy humor, changes moods in lightning flashes, and tears at the vitals of the dramatic sections. A milestone in the Mahler revival.

VAUGHN WILLIAMS: SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra; EMI). Sir John, maestro of both the Houston Symphony and the Hallé of Manchester, gives a glowing performance of the too-little-heard impressionistic symphony called "The London." Here are pomp and pageantry, cockney airs, the chimes of Big Ben, and a luminous lento movement that the composer called "Bloomsbury Square on a November afternoon." The music also evokes an era; it was completed in 1914.

HINDEMITH: SYMPHONIC METAMORPHOSES ON THEMES BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER (Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic; Deutsche Grammophon). Choreographer George Balanchine composed his *Metamorphoses* to this music; beetlike creatures eventually turn into birds. Furtwängler, an early champion of Hindemith, calls upon his own powerful magic to translate the themes into various musical modes, from unsettling nervous buzzings to biting jazz. On the other side, Furtwängler conjures up a more peaceful succession of *Metamor-*

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T54



Note to wives who like moonlight strolls: there are three acres of deck space on R. M. S. Queen Elizabeth.

Challenge for wives of top executives:

Next time your husband goes to Europe, get him to take a giant Cunard Queen—and you

At sea on the Queens, your husband gets the rest and relaxation he needs—plus the tender care of a British staff 1200 strong. He has five days to soak up sun, breathe fresh salt air, plan his work in peace, and be with you. For more compelling facts, read on.



KEEP this in mind when you start showing your husband the advantages of a sea trip: a voyage on the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary* doesn't take time, it gives it. Crossing on the Queens can be a sound investment.

Here is what one industrialist has to say about the rewards of a sea trip:

"What a trip like this gives the businessman is time. Nowhere is he so cut off from pressures, so completely unavailable as at sea. A long, long weekend on shipboard from Wednesday to Monday is nothing compared to the feeling of time to spare which it gives."

If your husband *must* work, take heart. He has all the leisure he needs, plus a staff of nine English secretaries to assist

him. For inspired thinking, there is the peace and quiet of a vast library and the spacious calm of your stateroom.

But the Queens are far more than executive suites afloat.

These ocean liners are *bigger* than ordinary ships. In First Class, you get three acres of deck space for strolling or relaxing. There are 35 handsome public rooms, ranging from spacious lounges to intimate cocktail bars.

You can *tone up*: there is a Turkish bath, swimming pools fit for a country club, and two fully equipped gymnasiums with resident professionals to help you set the right program.

For wives—heaven afloat

For wives, a trip First Class can be the thrill of a lifetime. You can have your

own stewardess, a hairdresser, salt air for your complexion, and a nursery to care for your children. This leaves you free to explore the ship and make friends.

Wives especially love the way the Queens turn harried businessmen back into relaxed husbands. You start doing things *together* again: having leisurely cocktails, lingering over meals, re-discovering moonlight or dancing 'til all hours.

A happy fact: the sea brings out the social lion in a man. Many husbands who haven't been on a dance floor in years find themselves asking the orchestra for old favorites on the Queens.

A final persuader

More ammunition for wives of reluctant husbands: When you consider that your First Class passage includes a beautiful stateroom with private bath and shower, five days of superb food, British service, and 3000 miles of pleasure and relaxation, *the price is a bargain.*

If all these facts don't convince your husband, put your foot down.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

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phoses, also written in the 1940s, by the 81-year-old Richard Strauss.

MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO NO. 2 (George Szell conducting a chamber group from the Cleveland Orchestra; Epic). Mozart composed this divertimento (for flute, oboe, bassoon, four horns and strings) after two operas and 26 symphonies, but he still had something to say; he was 16. Szell makes the 200-year-old party music sound as bright and young as yesterday, and he insists that the dancing be both festive and mannerly.

PROKOFIEV: SYMPHONY NO. 5 (Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; RCA Victor). Only a conductor with the sophistication and logic of Leinsdorf can keep rein on the tugging emotional and intellectual strands of Prokofiev's greatest symphony. The first and third movements are deeply felt, but never betrayed by theatrical effects; the second and fourth are lively and lyrical in turn, but edged with sudden ominous outcroppings.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Playing a sad, scraggly revolutionary who leads an unsuccessful strike of textile workers, Marcello Mastroianni sews up his status as the international cinema's most versatile leading man.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Houris and hired assassins play it mostly for laughs when Sean Connery arrives in Istanbul as Ian Fleming's Bond bombshell, Secret Agent 007.

THE NIGHT WATCH. Five men plan an underground escape from a Paris prison—a commonplace theme developed with uncommon skill in this taut French thriller.

BECKET. A superior film spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's pungent drama has a prodigally talented cast headed by Richard Burton as England's 12th century religious martyr and Peter O'Toole as Henry II.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. Teenagers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth racket about Manhattan as a pair of metro-gnomes in hilarious pursuit of Peter Sellers, a playboy pianist with a yen for footloose matrons.

THE SERVANT. Hell-fire gleams through the tea-party facade of Dirk Bogarde, the conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who serves up Director Joseph Losey's message about class distinction in Britain with a dash of bathers.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. In three yeasty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren is a whole Italian street scene rolled into one woman. Marcello Mastroianni is head of the block.

THE SILENCE. A tortured lesbian (Ingrid Thulin) and her nymphomaniac sister (Gunnel Lindblom) dominate Ingmar Bergman's bold, beautifully acted drama—though a child and an old man furnish scraps of evidence that the human condition may not be hopeless.

TONY JONES: "BEST" Director Tony Richardson's wonderfully wicked assault on Fielding's 18th century classic proves that the wages of sin add up to a boodle of 1963 Oscars—four in all.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Looking back 30 years later at Paris and himself on the threshold of fame, Hemingway re-explored—and perhaps re-invented—his friendships with established writers (Pound, Stein, Ford, Joyce), par-



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Style 284—Taut-Topper slip-on oxford with distinctive Whipstitch seam; deep forest brown or gleaming black calfskin.



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ticularly his ambiguous relation to the already successful young Scott Fitzgerald.

PEDRO MARTINEZ, by Oscar Lewis. Anthropologist Lewis follows his brilliant tape-recorded pastiche, *The Children of Sanchez*, with the story of an old Mexican peasant whose passion and native eloquence was spent on aborted uprisings and hopeless land-reform politics.

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES, by Robert Graves. These skillful tales show again, if further proof is needed, that Robert Graves can write anything well. Most of the stories are set in Spain and feature lively eccentrics whose escapades make astonishing reading.

SELECTED POEMS BY HERMAN MELVILLE, edited by Hennig Cohen. The finest of U.S. novelists was not an outstanding poet, but there are enough good poems in this chronological sampling, such as the final lines of *Billy Budd*, to make it more than just a literary curiosity.

IN HIS OWN WRITE, by John Lennon. The oldest Beatle ("he's the arty one") explains his startling collection of post-Joycean jabberwocky: "As far as I'm concerned this correction of shorty writty is the most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready." His readers shrudlu too.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. In this medieval parable a saintly, obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built atop his fragile cathedral, only to realize at last that his monument was not to God's glory but his own.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley Ann Grau. Though miscegenation is the theme of this deceptively artless novel, it has no pejorative connotations for a large Louisiana clan until the heroine's racist husband makes a violent entry into politics.

EPISODE-REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* tells what it was like to rebuild his life after a major "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke) left him severely paralyzed four years ago. Hodgins wrote this book with ball-point pens (he can no longer use a typewriter), but it has Mr. Blandings' old wit and wordcraft.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (2)
3. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (3)
4. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (8)
5. *The Deputy*, Hochhuth (4)
6. *The Whapshot Scandal*, Cheever (6)
7. *The Martyred*, Kim (7)
8. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (9)
9. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (9)
10. *The Night of the Generals*, Kirst

NONFICTION

1. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (1)
2. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (2)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (3)
4. *The Naked Society*, Packard (4)
5. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (5)
6. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (6)
7. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (7)
8. *When the Cheering Stopped*, Smith (9)
9. *The Great Treasury Raid*, Stern (8)
10. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky



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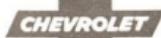
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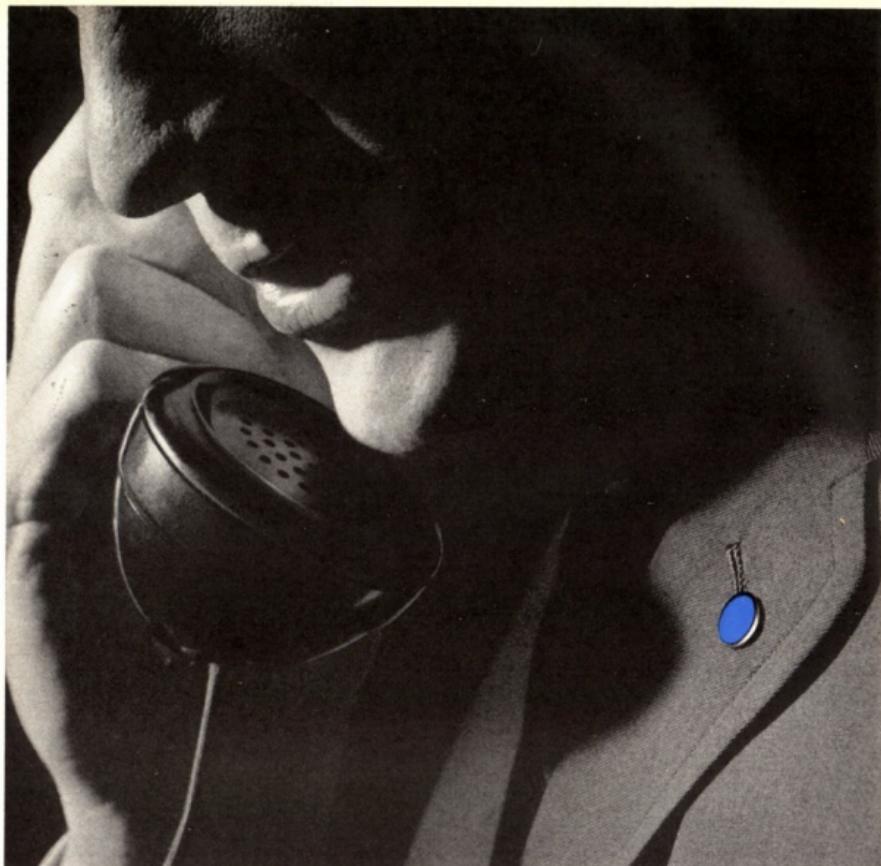
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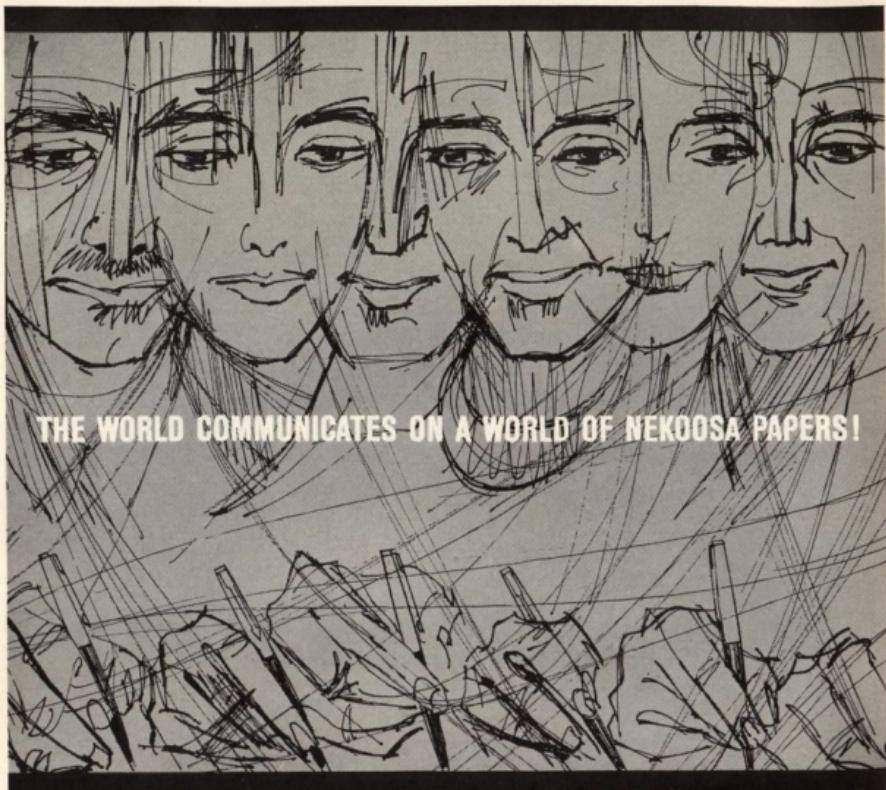
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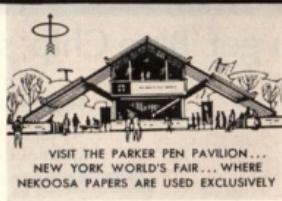
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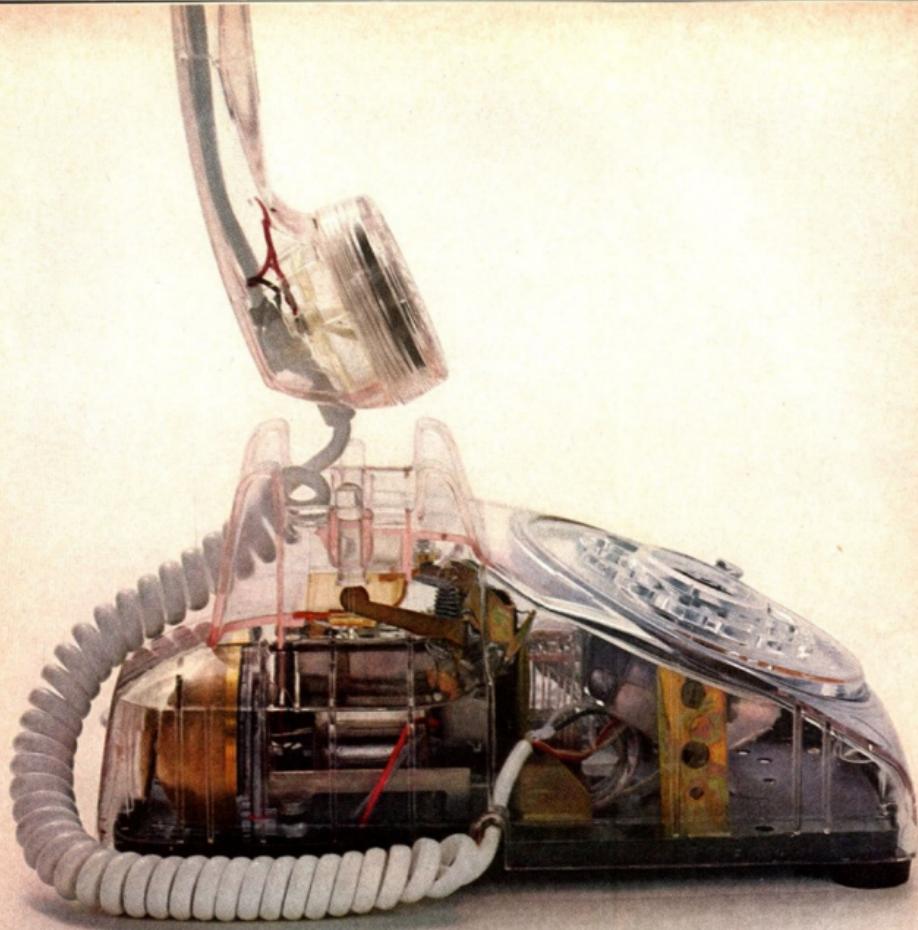


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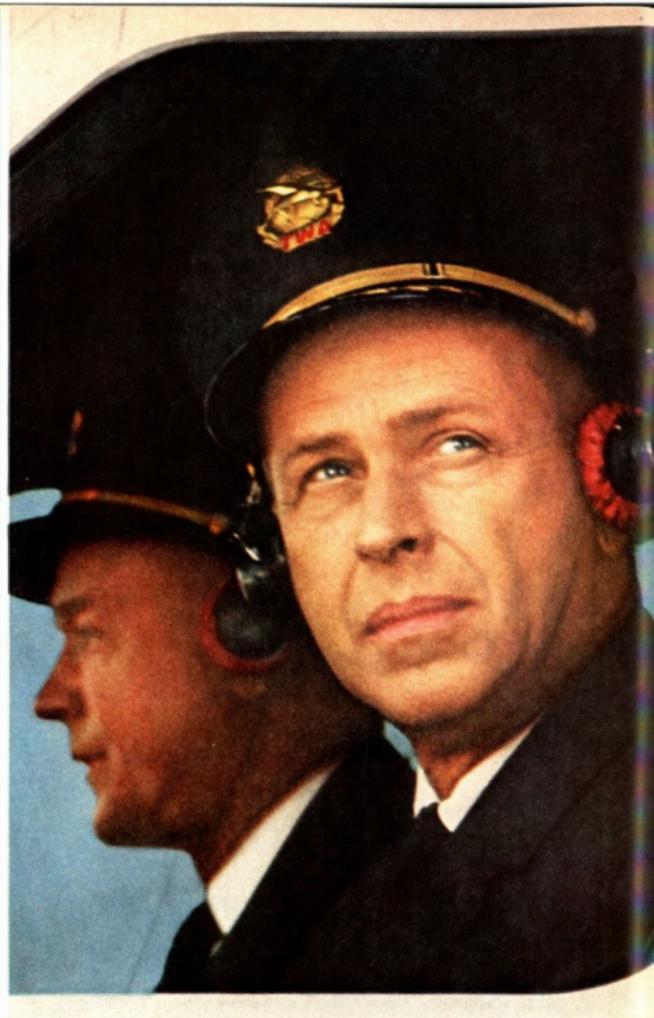
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LETTERS

Cheers, Jeers & Ears

Sir: Your cover story [May 1] might well have been entitled "A Day in the Life of L.B.J." The five pages devoted to him were certainly as exhaustive (both in covering the subject and in effect upon the reader's imagination) as a book.

STUART J. MAHLIN

Philadelphia

Sir: Witty parries or glittery sophistication would not become this tall Texan who talks like a folksy fellow from the country who made good in the city. He is doing a great job, and that sound earthiness and solidity gave all of us strength at a time when we were badly shaken. The history-minded might recollect similar speech qualities in Abraham Lincoln.

LOIS WILMOT

New York City

Sir: Bustle is not accomplishment. Motion is not progress. With modern means of transportation, a President needs no great talent to cover great distances and make several stops in depressed areas. A whirlwind tour of depressed communities contributes little to an understanding or solution of their problems. Mr. Johnson would better perform the duties of his office by less talk and more study and reflection.

WILLIAM B. PENDERGAST
Director of Research

Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Sir: You stated flatly that "no man in the White House has ever moved faster" than Johnson. In the hectic beginning days of the New Deal, F.D.R. announced the Good Neighbor Policy, called the bank holiday, passed the Federal Emergency Relief Act, took the U.S. off the gold standard, and started the CCC, AAA, TVA, HOLC, FDIC, FCA, NRA and WPA. And all that in 100 days, not five months. Johnson is a whirlwind, but Roosevelt was a cyclone.

JOE McBRIDE

Watertown, Wis.

Sir: It is difficult to tell whether our President is a statesman, a skillful politician or a clown. No great statesman could have said: "The one good thing about America is that our ambitions are not too large. They boil down to food, shelter and clothing." To say that our ambitions are not too large is appalling. This is not the spirit that has made the U.S. the greatest industrial nation the world has ever known. This is the spirit of mediocrity.

ROBERT C. BORDEN

Andover, Mass.

Sir: Johnson's brand of political maneuvering, which plays on the emotions and ignorance of the masses, is positively revolting. It should be obvious to everyone that his lavish promises to wipe out poverty and end racial strife are merely vote-getting tactics.

MRS. RONALD E. BOWRA

Wichita, Kans.

Sir: President Johnson must have read Tolson's *War and Peace*: "To have one's ear pulled by the Emperor was considered the greatest honor and mark of favor at the French Court." Beagles aren't French and L.B.J. isn't Bonaparte, but if there is political significance, remember Waterloo!

LEO A. MATHEWS

San Fernando, Calif.

G.O.P. Hopefuls

Sir: Governor Scranton [May 1] offers America the Eisenhower philosophy of moderate Republicanism and common sense. Many Republicans see him as a compromise candidate, even though he has discouraged campaigning on his behalf. It is my hope that the G.O.P. will realize Scranton's voter potential and nominate him as a clear-cut opposite to L.B.J. without the radical undertones of some G.O.P. hopefuls.

BILL COX

Owensboro, Ky.

Sir: Your timely excerpts from Governor Scranton's speech will help citizens to know the philosophy of this Republican. It makes no sense to me to transfer appropriations and authority from the Federal Government to the states. This, in essence, means that each state government would have more control over its citizens. In the final analysis, we would still be subject to more control by "government" which, moreover, would be closer than Washington. One form of authority would have passed away only to be replaced by another, more immediate authority.

RICHARD E. HALE

Omaha

Sir: Your recognition of Senator Goldwater's strength [May 8] is gratifying, despite its tardiness and restrained enthusiasm. You should try exploring the significance of the rising voice of sound, responsible, conservative ideology, because you are going to be living with it.

JAMES B. TUDHOPE

Chicago

Sir: If the Goldwater forces realize "that Barry could still blurt out some remark that would hurt his cause" in securing the Republican presidential nomination, how could he be trusted as President of the U.S. not to blurt out remarks that would hurt the cause of his country?

PAUL MORSEY

Bloomington, Ind.

Gentlemen Terrorists

Sir: Recently, in another city, it was my misfortune to hear the recruiting tape of the Ku Klux Klan [May 1]. I had not, till then, really realized the fantastic lengths to which these people are willing to go to keep the Negro in terror.

CHRISTOPHER TODD

Seattle

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Sir: I am a Lumbee Indian, and my anger rises at the very thought of the K.K.K. So now the K.K.K. is turning over a new leaf and turning minority hatred into kindness! All I can say is that I fear it is too late; too many remember past treatment by the K.K.K.

BETTY OXENDINE MANGUM
Otsego, Mich.

Help!

Sir: After a satisfying lunch at the Stork Club, I was set upon and mugged. No one came to my assistance—no one except TIME, which thoughtfully supplied the number to call: CAnal 7-2000 [May 8]. I found there was no CAnal 7, but learned when one dials this number the response is Acme Fast Freight: BArclay 7-2000.

T. H. TRACY

New York City

► Next time try CAnal 6-2000 for New York's fast cops.—Ed.

Bishop Kennedy

Sir: TIME's cover story on Bishop Gerald Kennedy [May 8] was a very fair presentation of "the people called Methodists" and their way of life in the 20th century.

CLARENCE F. AVEY
The First Methodist Church
Westfield, Mass.

Sir: As a member of the Albion College Choir, which sang for the Methodist General Conference on April 29, I had the privilege of hearing Bishop Kennedy speak for a few minutes in favor of the new Methodist hymnal. His was a speech that sparked the entire morning's proceedings; he is an intelligent, progressive man.

CATHY FORD

Albion College
Albion, Mich.

Sir: After reading your story on Bishop Kennedy, I've become convinced that in the leadership of the Methodist Church there are still men with the kind of vigorous faith that sent John Wesley into the streets of England.

JON ALAN ANDERSON

University of Hawaii
Honolulu

Sir: Your account of the Methodist Church and profile of one of our illustrious leaders, Bishop Kennedy, was eminently accurate. The obligation upon the churches to be relevant to the age is rightly emphasized; but that does not mean descending to the secular plane—softening its teachings to win acceptance.

It does mean that the individual Christian should endeavor to evince the power

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the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$17,549. But your premium payments total only \$13,742. So all the dollars you put in and \$3,807 more can be yours to use when you reach retirement age. At the same time, the policy's protection value will have risen from \$20,000 to \$29,202!

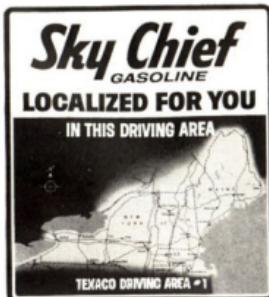
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of Christ within himself in making this world a better place for all of our Father's children. The efforts of a Christian are most effective when conjoined with those of like-minded believers through the instrumentalities of his own church.

PHILIP S. VANHOOK

Frederick, Md.

Chivalry in Pennsylvania

Sir: You said that "Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno gallantly declared that his lady opponent was ignorant [May 8]." This statement is categorically and absolutely incorrect. I never said that Miss Genevieve Blatt was ignorant. I also categorically deny that I ungallantly declared anything. I am proud to say that I have always been chivalrous, and am happy to emphasize I will always be respectful and chivalrous, to the ladies.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
Justice

Scholars & Teachers

Sir: The case of Woodrow Wilson Sayre's status at Tufts University [April 24] interests me for a number of reasons. I have been a college president and later a college professor. Along the way I have written several books—none of them "scholarly."

What makes a man a scholar—his ability to turn out monographs liberally sprinkled with footnotes, or his ability to inspire in his students his own curiosity and love of learning?

Two facts are worth considering: it was students who carried banners for Sayre: Sayre's book on his adventures on Everest, published in March, is already in its third printing.

Chapter 15 of that book, "Why Men Climb," contains more philosophical analysis than many pounds of run-of-the-mill theses. Here, if you please, is genuine scholarly research.

ALBERT BRITT

Nonquitt, Mass.

► Professor Britt, 89, was a professor of history at Scripps College in Claremont, Calif., and from 1925-36 president of Knox College in Galesburg, Ill.—ED.

Sir: I received damned good instruction from professors who could not weigh their monographs by the ton. Their production consisted of inspiring students to think. I wouldn't trade my experiences in their classrooms for a thousand monographs.

DICK HARLEY

Instructor of History
Howard County Junior College
Big Spring, Texas

Sir: The time has come, I think, for a statement in support of research activities at our universities. Implied in your article about "publish or perish" is that teaching and research are basically incompatible. I believe that research is teaching. No subject or course content can be static today precisely because of the broad research underway in all fields. An educator can better carry out his obligations by challenging and rebutting concepts of dubious value in writing. The cloistered classroom offers no proper audience for professional discourse because the arguments are all one way.

A. W. BUSCH

Associate Professor
Rice University
Houston

Death & Dismemberment Covered

Sir: In "Record Setter Mock" [April 24], you state that even Lloyd's of London refused to underwrite the trip. This is not the case. Through Lloyd's correspondents Leo B. Menner & Co., Inc., in Chicago, Lloyd's issued a \$100,000 accidental death and dismemberment insurance policy covering Mrs. Mock during her record-breaking trip around the world.

D.A.T. RICHINGS

Leo B. Menner & Company, Inc.
Chicago

Pirouettes & Kicks

Sir: Your article on the New York State Theater and the ballet [May 1] was a well-written, well-constructed, very colorful and spellbinding piece of work. The pictures were beautiful.

WILLIAM COLSHER

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: I am outraged at your article likening Balanchine's Ballet to a jewel and comparing it to the Russian Ballet of the Royal Ballet. Balanchine's product is neither beautiful nor profound. It certainly is pathetic that a theatrical product that is morbid and depressing should open our cultural center and almost monopolize it as far as ballet is concerned.

PATRICE MCCOY

Artistic Director
The Classical Ballet Foundation
Burbank, Calif.

Sir: We would like to correct the impression that the City Center of Music and Drama has become an "abandoned old mosque." The City Center is now in the midst of its annual light-opera season, and is the permanent home of the New York City Opera.

MRS. EDMUNDO LASSALLE

Member, Board of Directors
City Center of Music and Drama, Inc.
New York City

Sir: Your critic's enthusiasm about the acoustics at the new State Theater compared with those in Philharmonic Hall underscore the subjective nature of listening and the absurdity of the white热 debate about acoustics. For all his esthetic sensitivity, he apparently did not note that, as opposed to Philharmonic Hall, the State Theater uses amplified sound, and that the metal grille conceals a whole battery of speakers.

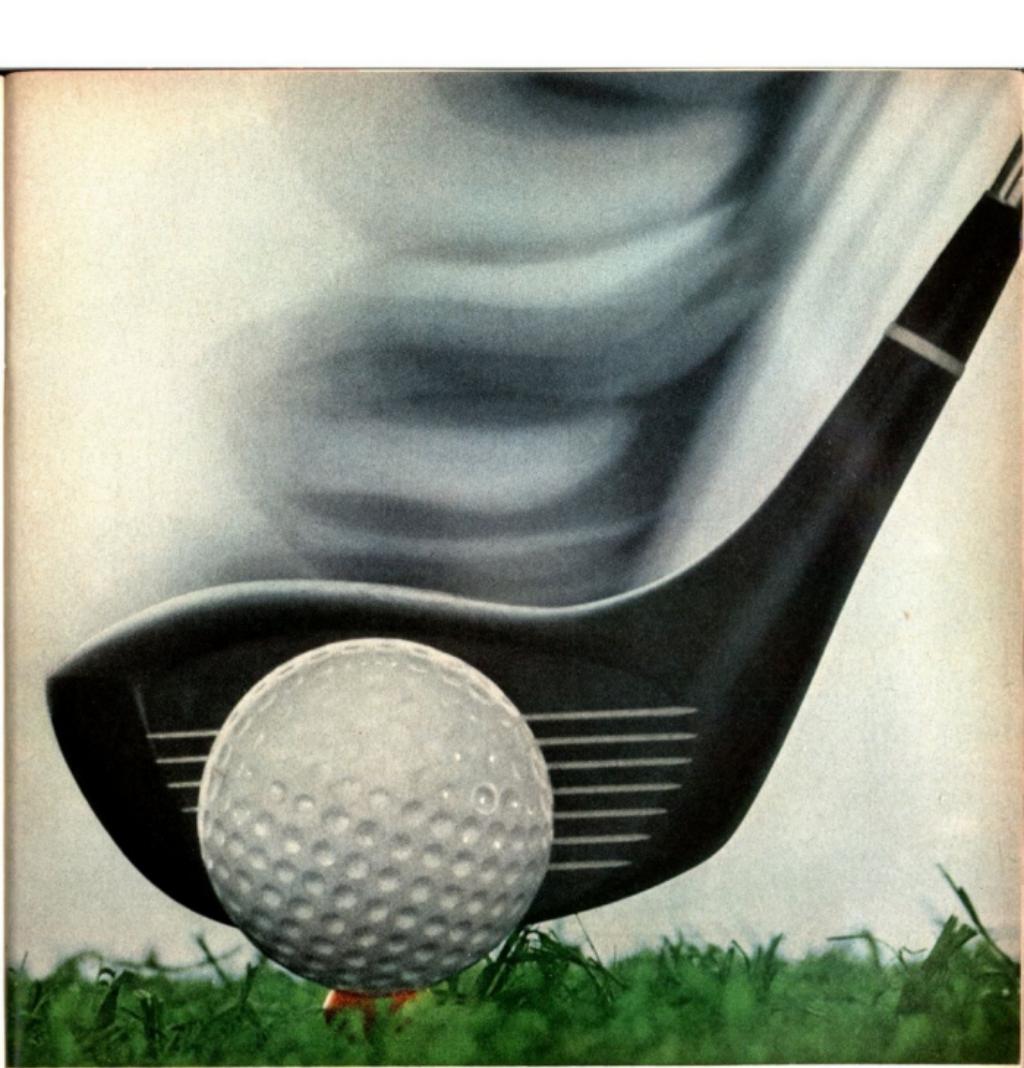
JAMES CORBIN

New York City

► Acoustician Corbin failed to note that the speakers, most of which are located in the proscenium rather than in the ceiling, are used for musical comedy, not for opera and ballet performances.—ED.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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colors are molded in for lasting beauty. The base plate is molded in, too—not screwed on as in wooden clubs. ■ This use for nylon symbolizes the many future applications possible—some even more important than those now available. It's another example of how products from Allied Chemical help businessmen make better profits. Perhaps some of Allied's 3,000 products can help *your* business. Write: Allied Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, N.Y.C. 6.



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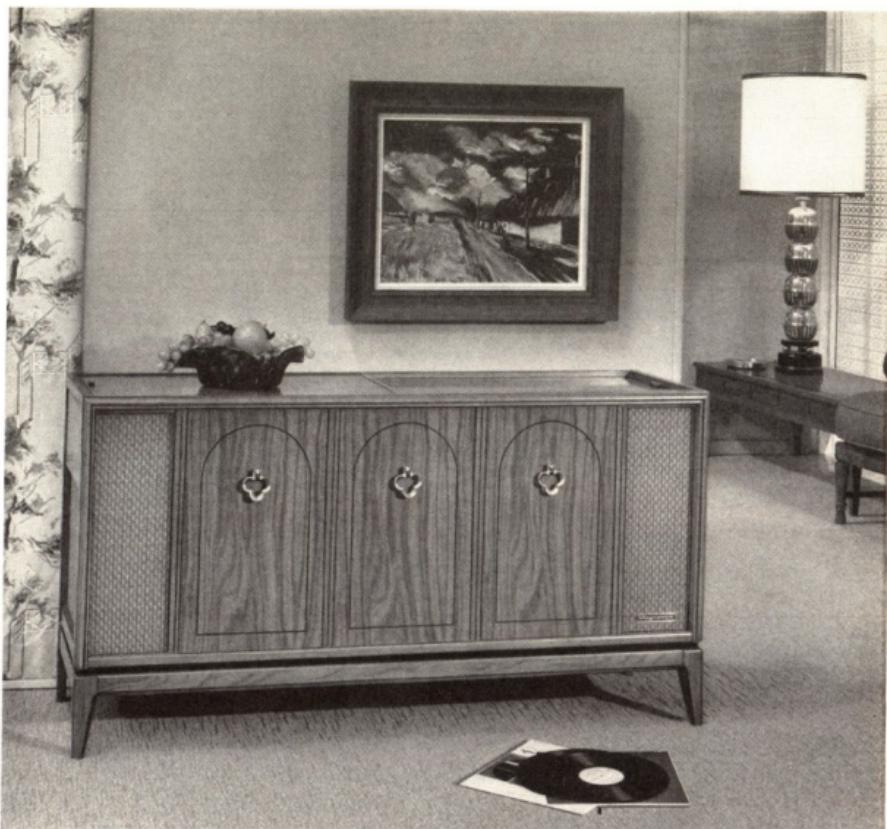


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

When Patriotism & Politics Coincide

Lyndon Johnson had something for everybody—rich and poor, old and young, male and female, union leader and businessman, American and foreigner, Northerner and Southerner, student and sharecropper, cow milker and dog lover.

Republicans might suspect him of demagoguery around, but they couldn't really lay a finger on him. After all, he sought only for America what Americans seek for themselves—a strong nation and the good things of life. He knows what it is to be poor and he hates poverty. He also knows what it is to be wealthy, so he strives for prosperity. "I can't remember a time," says former Republican National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall, "when a President had prosperity and poverty going for him at the same time." But is it demagoguery to pick up a few votes while plugging for progress? And can Lyndon help it if his patriotic purpose just happens to coincide with his political plans?

A Bow to the Family. Again, the week was cyclonic. First, he set out to redeem himself in the eyes of dog fanciers, gently lifting one of his beagles by the ears and explaining to newsmen that it didn't hurt at all. Next, he went after the duffers' vote, replying to a reporter who asked him what his golf handicap was: "I don't have any handicap—I'm all handicap."

In blurred succession, he entertained 65 union leaders at a White House dinner, preached international tolerance to 800 foreign students ("The variety of human experience cannot be contained in a single law or a single system or a single belief"), urged Americans to back the National Multiple Sclerosis Society's fund drive ("We cannot rest in this country until we conquer it"), urged members of the Advertising Council to join him in his war on poverty ("This is a moral challenge that goes to the very roots of our civilization and asks if we are willing to make personal sacrifices for the public good").

Next came time for a bow to a revered institution: the American family. Lyndon ordered picnic tables set up in his backyard, piled them with cookies, stocked them with pitchers of pink punch, called for a press conference and in-

vited reporters to bring along the wife and kiddies. More than 1,000 turned up. The Marine Band played *Merrily We Roll Along, Jingle Bells* and *America*. The children drank the punch, crumbled the cookies, meditatively tore up tufts of the White House lawn and, with a certain amount of nudging from their mothers, laughed politely when Lyndon told them: "I want to prove to you that your fathers are really on the job—sometimes."

The President really said very little at the press conference, but such is his skill that he earned no fewer than five headlines on Page One of the next morning's New York Times. After the conference, he mingled with the mob, gulped down four cups of punch and perspired as though he enjoyed it.

The **Pageant**. But all this was only a beginning. In the middle of the week, he went on a whirlwind 2,500-mile, two-day, six-state anti-poverty pilgrimage through the Appalachian region. It was a frenzied pageant. Some of the scenes:

• **CUMBERLAND, MD.**: Lyndon and Daughter Lynda Bird, 20, headed for the office of the Maryland Department of Employment Security to visit with people who were lined up looking for work. There, Johnson spotted Joe Click,

49, a one-legged coal miner who has been unemployed for 13 months, rushed over to him and said: "We're here because we care."

• **ATHENS, OHIO**: To 8,000 Ohio University students massed beneath huge elm trees on the campus, the President gave a near-perfect summation of his credo: "I know that we live in an age when it is considered correct to play it cool, when it is right to be reserved, when it is not good form to show great faith. But I believe with Emerson that no great work is ever achieved without enthusiasm."

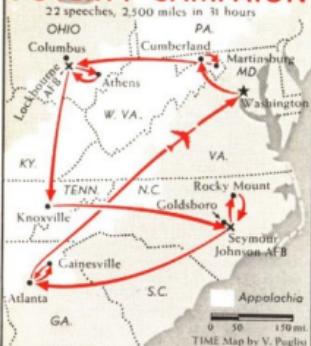
• **KNOXVILLE, TENN.**: Touring the city's slums, Johnson selected a seedy apartment building at random and went to chat with a weary woman with a babe-in-arms and torn sneakers. He emerged looking grim. At Knoxville's Coliseum, he tore into political critics of his poverty crusade. "Those who oppose us are determined. They have already, last week on the floor of the House of Representatives, called this war on poverty a cruel hoax. I first heard that phrase in the 1936 campaign when they called social security a cruel hoax."

• **ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.**: The President visited the shabby home of Sharecropper William Marlow, 39, his wife, his

THE PRESIDENT AT OHIO UNIVERSITY



POVERTY CAMPAIGN



mother, and seven children. To prepare for Johnson, they had scrubbed their place for three days. At the request of the White House, an acre of oats was prematurely harvested to provide a landing pad for the Johnson party's helicopters. After Lyndon learned that Marlow, a Navy veteran with a back ailment, subsists on \$1,500 a year, the President recalled his own Texas boyhood and how his fingers got sore from milking cows. He asked Mrs. Marlow if her children get enough to eat. She said: "They get about everything they need, but clothes is hard." Johnson asked Marlow about his back. "What you got? A disk?" Said Marlow: "Yes, but these boys do pretty well. They pretty well keep up the place now."

• ATLANTA, GA.: It was 11 p.m. when the President arrived, and he had been going hard for 15 hours. But he was refreshed by a cheering crowd of 5,000 at the airport. He shouted: "I haven't got time to talk, but I've got the strength. I get my strength from your faces." Next morning at a hotel breakfast with state legislators and members of the Georgia congressional delegation, he put away a generous helping of grits and sausage, delivered a tough, plain-talking speech for civil rights: "Because the Constitution requires it, because justice demands it, we must protect the constitutional rights of all our citizens, regardless of race, religion or the color of their skin." Surprisingly, the audience applauded; some even cheered. Cried Lyndon: "I love the people of Georgia." Hundreds of thousands lined the streets to see the President's motorcade pass by, and he stopped no fewer than eight times to talk to them through a brand-new bullhorn. Later, it was back to Washington.

But Lyndon was far from through. Next morning he flew into New York, where he appeared—always talking—at the 50th birthday party of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Amalgamated Clothing Workers, at the dedication of the Venezuelan Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, at a hurriedly scheduled news confer-

ence, at a lunch at Roosevelt Raceway, at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Educational, Civic and Cultural Center on Long Island and, finally, at a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Atlantic City.

His face was ruddy from the sun and his voice was quite hoarse. Yet when a reporter asked if he planned to keep up his brutal travel schedule, Johnson replied: "We believe in giving the people a chance to see us and to hear us, and agree with us and disagree with us, to criticize us, to approve us. We have been in 13 states in the last 13 days. We may not cover that many states in the next 13—but we are not going into seclusion."

CIVIL RIGHTS

At Last, A Vote

Only five Senators were in the chamber when a well-dressed, goated Negro jumped up in the gallery and shouted: "How can you say you are protecting the black man if only five are here? I thought this was America, the land of the free. This involves 20 million people." Guards moved in, took the man off for mental tests.

Had the Senate's critic showed up just two days later, he might have been happier. Now the chamber was jammed with huddling, whispering Senators. What was up? Unbelievably, a vote. Having consumed 32 days and some 3,000,000 words on the civil rights bill without getting anywhere, the Senate was about to vote for the first time on amendments.

Double Defeat. Four had been offered, dealing with jury trials in criminal-contempt-of-court cases. The first to be considered came from Kentucky Republican Thruston Morton. It required that juries be empaneled for all criminal contempt suits arising under the bill. Ordinarily on the side of the angels in civil rights matters, Morton now found himself being privately accused by some civil rights advocates of just trying to show the folks back home

that he knew who buttered his hoe-cakes every six years.

The first vote ended in a 45-45 tie, which meant defeat. To nail it down, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield moved a reconsideration. On that vote, the amendment lost again. Later that night, the Senate debated and defeated, 74 to 19, Kentucky Republican John Sherman Cooper's plan to require juries except in cases where local and state officials are defendants. That left two more jury amendments. One, sponsored jointly by Mansfield and Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, would limit jury trials to violations that carried penalties of more than 30 days in jail and \$300 fines. The other, offered by Georgia Democrat Herman Talmadge, would require juries in all criminal contempt suits, whatever law they violated. Votes on both were postponed to this week. The Senate resumed talking.

A Bit of Purifying. Almost daily, Dirksen was huddling with key Republicans and liberal Democrats, Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Justice Department lawyers. Explained Ev: "I'm trying to unscrew the inscrutable." That meant reaching some sort of agreement on some 70 amendments that the Republicans want passed in return for help in shutting off a threatened Southern gabfest.

Most of the amendments were technical—Massachusetts Republican Everett Saltonstall called them "purifying." But a few, like Dirksen's long-awaited changes to the bill's public-accommodations section, were of great substantive importance. Dirksen's plan would bar the Attorney General from originating suits and seeking court injunctions against businessmen who resist serving Negroes. Kennedy objected, argued that unless the Government could initiate suit where discrimination was a way of life, the accommodations law would lose most of its punch. At week's end both sides retired to work on new drafts of the Dirksen plan, to be thrashed out when the conferences resumed this week.



DIRKSEN, KENNEDY & CONFEREES
"Trying to unscrew the inscrutable."

REPUBLICANS

The Lodge Phenomenon

[See Cover]

In the early-morning gloom of Saigon's muggy pre-monsoon season, an alarm clock shrills in the stillness of a second-floor bedroom at 38 Phung Khac Khoan Street. The Brahmin from Boston arises, breakfasts on mango or papaya, sticks a snub-nosed .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolver into a shoulder holster, and leaves for the office.

Outside, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., 61, winces at the blast of heat that is already approaching 90° with 90% humidity. With a Vietnamese plainclothes bodyguard, he climbs into the back seat of a Checker Marathon sedan. The car rolls past barbed-wire stanchions, stops 15 minutes later in front of the ugly U.S. Embassy building at 39 Ham Nghi Boulevard. There, barricades block sidewalk passersby, while barbed wire funnels visitors past South Vietnamese soldiers into a lobby guarded by U.S. Marines.

Lodge takes a rear elevator to his sparsely furnished fifth-floor office, unstraps his revolver, puts it into a desk drawer alongside a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum. The Magnum has been there since last October, when Lodge received his umpteenth warning of a plot against his life. The ambassador regards the lethal little gat rather wryly. Says he: "I guess it wouldn't discourage a real mob for very long, but it packs all the authority you can put in a desk drawer."

Image to Spare. The personal weaponry, the guards and the barbed wire are no mere theatrical props. Last August, on his very first evening in Saigon, a top embassy officer insisted that the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem planned to invite him on a field trip, stage a fake Communist Viet Cong attack and kill Lodge in the confusion.

More realistic are the tips received almost every day on Communist assassination plots. Last week Lodge narrowly missed possible death when he visited the Saigon waterfront to observe damage to the U.S. aircraft ferry *Card*, which had been dynamited by Communists saboteurs. A terrorist on a bicycle tossed a grenade into the street, injuring eight U.S. soldiers, just ten minutes after Lodge had left the site. For an aging, home-loving, peace-minded politician, Lodge takes a singularly calm view of these goings-on. Says he: "There's really not much point in worrying about such reports because there's no way of knowing which is the real thing. But you never know for sure what life's going to hold anyway."

If all this seems like something out of Ian Fleming or at least Eric Ambler, it is not far removed. But drama has always marked the life of Cabot Lodge. In an era when "image" is the politician's most priceless commodity, Lodge has image to spare.

It is the image of the handsome fellow who went to the U.S. Senate at 34,

only to resign and go off to fight World War II as a tank officer, emerging as a lieutenant colonel with six battle stars and the Bronze Star. It is the image of the man who returned to the Senate but sacrificed his chances for 1952 reelection by devoting himself to Dwight Eisenhower's drive for the presidency. It is the image of the expert U.S. representative to the U.N., where he fought and bested the Russians, often before nationwide TV audiences. It is the image of the man, beaten for the vice-presidency in 1960, who told the President he wanted to serve his country—and took the hot spot in Saigon.

And it is an image that has made Lodge, 10,000 miles from home, the

Even in Texas, where G.O.P. leaders recognize no name but Goldwater's, Lodge landed a tidy 11,803 write-ins.

This week comes Oregon, the first and only primary in which Lodge's name appears on the ballot. Polls consistently have shown him leading and, win or lose, he seems certain to run strongly.

Some of Lodge's strength stems from public disenchantment with Goldwater and Rockefeller. But there is plenty of the positive in Lodge's appeal—a fact amply demonstrated in the almost evangelistic enthusiasm with which his rank-and-file admirers speak of him. Declares Thomas C. Nolan, a Gloucester, Mass., purchasing agent: "If God ever put

HARRY REIS—BLACK STAR



LODGE ON THE JOB IN SAIGON
"You never know for sure what life's going to hold."

people's choice for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination.

Just Popular. Polls and primaries alike attest to Lodge's popularity. The latest Gallup poll shows him leading the Republican field with 37%, followed by Nixon with 28%, Goldwater with 14% and Rockefeller with 9%. A canvass of New York World's Fair visitors last week gave Lodge 8,800 votes to 3,239 for Goldwater, 2,771 for Nixon and 1,930 for Rockefeller.

Last March, without even lifting a finger in his own behalf, Lodge easily won the nation's first presidential primary, rolling up 33,007 New Hampshire write-in votes to 20,692 for Goldwater and 19,504 for Rocky, both of whom had been slogging through the state's snow and slush for weeks. In Illinois, a bastion of Goldwater sentiment, Lodge received 52,322 write-in votes, while Goldwater, whose name was on the ballot, won with 512,616. In his native Massachusetts, Lodge got 71,000 write-ins to Goldwater's feeble 9,500. In Scranton's Pennsylvania, Lodge racked up an impressive 80,000 write-ins, behind Scranton's 225,000.

anybody on this earth who belonged in the White House, it's Henry Cabot Lodge." Says suburban San Francisco's David Winslow, a former Marin County G.O.P. chairman: "In an era when American lives are being lost against a Communist cause on the other side of the world, there's a gentleman named Henry Cabot Lodge in the forefront. We're in an era where the traditional virtues—the honor, duty, country that General MacArthur emphasized—are not supposed to be loudly proclaimed. But I believe people have a thirst in their hearts for these things, and perhaps Lodge embodies them. He is, perhaps, the heir of a tradition which we covertly admire in our hearts, and are too bashful to talk about."

And so it goes. "He's an All-American boy out in the paddyfields blasting away at the Commies," says William Parker, a Los Angeles industrial relations consultant. Says Mrs. Adelia C. Shanks of Little Rock: "Lodge has not been one of those Lawd, Lawd, candidates. What he's done, he's done silently and from the heart." Even a Goldwater fan, San Francisco's Republican Alliance Lead-

er Ned Turkington, concedes: "The gentleman has grooming. He represents generation upon generation of a family devoted to public service."

The Blithe Spirits. The Lodge following is decidedly amateur. Closet to being professional politicians are Lodge's son George, 36, a former Assistant Secretary of Labor, who shares with his father the distinction of having been defeated for the U.S. Senate by a Kennedy, and New York Lawyer Maxwell Rabb, 53, an Eisenhower man who served as Ike's Cabinet secretary and White House adviser on minority affairs. Rabb accepted the job of national director of the Draft Lodge Committee after former Republican National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall turned it down. His strategy is simple in concept, but difficult to execute. "There is a connection," he says, "between popular

importer: "Everyone says we can't contract for things without having the money. Then they give you some money because they don't want you to go to jail. This is as good a technique of raising it as any. Tell me a better one."

Grindle and Aides David Goldberg, 34, Sally Saltonstall, 23, niece of the Massachusetts Senator, and Caroline Williams, 23, work out of a barnlike two-story building in Portland, embellished with huge portraits of Lodge as a combat officer, at the U.N., with Ike, and with a wounded G.I. in Viet Nam. The Lodge organizers throw fancy titles around to volunteer workers with abandon, which inspires pride and makes for impressive letterheads. Explains Goldberg: "We don't care what they call themselves. Anyone who wants a title can have one."

About a third of the Lodge campaign

G.O.P. professionals, the people who go to conventions.

The Air. Among regular Republicans, Lodge has never been one of the boys. There is about him a sort of above-it-all air that for years made him an object of suspicion in many party circles. This feeling came to a climax during the 1960 campaign, when Lodge was Nixon's running mate. Even while conceding that Nixon did almost everything possible to bollax it up, many Republicans still believe that Lodge added the last losing touches.

They recall his reluctance to make more than one big speech a day, insist that he spent too much of his time napping in hotel suites. They contend that national Republican campaign managers had to cut his appearance schedule in half, that he often refused to share either cocktails or dinner

WALTER BENNETT



CAPTAIN LODGE (1940)

approval and delegate approval, and our job is to prove it. We've got a candidate who can win not only a primary, but the election itself."

Rabb, for one, believes that Lodge should stay right on in Saigon, waging war against Communism and declining to come home and get mixed up in the political battle. On this point, there is disagreement within the loose Lodge organization. Robert Mullen, a Washington public relations man now working as national coordinator of the Draft Lodge Committee, argues that the ambassador ought to come home right after Oregon.

The fact is that the Lodge people simply do not know what their man intends to do—and among those who are most interested but too busy to fret about it are Lodge's top field workers, a frolicking Massachusetts foursome who are having a barrelful of fun spending buckets of money they haven't got. Still owing \$7,500 of the \$25,000 cost of their New Hampshire campaign, they remain intoxicated with that triumph and have committed themselves to pouring \$75,000 into Oregon. Explains the group's leader, Paul Grindle, 43, a bouncy scientific instruments



CANDIDATES NIXON & LODGE (1960)

"Only a fool would choose to play it safe."

budget goes into mail solicitation of voting pledges, another third into a TV campaign showing a 1960 film with Eisenhower extolling Lodge; the last is spent for miscellaneous items—and with a miscellaneous organization, there are plenty of these. Money is so scarce that when the girls forget to stuff an envelope, they carefully pry it open, insert the literature quickly, sit on the envelope to make it stick again. Yet the whole thing is done in a blithe-spirit fashion. Among Grindle's instructions to volunteer helpers: "It is a happy campaign. Smile and be pleasant. We think that's terribly important—that we not be grim."

Considering such dedicated workers, such widespread popularity, such pollster and primary election evidences of strength, why is there so much doubt that Henry Cabot Lodge will be the Republican presidential nominee? One reason is that Lodge's popularity with the Republican rank and file—which is the political phenomenon of 1964—is matched by his unpopularity with

with local hosts, whisking onto the scene only to deliver his speech and then disappearing. They say he even declined to ride in cars with lesser candidates, declaring: "I ride only with my wife."

Most of the complaints come, of course, from Republican leaders already committed to other 1964 possibilities. But they are a significant factor in the campaign.

Says Arizona's Governor Paul Fannin, a true-blue Goldwater man for obvious reasons: "If Lodge had bestirred himself even one-half as hard as Goldwater did, or even one-half as hard as Rockefeller did, Nixon would be in the White House today." Declares Nevada's Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt: "We don't want a guy who is going to sit on his big fat duff like he did in 1960." Says one of Nixon's top 1960 aides, a Californian: "I don't know any politician anywhere who worked in the 1960 campaign who isn't bitter about Lodge."

In Virginia, Richmond Republican Leader Richard Poage charges that Lodge "was lazy as hell during the

campaign—he helped defeat the ticket." Recalls a Western manager for the 1960 ticket: "We had a big event scheduled for Lodge in Albuquerque. He got as far as St. Louis, then had to turn back home as his nerves were frazzled and he was worn out physically." New York State Chairman Fred Young calls Lodge "a tea-and-crumpets candidate."

Lodge's name is anathema in the South, where Republicans this year hope to pick up some electoral votes even against Lyndon Johnson. Texas' National Committeeman Albert Fay bitterly remembers how Vice Presidential Candidate Lodge, without consulting anyone, made a Harlem speech pledging the Nixon Administration to appoint a Negro as a Cabinet member. Nixon publicly disavowed the promise, but the damage was done. "That murdered us in Texas," says Fay, who also canceled a Lodge appearance in Houston when Lodge refused to stay at a segregated hotel. Says Florida State Chairman Tom Fairfield Brown: "You know, when he came to Miami, he wanted to play *Yankee Doodle* at the rally. Now, that's a fine song, but it's not the sort of thing you play down here. We had a hard time persuading him to drop it."

The Other Side. Other Republican professionals note that Lodge is a two-time loser who has not won an election in 18 years. True enough, but that is only part of the story. Lodge has nothing to be ashamed of in his record at the polling places. He won his first five times out: twice for terms in the Massachusetts legislature, three times for the U.S. Senate. He did lose to Jack Kennedy in 1952, which is no disgrace in Massachusetts, and it is hardly fair to blame Lodge for the Nixon-Lodge ticket's squeaky 1960 defeat. Rather, Nixon might have been better off if he had listened to Lodge's advice.

For one thing, Lodge strongly argued against Nixon's debating Kennedy on television; after all, Lodge had had some experience with Kennedy, and knew he was a fast fellow on his feet. Lodge also considered it poor tactics for the well-known Nixon to debate the lesser-known Kennedy. For another thing, Lodge urged Nixon to concentrate less on the South, more on the big industrial centers of the North and Midwest. Lodge also wanted to imprint some of his foreign policy ideas on the Nixon campaign, but he had trouble even passing them along, much less seeing the presidential candidate and talking things over. "Much of the time," recalls a Lodge aide, "we had almost no liaison with the Nixon camp."

The charge that he was lazy in his 1960 campaign enrages Lodge. He concedes that even under the pressures of a national campaign, he was relaxed enough to settle back on a sofa and snooze for 20 minutes or so. But he sees nothing whatever wrong about that. Instead, he often told his aides: "Two

things are vital in any campaign. You have to stay well, and you have to stay in character."

Lodge makes no apology for the cutback in his campaign schedule. He simply saw no sense in trying to hit every hamlet and crossroad in the U.S. "I'm not running for alderman," he once exploded. "I'm running for Vice President." Thus, after one trip to Plattsburgh, N.Y., where only a handful of people showed up, Lodge complained: "What a waste of time. I was shaking hands with myself."

Even the most loyal of Lodge's 1960 aides do admit that the promise of a Negro Cabinet member was a mistake—but they exonerate Lodge of the blame. Lodge, they say, had been booked suddenly for a Harlem speech. But during that day, he had several conferences on, plus work to be done

capacity." Nothing came of it for two years, until Lodge met Kennedy at a dinner honoring Lauris Norstad, retiring Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. The two got to talking, and Kennedy was impressed by Lodge's continuing desire to work in the national interest. Two weeks later the President sent his military aide, Major General Ted Clifton, to ask Lodge if he wanted to return to public life. Replied Lodge crisply: "Sure, if the assignment is tough enough."

It was all of that.

Lodge got to Saigon just as the Diem regime was afflicted with what Mme. Nhu rather indecorously referred to as the "Buddhist barbecues." There are those today who argue that Lodge, as the chief instrument for carrying out the policies of a Democratic Administration in South Viet Nam, cannot rea-

EDWARD Y. LEE



LODGE VOLUNTEERS IN PORTLAND, ORE., 1964

"Smile and be pleasant."

on a foreign policy address to be delivered later at a major rally. He therefore instructed a couple of speechwriters to work up a talk that contained some positive proposals, not mere pious platitudes. The Negro Cabinet-member proposal was the result, and Lodge was dismayed when he saw it. But advance copies of the speech had already been delivered to the press, so Lodge decided to go ahead with it. As a final irony, it turned out that the appearance was in Spanish Harlem, where the voters cared very little about having a Negro Cabinet member.

Policy Line. After the election Lodge joined Time Inc. as a foreign affairs consultant, later became the first director-general of the newly formed Atlantic Institute, a private organization that promotes Atlantic unity.

Lodge had long since put in for an overseas post under the Kennedy Administration. In the spring of 1961, he volunteered his services to Secretary of State Dean Rusk "in any meaningful

sonably be the Republican presidential nominee. If that is the case, Lodge does not want the nomination, for he fully associates himself with the Kennedy and Johnson policies. Says he: "My attitude was and is exactly the same as that articulated by President Kennedy, which is to say that, as of last summer, changes in both personnel and policy were badly needed in South Viet Nam. That was a policy line I was expected to implement, and it was a policy with which I thoroughly concurred. If I had not, I would not have taken the job."

Lodge insists that neither he nor the Kennedy Administration wanted Diem overthrown by a military coup, although he was aware that one was highly possible. "After all," he explains, "when a government makes a practice of such things as yanking young girls out of their homes at 3 o'clock in the morning and sending them off to some camp for some real or fancied offense, it is setting in force some awful basic and powerful emotions." The U.S.,



EMILY LODGE SHOPPING IN SAIGON
Fascinating sounds and sun-rotted fish.

he says, wanted "oppressive and inhuman" practices stopped, urged religious freedom and wanted Diem's malevolent brother Ngo Dinh Nhu sent into exile. But "absolutely nothing" was done "either to stimulate or thwart a coup."

Lodge says he desperately tried to save Diem and Nhu from death. "I was with Diem the morning of the coup and had gone home to lunch. I was eating when the firing began in the streets. Later in the afternoon I talked with Diem on the telephone and offered him safe-conduct out of the country. Even at that late date, I'm sure we could have delivered on that promise, and I'm reasonably sure the generals would later have accepted Diem's return as head of state. But Diem rejected the offer, and their deaths followed. It was needless and it was tragic."

For a While, Daylight. At first Lodge had hopes for the success of the junta's top general, Duong Van Minh. "Minh actually had been doing pretty well. We had a couple of good days out in the provinces, and people were beginning to respond to him. I actually thought I could see daylight ahead."

Then came another coup, which Lodge prefers to call "a shaking out of the knots and kinks" rather than a second coup. Lodge's reaction: "My first thought was, dammit, why did this have to happen?" But when Lodge met the new Vietnamese leader, General Nguyen Khanh, he was impressed. "He was obviously intelligent, obviously patriotic and obviously tough. Moreover, he seemed willing to listen to what we had to suggest, and if a change had to be made, well, then we couldn't ask for anything better than that."

Just as he always did at the U.N., Lodge considers his role as ambassador much more than a mere administrative function, explains: "In a job such as this I'm expected to give advice. I'm here to execute foreign policy, of course, but I'm also here to contribute to its formulation. In a place as active as South Viet Nam, the President of the U.S. must depend on his top man

to help formulate policy on the spot."

To most Vietnamese, the 6-ft. 3-in. Lodge, towering over them as he mops his brow in the hot sun and exchanges light banter in excellent French, is a much-revered figure. His wife, Emily, who loves to shop for vegetables in Saigon's sidewalk stalls and is learning Vietnamese from a tutor ("I don't do much more than make sounds, but it's fascinating"), is popular too. Lodge delights the local folk by spreading foul-smelling Nuoc Mam, a sauce made from sun-rotted fish, on Vietnamese dishes and acting as though it were edible. General Khanh regards Lodge almost as a father figure, recently told an American newsmen: "If his people call him, then he has no choice, he must go back to the U.S. If he does that, I ask only one thing: that you send us another Lodge—another straightforward man whose word can be trusted."

Will Lodge actually return to the U.S. to run for the nomination? No one knows but Lodge himself. He feels deeply that he still has a vital duty to perform in Viet Nam. He is also most reluctant to plunge back into the hurly-burly of American politics.

Excitement & Responsibility. Yet Cabot Lodge is a man with a strong sense of mission. Said he in a recent moment of reflection about his present job: "Sometimes I wonder how I ever got here. Then I remember that I'm no youngster any more, that I'm a grandfather many times over, and I've been a very fortunate man. I've had a life full of great excitement and great responsibility, and it's the combination of those two that makes life worth living, gives it its flavor. You take those things into account, and you understand that I feel that if there were any way in which I could invest what's left of my life in doing something my country needed, then that's what I should do, whatever the price."

"If you can do something that's worthwhile, that contributes, however little, to your country, and if you can have some fun while you're doing it—

why, only a fool would choose to play it safe."

The Dream. This feeling presumably extends to Lodge's sentiments about actively seeking the Republican nomination. He is known to believe that Barry Goldwater would be a disaster to the G.O.P. if nominated, and to the U.S. if elected. Those closest to him say that the only thing that would get him back to the U.S. before the July 13 San Francisco convention would be an effort to stop Goldwater.

For that, it may already be too late. By most counts, Goldwater already has at least 550 of the 655 delegates needed for a first ballot nomination, could sew up the rest by convention time. The dynamics—or lack of them—of the Republican Party so far this year have favored the man who is out collecting delegates, not the man who is winning the polls and primaries. One reason is that many Republicans feel that nobody, not even a vote-getter like Lodge, can beat Democrat Johnson in November.

But this defeatist attitude is pretty silly. Sure as his political moves have been, Johnson could still stumble politically. And healthy as the President may seem, there is always that dread possibility of disablement or worse. The Republican nomination is therefore nothing to give away for the mere asking.

Lodge's backers hope for a big Oregon win, are moving to stop Goldwater by backing Rockefeller in the June 2 winner-take-all primary in California, where Lodge is not on the ballot, writings are not allowed, and 86 delegates are at stake.

But most of all, the Lodgemens have a dream, and it goes something like this:

It is only a few weeks before the Republican National Convention. A trans-Pacific jet lands at Los Angeles International Airport. Henry Cabot Lodge gets out, speeds away to the Palm Desert cottage of his old boss and friend, Dwight Eisenhower. There, before hundreds of newsmen and a battery of television cameras, Ike throws an arm around Lodge, extols his virtues and, without naming Goldwater, declares that what the Republican Party needs is a candidate after his own ideal of "progressive Republicanism." Despite that send-off, Lodge still insists that he is not seeking the nomination. Rather, he says, he is in the U.S. because "I am Ambassador to Viet Nam, here to try to alert the American people to the situation in the Far East, to its well-known dangers, and also to the chances for victory." On this basis, he appears on scores of television programs, addresses a joint session of the Congress. Meanwhile, the war is stepped up in Viet Nam, and reports of battles won are on the front pages. Delegates begin wavering, then turning to Lodge. The stampede is on—and there can be no doubt about the name of the G.O.P. standard-bearer.

A foolish fantasy? Perhaps. But that is one of the most enchanting things about U.S. politics: dreams can and do come true.

Down in the Dumps

Barry Goldwater ordinarily is an amiable sort, a man with an earthy sense of humor who enjoys a drink with friends. With delegates entering his camp in ever-increasing numbers, he ought to be feeling good. He isn't. The hard campaign for the Republican nomination is getting on his nerves.

On a recent trip to Atlanta, Goldwater stepped from his plane, strode wordlessly through a cheering crowd. A radio reporter popped up with a microphone, asked: "How was the trip, Senator?" Goldwater just scowled. An admiring girl tried to clap a big white hat on his head. Goldwater shoved it away, snapping: "I don't want that." The radio reporter tried again. Goldwater spoke a few words, but the reporter wanted more. Goldwater pushed the mike away and growled: "Get that damn thing out of here."

"I'm Through." He later apologized for his impatience. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a little tired." His aides could wholeheartedly agree with that statement. Says one: "The pressure of the whole thing has really been getting him down. You know, he's always had a hot temper, and we used to joke about the day he'd punch some fresh jerk in the mouth. Let me tell you that in the past month or so it's ceased to be a joke."

At the Sacramento airport late one night, Goldwater was greeted by about 100 boosters chanting "We want Barry." Goldwater turned to California Campaign Manager Bill Knowland and said angrily: "I'm not going to get off this plane until you get those people away from here." And again, in home town Phoenix, Barry was annoyed when a few newsmen and a dozen or so autograph-hunting youngsters met him at the airport. He crossly told an aide: "I don't want this to ever happen again."

More and more, Goldwater complains that because of his coast-to-coast campaign commuting, "my backside is taking on the shape of an airline seat."

JULIAN WASSER

In mid-April he returned from a hectic California trip and laid down the law to his staff. "If this is the way it's going to be," he said, "I'm through."

"I'm Leaving." With that, Goldwater cut his campaign schedule in half. Now, instead of spending eleven more days in California before the primary, he plans to spend only five. "But of course," he adds, "if the convention chooses me, then we'll start doing it differently. Then we'll have to take off."

Last week he took off instead for four days of golf at West Virginia's Greenbrier resort. "I have told Greenbrier," he said, "that the first time a reporter or photographer shows up, I'm leaving."

PRIMARIES

More of the Backlash

This appears to be a great year for losers in U.S. politics. Last week, in Indiana's presidential primary, Barry Goldwater rolled up 260,557 votes, won all the state's 32 Republican Convention delegates. But who got the headlines? Why, none other than GOP perennial Harold Stassen, who got 104,200 of what can only be described as protest votes.

On the Democratic side, Governor Matthew Welsh, a favorite son stand-in for President Johnson, amassed 368,401 votes. But who got the headlines? Why, none other than Alabama's trouble-hunting Governor George Wallace, with 170,146.

Wallace campaigned in Indiana as "a man with a mission," spent about \$50,000 on his effort against what he calls the "civil rights" bill. In conservative Indiana, he hoped to surpass the 34% of the Democratic vote he received in last month's Wisconsin primary. His 29.8% fell short of the mark, but Wallace took it as a triumph anyway. "This vote," he cried, "is shaking the teeth of the liberals in both parties."

At that, civil rights forces did have cause for concern, for the Indiana voting showed the so-called white "backlash" still in evidence. Wallace actually carried populous Lake County, which includes industrial, heavily unionized Gary, Hammond and East Chicago. He also won in adjacent Porter County, a recently developed steel center that has been afflicted with racial conflict. If the backlash in such areas continues through November, it could cause serious trouble for the national Democratic ticket.

In his own Alabama, Wallace scored the first real victory of his noisy presidential campaign. Alabama's voters overwhelmingly chose a Wallace-backed slate of ten presidential electors over a slate, endorsed by U.S. Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, pledged to support the national Democratic ticket. What that means is that Alabamians will probably not be able to vote for Lyndon Johnson in November, since his electors will not be on the ballot. And no matter how Alabamians vote, the Wallace electors will do as Wallace says.



BOB TAFT & WIFE

Slow and steady won the race.

Young Bob

Ohio Republicans figure to send another Senator Taft to Washington next year. As a first step, they gave Robert Taft Jr., 47, an immensely impressive primary victory last week over Ohio Secretary of State Ted W. Brown, a respectable vote getter who has been winning in statewide elections for 14 years. The count: Taft, 605,505; Brown, 160,504.

"Young Bob," as he is inevitably known, is no boy wonder. The grandson of a U.S. President and the son of a man who came to be known as "Mr. Republican," Bob Taft, Jr., always wanted to make the political grade on his own. By deliberate decision he spent a decade in a slow but steady rise in Ohio politics. He served four terms in the state legislature, the last as its majority leader. In 1962 he turned back the pleas of old family friends that he run for the Senate against Democrat Frank Lausche, stood instead for U.S. Congressman-at-large and won 60% of the vote.

Toward the end of this year's primary campaign, Brown hitched himself securely to the Barry Goldwater bandwagon, attacked Taft as a liberal. Taft replied in words his father might have used. "I," he said, "am a thinking conservative."

In November, Taft will face salty Democratic Senator Stephen M. Young, 75, who easily won renomination over an opponent who was officially absent from the race: Astronaut John Glenn, still ailing from a bathroom fall almost three months ago. Young got 515,362 votes to 201,175 from never-say-die Glenn admirers.

A Taft-Glenn contest would have been fascinating. But on the basis of his showing last week, young Bob could probably take on a couple of Steve Youngs with a John Glenn tossed in for good measure.



GOLDWATER & AIDE AIRBORNE
The question is when to take off.

Off the Sideline

Oklahoma happens to be football-happy, and for 17 years the state's No. 1 hero has been Bud Wilkinson, now 48, coach of the always dangerous Oklahoma University Sooners.

Tall, slim, clean-living Bud Wilkinson has for some time shown signs of political ambition. Both parties vied energetically for his allegiance. Thus it was to vast Democratic dismay and great Republican rejoicing that Wilkinson last February announced his candidacy for the G.O.P. nomination for U.S. Senator.

On the campaign field, Wilkinson was disappointing, proving himself mostly a master of the end run around issues and of the long-bomb cliché. "I believe with all my heart that it is high time for common sense in fiscal affairs," cried Wilkinson across the state. When that didn't set the electorate on fire, Wilkinson declared: "We must conduct our foreign affairs with confidence and dignity befitting the greatest nation." That one didn't score many touchdowns either, so Wilkinson came up with the old Statue of Liberty declaration. "We must," he thundered, "act with unwavering courage." When asked if he was a liberal or a conservative, Minnesota-born Wilkinson said only: "I'm an Oklahoman." And when he was questioned about how he felt toward a right-to-work law, a hot issue in the state, he blandly replied: "That's for the citizens to decide."

No matter. Such is Coach Wilkinson's standing in Oklahoma that he easily won his party's nomination, piling up 105,044 votes to 19,170 for his nearest opponent. But November's Election Bowl could be a different matter. There Wilkinson will face the May 26th win-

ner of a runoff between Incumbent Democrat J. Howard Edmondson, a former Governor, and State Senator Fred Harris. Neither of these is any great breakaway runner, but after all, Oklahoma has only had one Republican Senator in the last 33 years.

Deep in the Heart of It

Texas' Republican presidential primary was low-key and lackluster. Practically no bandwagons, billboards or ballyhoo enlivened the political landscape. They weren't needed, since the state already was buttoned up for Goldwater. In the Republican voting, he got 100,823 votes, 75% of the total cast. Following him was Write-In Candidate Lodge, with 11,803; Rockefeller, who tried to keep his name off the ballot, got 5,998.

The Republican Senate primary was more lively. Four men ran—each trying to sound more devoted to Goldwater than the others. Houston Oilman George Bush, 40, the son of former Connecticut Senator Prescott Bush, finished first with 62,574 votes, just a few in a June 6 runoff against Democrat-turned-Republican Jack Cox, 42, a Houston businessman, who got 46% of the 1962 gubernatorial vote against Democrat John Connally. This time Cox got 44,080.

The winner of the Bush-Cox runoff will face Senator Ralph Yarborough, who beat Radio Station Owner-Announcer Gordon McLendon, 43, after a cactus-nasty campaign in the Democratic primary. McLendon, who bills himself on-air as "the Old Scotchman," made shameless use of his radio outlets to boost his own candidacy, rattled on for months before the primary about the liberal tendencies of "Smilin' Ralph". The vote: Yarborough 903,

211, against 671,806 for the Old Scotchman.

In Texas' Democratic gubernatorial primary campaign, Governor Connally allowed as how he would keep things going pretty much the way he had during his first term. His opponent, Houston Attorney Don Yarborough, a liberal who is no kin to the liberal Senator, belittled the Governor's achievements, ended up buried under a Connally landslide—1,124,700 to 471,874. Connally faces no meaningful Republican opposition in November.

POLITICS

Amid the Rah-Rah: Reality

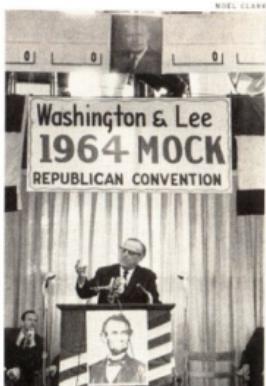
People who think U.S. college kids are apathetic might change their minds after watching that widespread quadrennial campus phenomenon—the mock political convention.

Biggest and boozingest of them was held in the Washington and Lee University gymnasium in Lexington, Va., last week. The 1,256 just-pretend Republican delegates were in dead earnest. Months ago they had polled real-life G.O.P. state leaders, learned how they might vote at the real Republican convention in July. Now the kids were committed to vote as nearly like the actual delegation as possible—so much so that many mock delegations got a stream of telephoned instructions from real politicians throughout the convention. Beside that, tough-minded and thoroughly grown-up G.O.P. professionals backing Rockefeller, Goldwater and Scranton were in town pushing their candidates. They brought money for convention expenses: \$800 from Rocky's camp, \$400 from Goldwater, \$100 each from the war chests of Scranton, Nixon and Lodge.

The keynote speaker was no mock orator either. Former Minnesota Congressman Walter Judd, who performed the same function at the 1960 Repub-



THE OPENING SESSION AT WASHINGTON AND LEE
On the sidelines, the pros were coaching.



JUDD ORATING

ican Convention in Chicago, told the collegians: "We must get a Republican elected who understands the world situation and not one who will crawl to get a concession. You've got five months to save the U.S. and save the world. Work hard!"

In the voting, the Washington and Lee delegates nominated Barry Goldwater on the second ballot, named Pennsylvania's Governor Scranton his running mate. Through it all, Barry stayed near a phone in Washington, was plugged into the gymnasium public-address system minutes after he won and said solemnly, "I accept with great humility. I hope and pray it is a good omen for July and November."

Among dozens of other mock Republican conventions held on U.S. college campuses this spring:

► At Ohio's Oberlin College, which boasts the oldest campus convention in the U.S. (the first was in 1860), delegates picked Scranton on the fourth ballot, chose Kentucky Senator Thruston Morton for Vice President.

► At Vanderbilt, delegates from 34 colleges showed up, orated for six hours and six ballots before they picked Nixon for President, were so exhausted they then took less than 20 minutes to name Morton as his running mate.

► At California's Claremont Colleges, spring-fevered delegates came within a whisker of nominating Bishop Homer Aubrey Tomlinson of the Theocratic Party as the Republican candidate, cooled off by the second ballot and picked Scranton, with Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield for Vice President.

► At Wellesley, where delegates from 50 colleges assembled, campus cops shut off the lights in the auditorium just as vociferous Goldwater backers were steamrolling toward victory. Crafty Rockefeller supporters had spread the rumor to police that a riot was in the works, and the convention broke up in the dark without naming a candidate.

► At Morgan State College, a Negro school in Maryland, Scranton got 720 votes, Rockefeller 323 and Goldwater, a nonadvocate of the civil rights bill, a meager 99.

► At Brooklyn College, delegates from 25 colleges yelled, pushed and got in a convention-floor fist fight before they picked Goldwater and Morton.

► At City College's Baruch School of Business Administration in New York, delegates argued about whether Martin Luther King, 35, is old enough to be nominated for President (he is), finally picked Scranton, with New York Senator Jacob Javits as Vice President.

► At Ohio University, delegates rode motorcycles through the gymnasium, watched coeds do a striptease, then picked Henry Cabot Lodge and Michigan's Governor George Romney.

In 1956, the Washington and Lee keynoter was former Vice President Albert W. Barkley, who uttered his last sentence—"I would rather be a servant in the house of the Lord than sit in the seats of the mighty"—and fell dead at the podium.

MASSACHUSETTS

Corruption Is Commonplace

"It has been quite a week," sighed Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke. And that was an understatement. For even the Massachusetts Statehouse, where corruption is commonplace, had not seen anything like this in a long while.

A grand jury last week indicted 26 individuals and nine corporations on

DISASTERS

The Way Out

Five thousand feet high and 40 miles out of San Francisco, a Pacific Air Lines turboprop F-27 checked in with the approach control tower at nearby Oakland. The radio conversation was routine until the last transmission from the plane, which was garbled. Control called: "Say again." But at that very moment the F-27 was screaming to



PILOT CLARK



CRASH SCENE IN CALIFORNIA

After the shout, nothing.

217 counts involving bribery and conspiracy. The charges were the result of work by a seven-man crime commission set up in 1962 by Republican Governor John Volpe. The biggest name involved was that of Democrat John Thompson, 43, hard-drinking speaker of the Massachusetts house, whose tight-fisted control of the legislature earned him the nickname, "the Iron Duke."

Thompson was charged with conspiring to thwart state control of the profitable small-loan industry through bribery and legislative manipulation. Indicted with him was Republican Charles Gibbons, 62, a former house speaker appointed by Volpe to head a special commission supervising construction of a \$60 million state-government center in Boston. Frank S. Giles, 48, state police chief appointed by Volpe and recently suspended, was charged with perjury before the crime commission.

The apparent hero of the massive dust-up was Attorney General Brooke, the nation's highest Negro elective officeholder, who ramrodged commission findings through to the grand jury. But Brooke too had problems. As the indictments emerged, he admitted that he had been under income tax investigation by the Internal Revenue Service for the last 16 months. The IRS has made no charges, but nonetheless took trouble to interview Brooke's father on his deathbed last November in its quest for information. Brooke's lawyers insist that the IRS efforts add up to a flagrant case of harassment.

ward the earth to crash in an explosion of flame.

Pilot Ernest Clark, his copilot, stewardess and all 41 passengers were killed. Many of the passengers were returning from the gaming tables at Reno.

A task force of investigators began probing for the cause of the crash. Over and over again they played back a tape-recording of the last radio transmission to Oakland Control. The only clue, they felt, lay in the garbled call from the plane. Finally, with special playback equipment, the garble began to make sense. It was the voice of the pilot or copilot. He had shouted, "I've been shot! I've been shot! Oh God! Help!" There was nothing else.

At the crash site searchers found a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum with six empty shells in its chambers. In the first hours of study, there was no way to tell whether both the pilot and copilot had been shot, or just one of the men, or whether it was bullet damage that had destroyed the mechanism operating the plane's control surfaces.

In a matter of hours, investigators traced the revolver to Passenger Frank Gonzales, 27, a member of the Philippine yachting team in the 1960 Olympics, who later moved to San Francisco. He had bought more than \$50,000 in flight insurance, had named his estranged wife as beneficiary. Gonzales had a penchant for gambling, leading to the suspicion that he had lost heavily in Reno and had chosen a weird and horrible way out of his problems.

THE WORLD

UNITED NATIONS

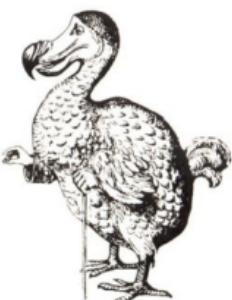
A Case of Dodocie

In a set speech straight from the Communist handbook, Soviet Delegate Pavel Shakhov declared in the U.N. that "brutal" British colonizers have methodically oppressed and exploited the "indigenous inhabitants" of Mauritius, the Seychelles and St. Helena. Actually, replied Britain's Cecil Edward King last week, the situation "is even worse than the Soviet delegate realizes."

On Mauritius, said Delegate King, "I am afraid the original inhabitants were all liquidated within a few years of the arrival of the first explorers. They were birds of the species Dodo," which is extinct and thus unable to press its claim to be granted independence on the basis of one bird, one vote." As for the Seychelles, King pointed out, "the original inhabitants were giant tortoises. Fortunately, these are not completely extinct, but they have shown no interest in political advance." On St. Helena, "the first explorers record the presence of pheasants, partridges and other birds, including the wide-awake or hack-backed tern, but alas, no indigenous inhabitants."

King did not deny Shakhov's charge that St. Helena's present-day population has an infant mortality rate of 33.6 per 1,000. Instead, he referred the Russian to the U.N. statistical yearbook, which lists several European nations as having even higher rates. Among them: Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the Soviet Union."

* Properly—and appropriately—known as *Didus ineptus*, the Dodo was an ungainly, turkeylike bird that could not fly. As U.S. humorist Will Cuppy wrote: "The Dodo seems to have been invented for the sole purpose of becoming extinct, and that was all he was good for." Not quite. It was the far-from-dead Dodo in *Alice in Wonderland* who organized the Caucus-race.



DIDUS INEPTUS IN "WONDERLAND"
No bird, no vote.

Let 'Em Stand

When Malta's 129,649 voters approved independence by a small majority last week, their tiny Mediterranean island joined Malawi, Zambia and Tanzania* in a gaggle of emergent nations that are twisting tongues and ending any pretense of proportional representation in the U.N. Others clamoring for nationhood include British Guiana (pop. 620,000), Southern Rhodesia (4,000,000), Bechuanaland (335,000) and Angola (circa 5,000,000).

In time, no doubt, all the rest of the non-Soviet world's 40-50 million people now living under some kind of colonial administration will also join the parade, even though they mostly inhabit hundreds of tiny islands and enclaves that have few of the ethnic and economic prerequisites for nationhood. If the 100 million non-Russian residents of the Soviet Union could have their way, such new nations as Azerbaijan and Yakutia would also be independently seated in the U.N.

As it is, each new state enjoys one vote in the U.N. General Assembly—as do all the major powers save the Soviet Union, which wheeled three votes for itself at the San Francisco Conference in 1945. U.N. officials see no way of stopping this proliferation, and in a stop-gap move to accommodate it, the General Assembly Hall has just been redone to seat 126 national delegations, 14 more than present membership. After that, presumably, there will be standing room only.

COMMUNISTS

The Afro-Asian Arab

It was quite an entourage. Accompanied by his family, his Foreign Minister, the editors of Pravda and Izvestia, and star performers from the Bolshoi Ballet and Moscow Circus, Nikita Khrushchev arrived in Egypt last week. His stated purpose for the trip was the inauguration of the Aswan High Dam's first stage—a project into which Russia has pumped \$272 million and at least six engineers' lives.

In fact Khrushchev's first visit to Africa was a shrewdly timed riposte to Red China's Premier Chou En-lai, who spent two months stumping Africa last year. Chou's blatantly racist pitch sought to raise what Moscow called "a great Chinese wall" of prejudice between white and colored races in hopes of driving Khrushchev's brand of Communism out of Africa. To demonstrate the practical difference between the ri-

* Nyasaland (pop. circa 3,500,000) will be known as Malawi after independence, July 6; Northern Rhodesia (3,500,000) will become Zambia Oct. 24; the United Republic of Tanzania and Zanzibar, pop. circa 10 million, is already a member of the U.N.

val camps, Nikita came to Egypt bearing gifts: \$164 million in aid and credits above the \$400 million Moscow had already allocated. "We Russians," rums Moscow's current line, "are Afro-Asian Arabs too."

After touring Alexandria's narrow flag-festooned streets in an open Cadillac, Khrushchev and Egypt's President Nasser boarded an air-conditioned railroad car for a tumultuous whistle-stop tour of the Nile Delta. The fellahin fell all over their beaming visitor, and when the train pulled into Cairo's Ramses Station, repainted for the first time since it was built at the turn of the century, half a million Egyptians lined the route to the Kubbeh Palace. It was the largest crowd in Cairo since the revolution of 1952, and as Nikita dropped off to sleep in the gingerbread edifice where fat King "Freddy" Farouk used to frolic, he could rest assured that he was the most loved visitor to Egypt since Antony barged in on Cleopatra.

Nikita's Boy

The next of kin of Russia's great have often lived in fear and died in horror. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great slew their sons; Catherine the Great killed her husband. Stalin shot his wife in 1934, later tried perhaps to make amends by corrupting his son Vasily with unearned honors that did him little good; in 1962 treacherous Vasily died in exile, probably from alcoholism.

In this, as in most other respects, Nikita Khrushchev's style is more bourgeois than Borgia. His only son Sergei is a bespectacled engineer who shuns the limelight the way Papa relishes it. What really interests Sergei Nikitovich Khrushchev is butterflies and home movies.



SERGEI NIKITOVICH IN ENGLAND
No monster, no Ben Hur.

Before joining Papa in Cairo this week, Sergei, now 29, visited London with a top-drawer delegation of Soviet aviation experts headed by Air Minister Petr Dementiev. Outranked by most of his associates, he remained respectfully mum in their presence. Most of the time he was too busy to talk. As the delegation was feted and followed for twelve days through Britain's top aircraft plants, at banquets, soccer matches, theatrical performances and

threaten war over Cyprus; London and Washington are at odds over British trade with Cuba; France in effect has withdrawn her navy from NATO command. The most sensitive issue of all promised to be the question of NATO's basic command structure, which has drawn a rising barrage of criticism in recent months. At the heart of the controversy lies the conviction of most NATO members that they should share control of the West's nuclear deterrent

tion," and Ball decried the "rigid philosophical differences" that prevent NATO from enforcing sanctions against Cuba. Without naming Britain or France, both of whom trade with Castro, he put his finger on NATO's real problem: its members' "limited sense of world responsibility—as distinct from national interest."

The U.S. is willing to hear Europe's arguments for minor revisions in the NATO command structure. However,

(UPI)



RALLY AGAINST THE FORCE DE FRAPPE IN SCEAUX
No divorce between policy and responsibility.

historic monuments in England, Scotland and the Channel Islands, Sergei shot enough 16-mm. cinefilm to reach from Krasnovodsk to Komsomolsk.

On one of his few private side trips, he spent fruitless hours on the shores of Loch Ness, hoping for a shot of the Monster. His only other consuming ambition was to see the movie *Ben Hur*. It was not showing anywhere in London, so his British hosts thoughtfully took him to see *How the West Was Won* instead. The West has yet to win Sergei. Given a free shot of whisky at a Scotch distillery, he grimaced: "No, no. Too strong. I prefer dry Georgian wine." But he finished it.

NATO

Facts Without Flowers

Outside, all Holland was ablaze with tulips, but in one bare-walled room of The Hague's Princess Juliana *Kazare*, the dominant colors were the army green of the ashtrays and the top-secret red of the wastebaskets. There were no flowers in the room for the simple reason that they afford a natural receptacle for hidden microphones. This week, as NATO's 15 Foreign Ministers gathered for their 15th spring meeting around the long, oval table in that closely guarded room, the most intimate secrets of the Western alliance were up for discussion.

Partial Control. The agenda also left plenty of time for interallied acrimony, which of late has seemed to be NATO's main activity. Greece and Turkey

with the U.S. Last week Washington made clear its own views on this perennially irksome subject.

In an outspoken address at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic Studies, U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball emphasized Washington's conviction that the multilateral force represents the only practical means of giving NATO nations partial control of nuclear weapons. As advocated by the U.S. since 1960, MLF would consist of 20 Polaris-armed surface ships manned by mixed allied crews. Though the U.S. would initially retain its veto power over the use of the missiles, the fleet would ultimately be controlled by some form of executive body representing the participating nations. So far, eight NATO members have joined in a working group to examine the MLF proposal, but only West Germany and Italy are demonstrably enthusiastic about it. Though France's own *force de frappe* probably will not be operative until 1967, Charles de Gaulle is the only allied leader who is flatly opposed to MLF. But De Gaulle's nuclear nationalism faces mounting criticism in France; last week in the Paris suburb of Sceaux, a sea of demonstrators shouting "A bas la bombe!" rose in flat opposition to the French nuclear force.

Greater Cohesion. Not until Europe has achieved a modicum of political unity, Ball warned, can it expect anything closer to "a true nuclear partnership." The lack of political integration also hamstrings NATO as "an instrument for effective political consulta-

said Ball, "effective solutions will not be achieved by tinkering with the structure, but rather by progress in achieving a greater cohesion in relations among the member nations." In short, the allies may well find ways to make NATO work more smoothly and gradually assume greater responsibility for their own nuclear defenses. Meanwhile, in Ball's words, "the burden of decision" will have to rest with the U.S.—not by "deliberate American choice" but because "policy and responsibility cannot be divorced."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Understanding Kafka

It was in Prague in the '20s that Franz Kafka wrote his chilling allegories of men condemned to lingering deaths by a malevolent bureaucracy. "People didn't understand him 25 years ago," mused a Czech writer recently. "Now, after 16 years of Communism, they understand Kafka very well."

They should, for Czechoslovakia itself seems today to be smothering in a Kafkaesque nightmare. Prague was once known as the "Golden City." Nowadays it is best seen after dark, for night alone can mask the soot and uncollected refuse that mar its crooked old streets. The only Central European capital that was spared the ravages of World War II, physically and psychologically it seems now to be dying of ennui and neglect.

Queues of grey-faced office workers, all clutching the inevitable scuffed brief-



MAY DAY IN PRAGUE
After the parade, protest.

cases, wait meekly outside shops that offer limited supplies of costly, clumsily packaged frozen meat and fish. Ancient streetcars labor creakily through streets empty of all but the lightest traffic. What few private automobiles there are seem to have escaped from an antique museum. When the government recently began issuing drivers' licenses, many battered Buicks and monstrous Mercedes of prewar vintage returned to the streets after years of exile in garages. Czechoslovakia's railroads, once among the best in Central Europe, today are the worst, and their coal-burning engines add to the gritty smog that cloaks the capital. In Prague's restaurants and bars, Scotch and French cognac sell for \$2.50 an ounce. Tipping is simple: all waiters want is a few American cigarettes.

Baron von Novotny. The economy may be chronically short of workers, but it supports a Parkinsonian proliferation of officials. There are 29 "technical" specialists for every 100 production workers in industry as a whole; in some heavy-engineering plants, two out of three employees are "experts." Czech clerks dutifully obey detailed instructions that minutely specify every routine from stowing their rubber stamps to writing form letters with "psychologically effective opening and closing phrases."

Czechoslovakia's President Antonin Novotny, an unregenerate old-line arch-Stalinist, has doggedly resisted the "liberalization" urged by Moscow. Though Novotny has purged a few of the most loathed and offensive Stalinists from his government, notably ex-Premier Viliam Siroky and colleagues who were responsible for the show trials of 1952, Czechs have no illusions about the nature of the regime. Says one Prague cynic: "Why don't they just come right out and admit what they are? We

wouldn't mind if he became Baron von Novotny and had his estates."

The Price of Poetry. In style, if not in name, Novotny leads a baronial life in Prague Castle, high above the city. He seems aloofly indifferent to the resolute talk that fills the bars, coffee shops and cabarets in the city below. Prague's pent-up ire came to a head on May Day, when 3,000 students from Charles University gathered for a poetry reading in Kinsky Park before the statue of Romantic Poet Karel Macha (1810-36). Novotny had banned the students' reading last year, and this time the crowd was infiltrated by plainclothes security cops. Before it could begin, uniformed police surrounded the group and ordered it to break up.

When the students refused, the cops waded in with truncheons and police dogs, arrested 25 "ringleaders." Word of the police action spread, and an hour later nearly 15,000 people gathered in protest at Wenceslas Square around the reviewing stand where Novotny earlier had taken the salute at the mammoth May Day parade. Shouting blatantly counter-revolutionary slogans such as "Long live freedom!" and "Down with the Gestapo!" the crowd withstood another police charge before it dispersed, leaving five more "ringleaders" in police hands.

However, in Prague, unlike other satellite capitals such as Budapest and Warsaw, students' demonstrations have never yet stirred violent reactions from the workers and bureaucrats whose mass support is essential to any serious challenge to the government. The nation's intellectuals also merely reflect discontent; they do not foment it. Indeed, as a venerable, non-Communist Czech author points out, "Novotny shouldn't be afraid of a revolution. No one is interested in politics any more. All anyone wants is to have more fun and more money. And a little, a really modest amount of freedom."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Dynasty's End

At sundown they carried the prisoner on a stretcher to a soccer field at Saigon's Chi Hoa prison. A slight man with greying hair and steel-rimmed spectacles, ailing from diabetes and a heart attack, he was lifted to his feet by three guards, hung slackly against them for a few seconds. Then he walked slowly by himself across the sparse grass, murmuring responses to the pith-helmeted Roman Catholic priest who accompanied him.

The prisoner was strapped to a wooden stake and, against his wishes, blindfolded with a black scarf. Then a military police captain barked an order to the black-helmeted, ten-man firing squad lined up 30 ft. from the prisoner, and the soldiers raised their U.S.-made carbines. The captain shouted: "Ban!" (Fire!). There was a ragged volley. Then the prisoner's body slumped against the straps, and blood began to flow over the high-necked black robe and white silk pantaloons. Pistol drawn, the captain strode forward, delivered the *coup de grâce* behind the left ear.

Thus did Ngo Dinh Can, 53, brother of South Viet Nam's murdered Leaders Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu, himself meet death last week at the hands of his nation's new military rulers. As President Diem's overlord of central Viet Nam, Can, a tough and willful man, kept his region notably free of Communist Viet Cong. After Diem's overthrow, he was arrested and tried for murder, illegal arrests and corruption; he was sentenced to die three weeks ago. Concerned that the execution might tarnish the image of Saigon's U.S.-supported government, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge appealed to the regime for clemency, but in vain. The government's only gesture of mercy was to allow Can to face a firing squad rather than die under the guillotine.



EXECUTION OF NGO DINH CAN (LEFT)
On a Saigon soccer field, the coup de grâce.

DIENBIENPHU: Could It Happen Again?

FROM Pyongyang to the Yangtze, Asia's Communists last week celebrated the tenth anniversary of Dienbienphu, the savage battle that cost France her century-old Indo-Chinese empire. In Hanoi, loudspeakers blared a specially composed song, *Liberation of Dienbienphu*, and thousands of North Vietnamese massed to commemorate the feat of arms that General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Red victor of Dienbienphu, called "one of the greatest victories in the history of the armed struggle of oppressed peoples."

Nor did the anniversary go unremembered in France. At a round of reunions in Paris, business-suited survivors of the debacle hoisted nostalgic toasts to "the Angel of Dienbienphu," Geneviève de Galard-Terraube, who was the only woman nurse on the battlefield. (Now 39, Geneviève is a retiring Paris housewife and mother of two children, married to a former French paratrooper.) They were poignant get-togethers, for Dienbienphu holds as deep emotional implications for Frenchmen today as Verdun or Waterloo did for earlier generations.

Tanks & Tablecloths. Many veterans of the fighting blame France's defeat on General Henri Navarre, his government's commander in chief for Indochina. But Navarre, a World War I infantryman, only personified the Maginot mentality of most French career officers. Though warned that it would be fatal to fight a conventional engagement from a fixed base, Navarre concentrated 17 battalions in the North Viet Nam outpost, which lay in a ten-mile-long river valley. His strategy was to draw the Communist Viet Minh guerrillas into a set-piece battle in which French heavy weaponry would prove decisive. Along with tanks and artillery, his officers were in their mess silver, embroidered white tablecloths, stocks of wine.

Though Dienbienphu was surrounded by hills, Navarre was unconcerned, since he was convinced that the Reds had no artillery. Dienbienphu's two air strips, its only lifeline to the outside, were within easy field-gun range of the mountains. Under Cavalry Colonel Christian Marie Ferdinand de la Croix de Castries, who was promoted to four-star general during the battle, the garrison had been organized into ten separate commands. With Gallic gallantry, each had been given a woman's name—Gabrielle, Béatrice, Anne-Marie, Françoise, Isabelle, Dominique, Claudine, Huguette, Eliane and Junon.

Bicycles & Backs. What the French did not know was that Red China had armed the Viet Minh with 200 artillery pieces. Hacking paths through jungle trails, traveling up to 50 miles a day on foot, the guerrillas lugged the dismantled guns into positions on their backs, then set up the batteries under rock cover. To fill Viet Minh bellies, 50,000 Chinese coolies bicycled in relays down the narrow mountain footpaths, each straining under a load of 600 lbs. of sacked rice. From November to mid-March, while his 60,000 guerrilla troops sparred with patrols from the fortress, Guerrilla General Giap quietly laid his noose around Dienbienphu. Then one morning Viet Minh artillery boomed a death knell.

In four days, Béatrice, Gabrielle and Anne-Marie fell. As monsoon rains set in, French tanks became immobile. "To go on the offensive," despaired one French officer, "we would need 10,000 mules." With both air strips raked by Red shells, the French had to rely on airdrops for supplies. More than half the food, ammunition and medicine—as well as De Castries' brand-new general's stars and a bottle of congratulatory cognac—drifted behind Red lines. Unable to locate the Viet Minh's well-hidden big guns, Dienbienphu's guilt-stricken artillery commander committed suicide.

Corpses in the Chamber Pot.

While Paris tried clumsily and in vain to obtain a U.S. bomber strike, outgunned, outmanned French forces were pounded for 56 days by human-wave attacks. By night, the Reds tunneled like ants under many outposts. Dienbienphu's defenders fought back with machine guns, flamethrowers, hand grenades and bayonets. Latrines filled and festered, the water supply turned foul; French officers bitterly endorsed their valley's nickname: "*le pot de chambre*." The living grew too weary to bury the dead, and the stench of putrefying flesh even forced the guerrillas to wear gauze masks.

On April 2, Command Post Françoise was abandoned. In the first days of May, Dominique and Huguette crumpled. Ordered not to surrender, De Castries on May 7 radioed Hanoi: "It is the end. The Viet Minh are only a few yards from where I speak." His operator added: "Say hello to Paris for me. *Au revoir*." By that night, the last three commands—Eliane, Claudine, and isolated Isabelle to the south—were overrun, and for the first time in six months the smoke-shrouded valley lay silent.

Lessons Learned. Of Dienbienphu's 12,000 defenders, 2,293 were killed, and the rest, including most of the 5,134 wounded, began the long death march to Viet Minh prison camps. The debacle resulted in the partitioning of Viet Nam and thrust ultimate responsibility for Indochina on the U.S., which today grimly supports South Viet Nam's struggle against the Communist Viet Cong. Whether from lingering humiliation or its dreams of reasserting French influence in a neutralized Southeast Asia, or both, the France of Charles de Gaulle holds that the U.S. will inevitably meet its own Dienbienphu in Viet Nam.

U.S. military planners virtually rule out any such prospect. For all their difficulties, South Vietnamese troops and U.S. advisers command enormous fire power and mobility, have learned never to box themselves into a static defense against fast-moving guerrillas. The Viet Cong of late have launched several attacks in battalion strength, but their numbers are nowhere near comparable to the Viet Minh, which moved entire divisions into Dienbienphu. Moreover, Dienbienphu was only 80 miles from Red China; the circuitous supply line to South Viet Nam is ten times longer. The Viet Cong have yet to deploy artillery or antiaircraft guns. And French air power was puny compared to the swarms of rocket-firing helicopters, transport craft and fighter-bombers that the U.S. has in South Viet Nam. With so great an advantage in air and fire power, U.S. advisers would like nothing better than to see the Viet Cong blunder into an open, pitched battle.

Giap's Goal. Biggest difference between the two wars, of course, is that the French were defending a tired colonial regime. They had scant encouragement from the government of Premier Joseph Laniel in Paris, which insisted that it could spare no more men or money. The U.S., by contrast, has repeatedly pledged full support for Viet Nam's defenders until the Viet Cong are finally routed. And, unlike the French, the Vietnamese are at least attempting an ambitious civic reform program.

The main dangers today, after two coups in six months, are that yet another upheaval might bring a neutralist government to power in Saigon, or that a series of coups could erode the people's will to resist. As General Giap has suggested, Communist strategy now envisages not one big Dienbienphu but a lot of small, frustrating engagements. Says Giap: "The enemy will pass slowly from the offensive to the defensive and be caught in a dilemma; he has to drag out the war in order to win it and does not possess, on the other hand, the psychological and political means to fight a long-drawn-out war." What the Communists hope for, clearly, is a Dienbienphu of the spirit.

ISRAEL

Storm over Galilee

In a limestone cave beside the Sea of Galilee, not far from the spot where Jesus performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, two giant hydraulic pumps hummed into action. The pumps sucked in the sweet water that flows into the sea from the Jordan River, pushed it through nine-foot conduits up an 845-ft. incline to the top of the Galilee Hills, then sent it coursing down an open spillway toward the central plains of Israel and the parched Negev Desert in the south. Thus last week Israel successfully completed the first full-scale test tapping in its critical and controversial Jordan waters project.

For the thirsty nation, the \$150 million scheme is a modern equivalent of Christ's miracle of multiplication. Eventually, 85 billion gallons of water a year

January, at a summit meeting of 13 Arab leaders in Cairo, Egypt's President Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein persuaded their colleagues to drop the war talk and concentrate instead on a scheme that would, in effect, leave Israel high and dry. "We are not going to attack Israel," says Nasser. "We are going to build our own projects to utilize the Jordan headwaters before they reach Israel."

Accordingly, Arab reaction to last week's initial Israeli tapping was notably restrained. But the danger of war has not entirely evaporated. In Syria, the shaky Baathist regime might decide that it could profit from a little external diversion, such as an attack by jet bombers on Israel's main pumping station—which is buried deep underground to guard against such contingencies. But if the Arab nations go ahead with their plans to divert the Jordan's headwaters, Israel has already warned that it would treat any such move as a clear "act of aggression."

ADEN

It's No Eden

Though some scholars maintain that the Garden of Eden was in Aden, the country today seems more like purgatory than paradise. A British protectorate since 1839, Aden is a sun-scorched moonscape of thrusting volcanic mountains and rock-strewn wadies. Temperatures commonly rise to 110, and survival rations for British combat troops there include at least two gallons of water daily—for drinking, not washing. Aden is a tempting prize nonetheless. In a determined attempt to defend it from guerrilla bands sweeping across from Yemen, Britain last week airlifted hundreds of seasoned troops there.

Britain's last, vital bastion in the Middle East, Aden is the cornerstone on which Whitehall aims to build a stable Federation of South Arabia from more than a dozen disparate sultanates, sheikdoms and emirates along the nether rim of the Arabian peninsula. With easy access to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, Aden is also the major staging post and bunkering station in the area and a key base for the defense of sources that supply Britain with an annual half-billion dollars worth of oil. Not surprisingly, Egypt's President Nasser would also like to "liberate" Aden. With 40,000 troops in Yemen supporting the rebels who deposed the despotic Imam Mohammed el Badr in September 1962—Nasser's force has actually grown by some 12,000 since he agreed a year ago to begin withdrawing his troops—he has been turning more and more heat on the British outpost.

Foul. For months, Aden has been under sporadic attack by some 500 to 1,000 dissident border tribesmen known as the Red Wolves of Radfan. Primed with arms and ammunition from Egyptian caches in Yemen, they have been harassing the key trade route between Dhala and Aden. Half the federation's



JORDAN WATERS PROJECT
Miracle of multiplication.

will flow through Israel's 154-mile network of pipelines, channels, siphons and tunnels. It will replenish the overexploited water table of the citrus-growing central plains, slake the thirst of existing Negev settlements, and provide enough water to sustain some 15,000 new families in the desert. But, momentous as the plan may be to Israel's future, the government last week went to great pains to play it down. In the nation's biggest newspaper, the afternoon tabloid *Maariv*, the dry, 93-word official announcement landed on page 15.

Israel had reason to bury the news. The Arab nations, well aware that the waters will sustain a more populous, prosperous Israel, threatened war if the project ever went through.² Then last

² However, Arab leaders rejected a formula, worked out by Special U.S. Envoy Eric Johnston in 1955, that would have given Israel 40% of the Jordan's annual flow of some 335 billion gallons. Jordan would have received 45%, with Syria and Lebanon sharing the other 15%.

4,000-man, British-officered army was assigned to end the "state of revolt" last January. By March, frustrated by rebel strikes from Yemen as well, the British bombed the Yemeni fortress of Haris after warning civilians to clear out, earning a sharp rebuke from the U.N. Security Council.

Last week it was Britain's turn to cry foul. At a press conference in Aden, Major General J. H. Cubbon, commander of Britain's Middle East land forces, said he had "reliable information" that two British soldiers had been killed in an ambush and decapitated. Their heads, he said, were then paraded around the Yemeni town of Taiz on stakes. The report was later discounted by U.S. diplomats in Taiz. Nonetheless, as the Laborite Daily Herald noted, the two soldiers "were killed—and they were killed in a war which drags on with no end in sight."

Trapped. It was an ugly, bloody little war at that. One day last week, seeking to root the Red Wolves out of their mountain redoubts, 120 British paratroopers attacked the mud-walled town of El Naqil at dawn with fixed bayonets. The rebels scampered up the slopes, dug in, and with deadly sniper fire pinned the paratroopers to the ground in shimmering heat. Twelve hours later, at dusk, the British finally broke out of the trap and routed the rebels, killing twelve. Two Britons died.

In the House of Commons, Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home impatiently rejected Opposition charges that the Aden conflict was the government's fault: "The situation in the Middle East does not depend on British good will alone," he said. "There must be some reciprocity. We have seen precious little of this up to now, I must say." Assuming that none would be forthcoming, Britain beefed up its forces in Aden with strategic reserves from Kenya, put the Lancashire Fusiliers on 24-hour alert in England. If still more muscle is needed, warned Sir Alec, "troops will be moved from Germany."

SPAIN

A Prevalence of Pretenders

As sunrise touched the jagged rocks of Montejarra last week, 60,000 Spaniards followed wooden crosses and old battle flags up steep paths toward a plateau on the mountaintop. There, at the heart of the old northern kingdom of Navarre, they gathered for their annual commemoration of two bloody 19th century civil wars in which their ancestors fought to put a Carlist king on the throne of Spain.³

Reign in Spain. Carlism began in 1833, when King Ferdinand VII, dying without a male heir, directed that his

³ The first (1833-39) was lost by the Carlists through the ineptitude of their pretender, Don Carlos V. During the second (1872-76), Don Carlos VII's forces at one point controlled most of Navarre, three Basque provinces and much of Catalonia before his indecision lost the day.

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daughter Isabella assume the crown. Her right to the throne was contested by Ferdinand's younger brother Don Carlos, and ever since, his descendants and their supporters have been trying bravely but futilely to seize power. The Carlists are the most rabid and fanatic rightists in Spain, and their political ideas seldom go beyond reviving the Inquisition. Though they view Franco as a woolly liberal, *los Requetés*, the rugged Carlist fighting men, nevertheless provided *El Caudillo* with some of the best battalions he ever had in the Spanish Civil War.

Donning their traditional red berets, the Carlists at Montejurra were out in force to honor their current pretender to the throne, Prince Carlos Hugo, who last month married the wayward Princess Irene of the Netherlands and hopes to use her considerable fortune to advance his ambitions. But the problem of the reign in Spain is anything but plain, for Prince Carlos has prestigious rivals:

► Handsome Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 26, grandson of Alfonso XIII, the last King of Spain, who was deposed in 1931. His father, Don Juan, has never formally withdrawn his claim to the throne, but has long been in Franco's bad graces. Juan Carlos, married to Princess Sophie of Greece, is supported by Spain's grandees, higher clergy and bankers, but has little popular following in the country.

► Don Jaime Borbón y Battenberg, 55, twice-married oldest living son of Alfonso XIII and uncle of Juan Carlos, who looks every inch a king but once renounced his right of succession because he is a deaf-mute. Last week Don Jaime rescinded his renunciation and laid claim to the throne as head of the house of Borbón.

Though Generalissimo Francisco Franco has ruled Spain for 25 years, he has always insisted that the country is a monarchy, his own role merely that of a regent who would ultimately restore the king. Which one? Franco personally seems to incline toward Juan Carlos, and reportedly intends to step down in 1968, when he will be 75 and Juan Carlos a mature 30. But Franco is also deeply indebted to the Carlists for their sturdy support in his war against the Spanish republic. Moreover, Prince Carlos Hugo's marriage to Princess Irene establishes a link, however tenuous, with a royal family that not only has a throne but is also the wealthiest in Europe.

Spouting Wine. Nonetheless, under pressure from the followers of Juan Carlos, and with his own chronic misgivings about anything that remotely threatens public order, Franco let Carlos and Irene know that it was his "wish" that they not attend the Carlist rally at Montejurra. Since his future depends on Franco's whim, Carlos meekly flew off with his bride to the Canary Islands instead. His younger

sister Cecilia, wearing an ivory dress and red beret, went in his place. Priming their parched throats with spurts of red wine from goatskin *botas*, the Carlists cheered lustily for Carlos and shouted their contempt for Juan Carlos, whom they scornfully call "Juanillo." Proclaimed one Carlist banner: "We don't want Juanillo even if it's an order from *El Caudillo*."

With pretenders to the throne growing more numerous and more clamorous, Franco may well decide to sit tight and let the royal claimants fight it out. They have little else to do.

NEPAL

Royalties for the King

Nepal's King Mahendra is a poet, tiger hunter and consummate wheeler-dealer. As monarch of a mile-high, landlocked nation, one of whose principal exports is the steely little Gurkha soldier, Mahendra labors not only to hold his throne but also to keep his little kingdom from the jaws of its giant neighbors, Red China and India. He does this so successfully that, far from becoming a tasty morsel for its neighbors, Nepal has wheedled all manner of goodies from both—not to mention the U.S. and Russia.

Last week the King was wheeling and dealing in style. It began one morning in the ornate state hall of Singha Durbar, where Nepalese and Chinese officials signed an agreement by which Peking will build two warehouses and a brick-and-tile factory for Nepal. That afternoon, wearing his habitual dark glasses, Mahendra and his pretty, petite Queen Ratna attended the formal inauguration of a U.S.-financed, 26-mile aerial cableway that will bring freight and food from the Indian border across the Mahabharat Mountains to the capital city of Katmandu.

New Market. Next day, King and Queen boarded their Soviet helicopter, were flown by the Russian crew to Paanchkhal to inspect the 70-mile road being built by Red Chinese engineers from Katmandu to the Tibetan border town of Kodari, where it connects with another highway leading to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. Thousands of Nepalese workers using picks, shovels and crowbars are carving the road from the sheer slopes of mist-hung mountain passes. Chinese instructors patiently show the Nepalese how to operate rock drills while other Chinese clear away rocks and dirt with bulldozers; still others are busily surveying and mapping every hill and valley in a country ideally suited to guerrilla war.

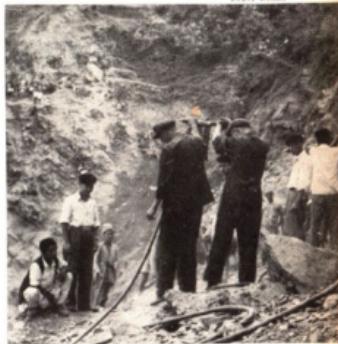
Mahendra and his officials hope that when the road is completed at year's end it will open a new market to the north for Nepal's surplus food, thus ending the country's dependence on India for virtually all its industrial imports. When it was pointed out that the road will also enable the Red Chinese

to penetrate the heart of Nepal, Mahendra airily replied: "Communism does not travel by taxi." In fact, as Nepalese officials readily admit, China can simply walk into their country any time it chooses.

Invented Word. Back in his capital, Mahendra heard reports on negotiations with the Soviet Union for a sugar mill, cigarette factory and hydroelectric plant. At week's end, he flew to Bhaishahar in India's Bihar state for the dedication of the Indian-financed, \$109 million Gandak hydroelectric project, which will provide his kingdom with power and irrigation and will eventually be handed over to Nepal.

For the first time since he suffered a stroke last January, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru left New Delhi and flew to Gandak to meet Mahendra, who is still more fearful of the Indian giant than the Chinese. As late as 1962, Nehru looked the other way while In-

LOUIS KRAAR



RED CHINESE ROAD BUILDERS
A short taxi ride from Tibet.

dian-based Nepalese exiles staged guerrilla raids against Mahendra's kingdom. It took the Himalayan war with Red China to awaken Nehru to the danger in the north. Since then, India has not only restrained Nepalese guerrillas but has also pledged \$18.4 million—far more than Peking has given—for Mahendra's current three-year plan.

At Gandak, Mahendra made it clear that he intends to be treated as an equal and not a dependent. He told Nehru and a crowd of 100,000 Indians that friendship "on the basis of parity" can only be "mutually beneficial." Next week King Mahendra plans to make a state visit to West Germany, which is discussing several possible aid projects for Nepal: on his way home, he will stop off in Pakistan for talks with President Ayub Khan. Mahendra, who calls his policy one of strict nonalignment, claims that his Foreign Minister Tulsi Giri actually invented the word. Be that as it may, few other nations have made it pay such handsome royalties.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE ALIANZA

A Matter of Tone

One of the architects of the Alliance for Progress is on his way out of Washington. He is Teodoro Moscoso, 53, the Puerto Rican businessman who helped mold the Alianza as its first U.S. coordinator. Last December Moscoso was moved out of the top job in President Johnson's general reshuffling of Latin American policymakers. Last week it was announced that he is resigning as a special adviser and U.S. representative to the new Inter-American committee (CIAP) that is supposed to guide the program. Wrote Johnson: "It is with the greatest regret that I accept the resignation of this able and dedicated man. His counsel will be sorely missed."

Noble Rhetoric. The expressions of regret seemed genuine enough—despite rumors of disagreement between Moscoso and the Johnson Administration. For two and a half years, Moscoso was the apostle of the Alianza, the man charged with President Kennedy's sweeping declaration "to transform the 1960s into an historic decade of democratic progress." Noble rhetoric, but the performance fell far short of the mark. A start was made on building low-cost houses, schools, roads, clinics and water systems. But Moscoso was frustrated by bureaucracy that delayed loan approvals, and many Latin Americans grew impatient waiting for instant progress. Few nations kept their half of the Alianza bargain by drawing up master development plans; the low rate of private investment was bitterly disappointing.

After Kennedy's death, Moscoso recognized that Johnson would stamp his own brand on the program. Johnson's first act was to bring in Thomas C. Mann (TIME Cover, Jan. 31) as Assistant Secretary of State to boss both the Alianza and the State Department's Latin American end. So far, the difference is largely one of tone. Mann is a pragmatist, a believer in the art of the possible. He has muted the old-style Alianza hoopla for his own soft sell, and encourages such practical reforms as the new computerized tax-collection that helped Mexico enlarge its tax rolls by 1,200,000 people in eight months.

Renewed Pledge. Some Latin Americans are fearful that the tempered approach indicates a fading U.S. interest in the Alianza. With Moscoso's departure, Johnson made a Texas-size point of dispelling any such notion. He called all Latin American ambassadors in Washington to the White House this week to discuss Alianza problems. And he will personally sign new loans to Brazil, Chile, Colombia, and a raft of other countries. Said Johnson last week: "In my first official foreign-policy statement as President, I pledged to the rep-

resentatives of Latin American countries the best efforts of this nation toward the fulfillments of the Alliance for Progress. We're carrying out that pledge."

BRAZIL

The Unmissing Man

Brazil's favorite guessing game for the last four weeks has been "Whither Brizola?" A demagogic leftist Congressman and brother-in-law of deposed President Joao Goulart, Leonel Brizola had last been seen two days after the revolution, scooting up a Porto Alegre street in a green Volkswagen—an angry, rock-throwing crowd chasing him on foot. Then he dropped from sight. Was he hid-

es. Everywhere I was received as a son."

Police were still chasing down blind alleys when the prodigal leftist finally turned up last week in Montevideo. He had apparently spent the last few days in Porto Alegre, tidying up his affairs; and now he planned to visit "several Latin American countries" with his family. "I am an engineer," he said, "and can support my family by working." But how had he smuggled himself across the border? Simple, says Brizola. He just hopped in a car and drove over.

CUBA

Anything Going to Happen on May 20?

On a lonely stretch of coastline off Las Uvas Key, 100 miles from Havana, a loyal fisherman found a "terrorist" arms cache that included twelve pistols, 15 rifles, ten antipersonnel mines, 58 magnetic bombs, 84 packages of explosives, and assorted detonators, machetes, fuses, knives, a portable radio and other equipment. At least that's what the Cuban radio reported last week, crying that the arms came from "North American espionage agencies."

In Washington, U.S. intelligence sources quickly denied any new undercover campaign against Castro. The U.S., said a spokesman, has not slipped arms into Cuba since just before the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961. Castro may have uncovered one of those old caches. But the greater likelihood was that he had found it long ago, and had just now decided to make an issue of it.

Why? One possibility was that he might be trying to whip up his people against a new attempt at guerrilla warfare by some of the 300,000 anti-Castro Cubans living in exile. The exiles have been relatively quiet since the Bay of Pigs, but now they are on the move again—with or without U.S. help. Numbers of young exiles, many of them with U.S. Army training, have disappeared from Miami and other cities recently; exile guerrilla-training camps are reported operating in Nicaragua, Costa Rica and other Central American hideaways. At least one of these is run by Manuel Artime, a leader in the Bay of Pigs landing, who occasionally pops up in Miami. Another exile leader, Manuel Ray, once one of Castro's chief lieutenants, has pledged that he will return to Cuba to revive the anti-Castro underground by May 20, the 62nd anniversary of Cuba's independence from Spain.

Castro himself sounds edgy and gloomy about the future. In his May Day speech, he dourly conceded that some day his Communist regime might be toppled. "Most of us—the leaders of today—would disappear in that struggle; but the people would remain, and the party would remain." Surely the people would remain.

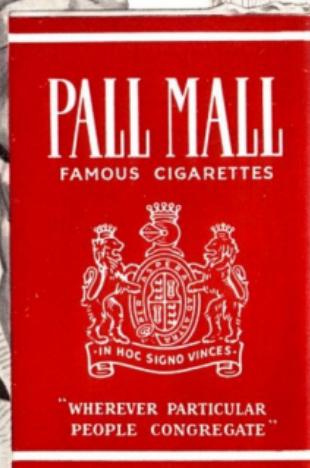


BRIZOLAS IN EXILE
Everywhere and nowhere.

ing out in his home town of Porto Alegre? "Impossible," sniffed the Porto Alegre military. "We would have captured him." Uruguay? "Impossible," echoed the border patrol. "We have the strictest vigilance."

Brazilians saw him everywhere—and nowhere. In one 24-hour span, the cops in three Brazilian cities thought they had him cornered; in Porto Alegre, he was reported 21 times, even after gauchos began shearing off their Brizola-like mustaches. Four times, sensation-mongering newspapers declared Brizola dead. Then came Brizola's voice over a radio transmitter somewhere in the south. When Brizola's wife Neuzza joined Brother Jango and his family in their Montevideo exile, she claimed that Brizola was somewhere in Uruguay. But ten days later, a Rio paper front-paged a letter from Leonel "somewhere in Brazil." "I have traveled thousands of kilometers," he wrote, "and visited hundreds and hundreds of homes and ranch-

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PEOPLE

The riots that bloom in the spring, tra la. And the first students to gallop out of the labs and libes for the annual monkey-see, monkey-do monkeyshines were the fair sons of **John Harvard**. Seems some sycamores along Cambridge's Memorial Drive were due for the ax (TIME, Feb. 14), and before anyone could bellow "Rinehart!" 2,000 undergraduate tree lovers rushed to the defense. "Two, four, six, eight, sycamores foliate," chanted the Cantabs fiercely. Then the crowd decided to block traffic instead. That brought the cops, who brought four dogs, which brought indignant cries of "Cambridge, Cambridge" (Md., not Mass.). A few yips and nips later, the discretion-filled Harvards were headed for home, leaving poor John on high to turn crimson with shame at the perfidious fainthearts.

At his death in 1962, **Arthur Vining Davis** regarded himself as one of the U.S.'s richest men, worth on the order of \$400 million. But when his holdings—mainly in Aluminum Co. of America and in Florida real estate—were finally totted up for a court accounting, he turned out to be worth considerably less, \$87,629,282.83 to be precise.

Just the other night **Lady Bird Johnson** went to the Metropolitan Opera in Manhattan, the first member of the First Family to do so in 19 years. She made a sweeping entrance with lissome **Mrs. Anthony Bliss**, wife of the Met's president, that had wide-eyed bystanders glomming the glamour, and Lady Bird was still drawing stares and applause as she returned to her box for the third act. As she smiled and acknowledged the attention, she started to sit down, then—plooo—she disappeared. The audience gasped, but

quickly relaxed as she bobbed up un-hurt and laughing. Met General Manager Rudolf Bing had been holding her chair, and he pulled it away to exchange it for one more comfortable. That's the story, anyway.

"Shall we make peace again? Today? Here? Shall we again become friends?" The moving plea was extemporaneously put by **Pope Paul VI** in a special Sistine Chapel service to several hundred painters, writers, musicians, sculptors and actors, and it marked the first time a Pontiff has tried bridging the century-old chasm between art and the church. Abstract art still disturbed the Pope. "The result is a language of Babel, of confusion," finger-wagged Paul. But the culture-loving Pontiff wanted a change: "We need you. For, as you know, our ministry is that of rendering accessible, comprehensible and also moving, the world of the spirit, of the invisible, of God, of the ineffable. And in this you are the masters. It is your trade."

When he's happiest is when he's snorting, and he did plenty of it. But in his 80th birthday week, **Harry Truman** was all choked up between potshots at the press, the Republicans, and everyone else within BB range. President Johnson telephoned Kansas City with early congratulations. "I wanted to call collect," ho-hoed L.B.J., who then added: "When you blow out those candles, I hope you think of all the lights you have turned on during 80 years." But the biggest thrill came during a birthday appearance on the Senate floor. After eulogies from no fewer than 25 Senators plus a standing ovation, H.S.T. stammered: "I'm so overcome. This is one of the greatest things that has happened to me in my whole life." Afterward he was still touched. "If they had cussed me out, I would have known what to do."

Charlton Heston was not lynched last week. The reason this is remarkable is that he was actually trying to be fair to a studio. No big star is supposed to do this. But Heston had an attack of ethics. Though it was not in his contract, he had browbeaten Columbia Pictures into doing a couple of scenes his way in the just-completed *Major Dundee*. "In effect," he explained, "I applied the muscle without the legal right. The only ethical thing to do was to return my salary." Return his what? Yep, the whole estimated \$200,000 salary he got for the flick. "Ghastly precedent," thought his fellow performers. "Gem of a notion," thought Heston.

He is more untouchable than Eliot Ness, more famous than Dick Tracy, and more widely respected in his job than just about anybody. **John Edgar Hoover**, 69, has been head of the FBI so long that people forget he could have



CRIME BUSTER HOOVER & BUST
Excepting the exceptional.

been replaced by any incoming Administration. Last week he completed 40 years in the post, and Lyndon Johnson weighed in with his own endorsement. Next New Year's Day the top lawman will reach the compulsory retirement age of 70. "I know you wouldn't think of breaking the law," said L.B.J. So to offset the requirement, the President signed a special executive order that will allow the hale and hearty bachelor to continue serving "for an indefinite period of time."

Women across America tuned her in for two decades to hear all the poop on products and personalities. Then in 1954 **Mary Margaret McBride** gave the mike a pat and retired from the daily network grind. "It seemed as if 20 years was enough," she said. Of course, it wasn't really. And last week as her 30th radio anniversary came around, Mary Margaret, 64, was still at it. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 to noon, her folksy chat goes out to WGHQ listeners. It's just a local station in Kingston, N.Y., and she mostly interviews the neighbors at her book-lined "retirement" home. But Richard Rodgers journeyed up for the show a few broadcasts ago, and the sponsors, as always with Mary Margaret, are breathlessly waiting in line.

The usual run of big names flew into Rome's Fiumicino Airport that day, **Ava Gardner**, **Adlai Stevenson** and a few others. Nothing much there, thought reporters. Ava and Adlai were both heading to Naples, but that did not even raise an aha. That night Adlai climbed aboard the yacht of a friend for a short vacation cruise before heading for a Paris NATO meeting. The next morning Ava also embarked on the yacht of a friend. Yawwwn, reacted the press. Until someone suddenly remembered they both got on the same yacht. Cowabunga! said the newsmen, and raced to pick up the pieces. But Spanish-American Industrialist Ricardo Siere's *Ram-pager* had already sailed with the big eggs aboard, leaving nothing but scrambled facts behind. No one even knew for sure just who else was along. And it looked like as long as the yacht stayed at sea, so would everyone else.



MRS. BLISS & MRS. JOHNSON
Glamming the glamour.

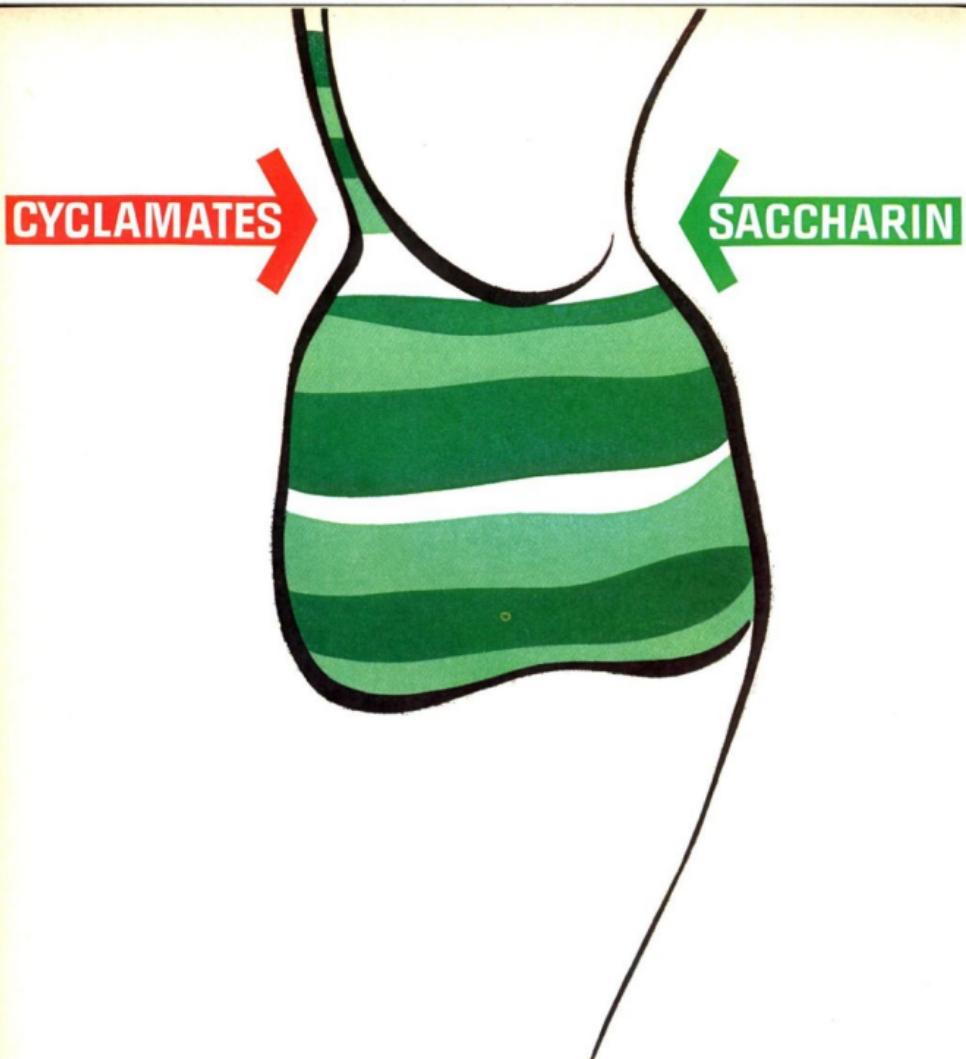
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RELIGION

METHODISTS

Beyond Lip Service

"Whenever we try to achieve something here," complained the Rev. James Laird of Detroit, a leader of the integration-minded Methodists for Church Renewal, "we are told, 'all right—but not now.' By the end of the Methodist Church's quadrennial General Conference in Pittsburgh last week, the 858 delegates had given more than lip service to civil rights, but had not forced integration on white-only congregations.

The pursuit of compromise made the conference sometimes seem more like a political convention than a church meeting, as delegates caucused in hotel corridors and committee rooms to work out approvable resolutions. In the end, conference moderates, led by such powerful Methodist figures as Lawyer Charles Parlin and the Rev. Harold Bosley of Manhattan's Christ Church, devised a number of carefully hedged stands that satisfied the South without totally alienating the North's firebrand integrationists.

The all-Negro Central Jurisdiction was voted out of existence—on a gradual, voluntary basis. The delegates went on to pass a resolution that said: "All persons, without regard to race, color, national origin or economic condition, shall be eligible to attend worship services, and be admitted into membership anywhere in this connection." But some Southern clergy argued that the resolution did not really bind white churches to accept Negroes, and the delegates shelved a proposal to make refusing anyone admission to worship an ecclesiastical crime.

But the conference did pass a resolution approving orderly civil rights demonstrations "in rare instances where legal recourse is unavailable." When one Southern delegate complained that the statement was an incitement to anarchy, Bosley answered: "We won't give an inch on this principle." In other mood-showing votes, the conference set up a fund to help Methodist ministers who may have suffered "economic deprivation" by joining in civil rights activities, and forbade church agencies to discriminate in their hiring practices.

ATHEISTS

The Woman Who Hates Churches

Atheist Madalyn Murray boasts that "we do everything properly, through the courts." What she has already done through the courts, however, strikes millions of people as so improper that she has earned the epithet: "the most hated woman in America." Last year the belligerent Baltimorean won a Supreme Court ban on school prayer. Last month she started suit again to kill a new Maryland law permitting compulsory school "meditation." Next month she

goes for the brass ring: a suit against the State of Maryland that is clearly aimed at destroying tax exemption for all U.S. church property. Churches are "leeches on society," she says. "If no other American has enough guts to fight them, then I will."

Unbeliever Murray is a tough, wise-cracking divorcee of 45 whose forebears arrived in Massachusetts in 1650. Daughter of a Pittsburgh contractor, she served on Eisenhower's staff in World War II as a WAC officer-cryptographer, later studied law at Ohio Northern University and South Texas College; she has spent 17 years as a supervisor of social workers. A former member of the leftist Socialist Labor Party, she claims to have forsaken Christianity at 13, after reading the Bible; since then, reason has been her only faith, and she boasts: "Nobody has ever beaten me in an argument yet."

Christian Neighbors. "Wildly irreverent, she sprinkles her conversation liberally with 'Oh God.' After giving her father a religious funeral, she cracked: 'People god-damned well better not do that to me.' When someone painted 'Communist' on her fence, she named her dogs Marx and Engels.

Not surprisingly, her oldest son Bill, 17, rebelled in 1961 against "that hogwash" of school prayers. Delighted to assault what she calls "hypocrisy," Mrs. Murray then and there embarked on a new career as a kind of court mother. The Baltimore public welfare department fired her from her supervisor's job. Various persons—whom she delights in describing as "My Christian neighbors"—have trampled her flowers, broken her windows, beaten up Bill and his young brother more than 100 times. Flooded with abusive letters, she has received everything from a psychotic document endlessly repeating the word "kill" to a newspaper picture of herself smeared with excrement.

But she has also been deluged with dollars (top source: doctors), now runs both the Freethought Society of America, Inc., and Other Americans, Inc., a legal-action group whose 5,000 members pay at least \$1 per month to fight her court battles. Among her future targets: Government-paid military chaplains, courtroom oaths, and income tax deductions for church contributions. Other Americans already owns 80 acres in Kansas for a projected "Atheist University of the Americas."

Lease-Back Loophole. Whatever their personal feelings, lawyers concede that Mrs. Murray's tax-exemption suit is not without merit. She argues that such exemption forces her to pay higher taxes and support churches—in direct conflict with the First Amendment's prohibition against laws "respecting an establishment of religion." All 50 states, including Maryland, repeat this prohibition in some form in their own constitutions.

Yet 33 state constitutions also make church property tax-free. All other states accomplish the same end under other statutes.

No one is quite sure how much potential revenue is involved. One study shows that church groups own 14% of all taxable property in Pennsylvania, 17% in Maryland, 18% in New Jersey. In other areas, churches own relatively little of total tax-exempt property; in Baltimore, for example, where \$528 million worth of property is tax-exempt, only \$80 million worth is owned by churches (schools and hospitals account for much of the rest). Even so, few

FRANCIS D'EGENNAUD



MRS. MURRAY & SONS WITH LAWYER (RIGHT)
Wildly irreverent, but important.

dispute the fact that church property is widely undervalued.

As Mrs. Murray sees it, the most blatant constitutional violation is church-owned property that is not used for religious purposes. Many state laws are so broad that churches—and fraternal organizations—may buy such property with lease-back arrangements under which they rent it to the former owners; income from the rents and leases is tax-free. The Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus do not pay income taxes on their rental revenue, which comes from such sources as the land on which Yankee Stadium stands, a Detroit steel warehouse and a Connecticut steel mill. In New Orleans, Jesuit-run Loyola University pays no federal income tax on its revenues from its radio and television stations, and thus is in a better position to compete for business than is its leading rival.

Determined to launch equity suits

in eleven states, Mrs. Murray has begun at home. Maryland forbids church lease-backs, exempts only property used for church purposes. The state's lawyers will argue that limited tax exemptions are not grants that provably infringe on church-state separation. Moreover, they will claim that Mrs. Murray's financial loss is too small to make her case justifiable.

The Catholic and Episcopal dioceses of Baltimore have joined the case as co-defendants because they want a definitive constitutional decision. Church lawyers will argue that tax breaks spur vast church contributions to the public welfare through church schools, orphanages and hospitals. Another argument: tax breaks may actually be mandatory

tar man whose memorial is a building program and whose theological concern takes second place to pragmatic interest in shepherding his people.

Such a man is Francis Cardinal Spellman, who this month is celebrating his 75th birthday and his 25th anniversary as Archbishop of New York. Last week nearly 4,000 guests crowded into four ballrooms of the Waldorf-Astoria for a banquet in his honor, and piles of gifts, letters and telegrams spilled across his office desks at 452 Madison Avenue. In part, the tributes came because Spellman is a genuinely warm and kindly man, a gregarious and sociable prelate whose gentle smile and sly Irish wit can charm Presidents as well as plumbers. But there was also the respect paid to an administrative genius whose record can be measured in construction bills and concrete growth.

"Cardinal Moneybags." When Pope Pius XII named Spellman as its archbishop in 1939, New York was probably the richest see in the U.S.; it is now the richest in the world. Spellman's spiritual empire, running from Staten Island to the Catskills of Ulster County, has almost doubled in size, to 1,782,000 faithful. To serve his growing congregation, Spellman has built 37 new churches, 130 schools and five hospitals (including the New York Foundling Hospital, his favorite charity); almost every year he is responsible for \$90 million worth of construction. Much of this he managed by consolidating all parish building programs into his own hands, thereby getting better interest rates from bankers.

Spellman's influence, however, goes well beyond his diocese. As the Pope's Military Vicar in charge of the nation's 920 Catholic chaplains, he is bishop of the Catholics in the armed forces. He also bears a major responsibility for the church's largest charity, Catholic Relief Services, a \$176 million foreign aid program that sends food and clothing to 79 countries around the world, from Moslem Algeria to Catholic Peru. In grudging tribute to his financial power and financial skill, Rome sometimes calls him "Cardinal Moneybags."

Admiration & Criticism. It also respects him as the second most powerful man in the church. One reason has been his close personal friendship with Pope Pius XII and now with Pope Paul. Another is his unique ability to help out the church in useful ways that seldom get into print. After World War II, he convinced Pius of the need to internationalize the Vatican's Italy-centered investments. Later, they say in Rome, he donated more than \$1,000,000 to help the Holy See pay for the Ecumenical Council. Spellman would never be so indiscreet as to interfere in another bishop's diocese—yet the Vatican seldom takes any action affecting the U.S. church without an inquiry first to the "powerhouse" in Manhattan.

As an executive, Spellman has almost universal admiration; on other

grounds, he is a target of criticism for excessive prudence. Some Catholic laymen deplore the fact that his voice, loud and clear in condemning *The Deputy*, dirty movies and the Communist threat, is rarely heard on such social issues as segregation and political corruption. Catholic book publishers seldom try to get Spellman's imprimatur on anything more controversial than the life of an Irish saint, and there is an undercurrent of complaint from young priests about the steady-as-you-go conservatism of chancery decrees. Says one Manhattan curate: "It's easier to preach about socialism in New York than to advocate liturgical reform."

Outside the church, he is still blamed for using seminarians to break a ceme-



SPELLMAN WITH FOUNDLINGS

A good shepherd should be . . .

under the First Amendment's guarantee of "free exercise" of religion.

Some churches—notably the Methodists and United Presbyterians—concede that there is an inequity in the laws and either pay their full taxes or a sum equivalent to levies from which they are exempt. But a majority of the clergy probably agree with Mrs. Murray's Baltimore opponents, who are determined to battle her up to the Supreme Court over what one Roman Catholic lawyer sees as "the beginning of a hostile interpretation of the First Amendment." Says he: "As a person, Mrs. Murray is not important. But what she's trying to do is important."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Pastor-Executive

If any one aspires to the office of bishop, he desires a noble task.

—*1 Timothy 3*

The Roman Catholic Church has 2,500 bishops, and they perform their tasks in almost that many different ways. Some are brilliant theologians, some skillful spiritual teachers, some church politicians, some Jeep-riding missionaries, some discreet bureaucrats. But in the U.S., the dominant mold is the pastoral executive: the brick-and-mortar



AS SEMINARIAN IN ROME (1913)

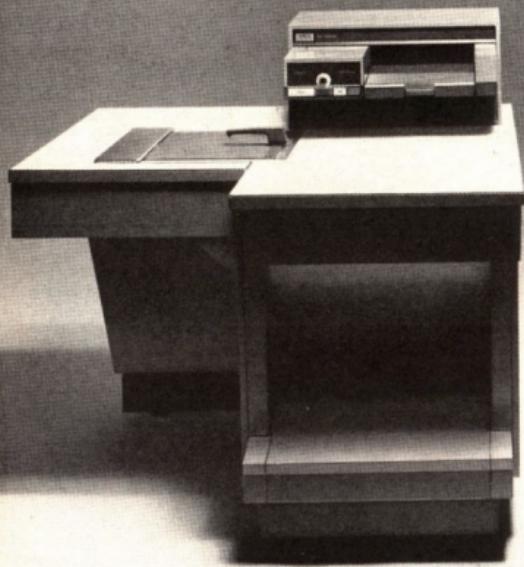
... a good builder.

ter workers' strike in 1949, and for engaging in a bitter public quarrel with Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt over federal aid to parochial schools. And although he now appears frequently at interfaith meetings, non-Catholic churchmen regard him as generally indifferent to ecumenism.

Close to the People. Spellman is a product of Massachusetts' lace-curtain Irish, and readily admits that he does not "believe in change just to change." But he is an unpredictable conservative. He voted with the progressives on most issues that came before the Vatican Council, and last fall he took to Rome as his personal theologian Jesuit John Courtney Murray (TIME Cover, Dec. 12, 1960), who had been excluded from council preparations because the Holy Office objected to his views on church-state relations.

Spellman is now a trifle slow of step and dim of sight, and he yearns to be remembered not as the good builder but as a good shepherd. His greatest consolation, he says, has been his annual Christmastide visits to the troops overseas, "which gave me a chance to do something pastoral. That has always been my ideal—to be close to the people. That is what the church has always done and always should do."

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MUSIC

CHAMBER MUSIC

The Revelers

The plans were enough to prostrate the most gallant music manager. Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin—three top-dollar virtuosos—had teamed up to make chamber music together. Their audience might shrink to the size of the small halls in which trios usually play—and the take, of course, would be split three ways. But the trio had played an intriguing handful of concerts in the past, and bound by 20 years' friendship, they defiantly formed their alliance. Last week, solidly established as the best in 50 years, the Stern-Rose-Istomin Trio played their fifth sell-out concert of the season to a house so full and enthusiastic that it made even Carnegie Hall seem just the right size for chamber music.

A Mirror of Tone. The concert—one trio each by Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert—displayed both the sweep of each man's virtuosity as a soloist and the perfect rapport the three share when playing together. Istomin hulked mightily over the keyboard to delve deep into the music with the sensitive phrasing that distinguishes his playing. Stern and Rose were so perfectly matched that Rose's 1662 Amati cello seemed at times the baritone voice of Stern's Guarnerius violin. In passages in which phrases are repeated alternately between them, each provides a mirror of the other in phrasing, tone, even vibrato. Their precision and ease suggests an immense reserve of talent that the evening's program had not required.

Each of the three has discovered in the trio a reward beyond mere music. "There are many miraculous little things that happen during each performance," says Rose. "We play to one another in a sort of musical conversation." Says Stern: "Music is something to revel in—and when we play together

we revel. I'm so proud of this trio I want to shout it from the rooftops."

Keep It Gala. It took nearly six years of prodding by Stern before all three mustered the time and determination to get together; each has a highly prosperous career as a soloist, and abandoning private schedules is costly. Now that the three are committed to each other, they plan to spare a month or so each year for work as a trio, making plans far in advance, insisting on ideal halls for chamber music, hand-picking the piano. "We want to keep it gala," says Istomin.

Together with the Juilliard String Quartet (TIME, Aug. 23), the new trio gives the U.S. unsurpassed mastery of chamber music. Critics struggling to define its excellence find no one around to compare it with. They hark back instead to the years before World War I when French Pianist Alfred Cortot, French Violinist Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals were the presiding maestri. Even the great trio of the '40s—Heifetz, Feuermann and Rubinstein—is not in the running, for Stern, Rose and Istomin make up a trio unique in attitude as much as accomplishment. They play as if for themselves, and in the playing each achieves a reach of music higher than any he could gain for himself.

COMPOSERS

The Way to Write Music

All week, the rotund, grey-haired man in the rumpled brown suit guarded the decrepit-looking envelope as if it were stuffed with gold. "It's always on my mind," he said, quietly aware that the envelope contained what everyone hoped might prove a musical triumph. An evening or so later, Carlos Chávez, Mexico's top music man and a major composer in any hemisphere, joined some 2,600 concertgoers to hear his *Symphony No. 6* performed by the New

ALFRED STATTLER



STERN, ROSE & ISTOMIN AT CARNEGIE
Miraculous little things keep happening.

WALTER SARAN



CHÁVEZ & BERNSTEIN AT PHILHARMONIC
A setback may improve with age.

York Philharmonic and conducted by Leonard Bernstein in its world première. Nearly everyone was disappointed.

A latecomer among ten works commissioned to mark the opening of Lincoln Center's year-and-a-half-old Philharmonic Hall, the Chávez symphony won respectful applause. But critical hosannas did not follow. The piece is bold, ruggedly impressive in spots, yet oddly ineffectual—a virile epic with all its bones removed.

At 64, however, Chávez is a pioneer modernist who seldom lets a setback take him by surprise. He believes that a new work must mature in the minds of maestro, musicians and public. His patience has often been rewarded. In 1928 he became the founder and conductor of Mexico's first major symphony orchestra. Giving free concerts, he taught his musically illiterate audiences the wonders of Bach, Beethoven, Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Chávez. His own early compositions, such as the brilliant, flavorful *Sinfonia India*, in which indigenous folk tunes were distilled with impressive originality, earned him a reputation for localism that Chávez now frankly deplores. To critics who affect to hear the wind through the mesquite or the flapping of serapes in everything he writes, he has often protested that "I am Mexican, Beethoven was German—but music is international."

Though he often returns to his home, Chávez has freed himself from more than two decades of dedication to his country's culture. Just back from Germany, this week he will conduct a concert in Portland, Ore., and is slated for another in Chicago. But his lively performances on the podium do not stanch his virtually uninterrupted flow of symphonies, concertos, ballets, string quartets, songs and toccatas. While New York reconsiders the merits of his *Symphony No. 6*, Chávez is polishing off a new percussion piece and is halfway through *Symphony No. 7*. "When you solve one problem," he says, "go on to the next. That's the way to live life—and the way to compose music."

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UNIVERSITIES

Big Voice in Little Egypt

In the first six weeks after Delyte Wesley Morris took over as president of decrepit Southern Illinois University in 1948, he gained ten pounds on the banquet circuit. Morris' nonstop message: S.I.U. would reverse its own sad state and with it the fortunes of the region—a depressed, despairing, violence-ridden enclave known as Little Egypt (or Egypt, after Cairo, Ill., the southernmost city in the state). "Not one of them had the foggiest thought that anything would come out of our efforts," he says—and quietly adds that now "the change has come."

Morris' listeners had a right to be skeptical. The S.I.U. campus at Carbondale 16 years ago was a jumble of old, leaking buildings in a lifeless town whose only reason for existence was the fact that the Illinois Central Railroad had chosen to establish a division headquarters there. The school itself was a mediocre state teachers' college, whose sense of the future was typified by an earlier S.I.U. president whose pride it was to send back money to the legislature from the school's meager appropriation. Even Morris did not come with a big reputation. The son of an auto insurance salesman, he was born in Little Egypt, was professor of speech at Ohio State when he got the offer to head S.I.U.

Direct Approach. But Morris, 56, is a hard-driving, restless fellow. From the start, he aimed for twin goals: improving life in the 31 sprawling counties of Little Egypt, and creating a school of excellence. He believes that "you can have pursuit of knowledge for knowledge's sake along with a practical, direct approach to society."

Now, by way of direct approach, teams of specialists from S.I.U.'s department of community development are constantly scouring the region, tempting new industries to settle there. The university's booming Vocational-Technical Institute offers some 160 courses ranging from cosmetology to court reporting, and 10,000 people take adult-education courses. In an area where only a decade ago only 19% of the population over 25 had attended high school, researchers at S.I.U.'s internationally known education department have strengthened dozens of local public schools by curriculum improvements and new teaching aids. University scientists have tackled such regional problems as water pollution, crop diversification and transportation. Even the S.I.U. symphony is a regional enterprise; half the members are students, and the other half are jobless coal miners and other amateurs.

But in pursuing scholarship, S.I.U. is doing even better. "The progress has been incredible," says a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. More than 60%

of the S.I.U. staff have doctorates, which puts the school among the top 15%-20% in the U.S. For the first time in Little Egypt's history, students are coming from other parts of the state and from other states. They are attracted by strong faculties in the liberal arts and in such specialties as microbiology and theater design. Among the 260 students from 40 foreign countries, many are taking courses at a novel center for the study of crime and correction that works closely with a model federal prison in nearby Marion. The university press, which published its first book in

Wieman and Designer-Dreamer Buckminster Fuller (TIME Cover, Jan. 10).

Autonomy. The Illinois legislature used to starve S.I.U., but Supersalesman Morris, with the aid of regional politicians and a separate board of trustees appointed by the Governor, got the school a total appropriation of \$103 million for 1963-65 (still far less than the favored land-grant University of Illinois). More than 60 new buildings have been completed or are going up in Carbondale alone, including a 17-story dormitory tower. Students have also pitched in to expand S.I.U., though 4,000 of them work to help support themselves. They paid for a \$4,500,000 student union, with 16-lane bowling al-

ARTHUR SIEBEL



PRESIDENT MORRIS & STUDENTS AT SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY CENTER
To stoke a comeback, a mine of knowledge.

1956, is now working on its 125th; among its notable volumes are the *Selected Poems of Herman Melville* (TIME, May 1) and *Modes of Being*, by Paul Weiss, Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale.

Pacesetter. From 3,000 students only 15 years ago, the school now has 18,200 students (apart from adults), of whom 80% are the first in their families to attend college. The faculty has grown from 250 to 1,150. By the end of the decade, with completion of a second permanent campus now rising out of the wheatfields near Edwardsburg, 110 miles northwest of Carbondale, the university's capacity will reach 36,000 students.

Next month S.I.U. becomes one of the few universities in the U.S. to operate on a four-quarter academic year. Coupled with a 78-hour week of classroom use that runs from 8 a.m. to midnight, officials have squeezed the most out of the educational facilities—and educators. S.I.U. was the first university in the nation deliberately to hire visiting professors who were retired or soon to be retired at other schools. Among dozens of such luminaries have been Harvard Astronomer Harlow Shapley, University of Chicago Theologian Henry

ley, and are now planning to kick in toward a new medical center.

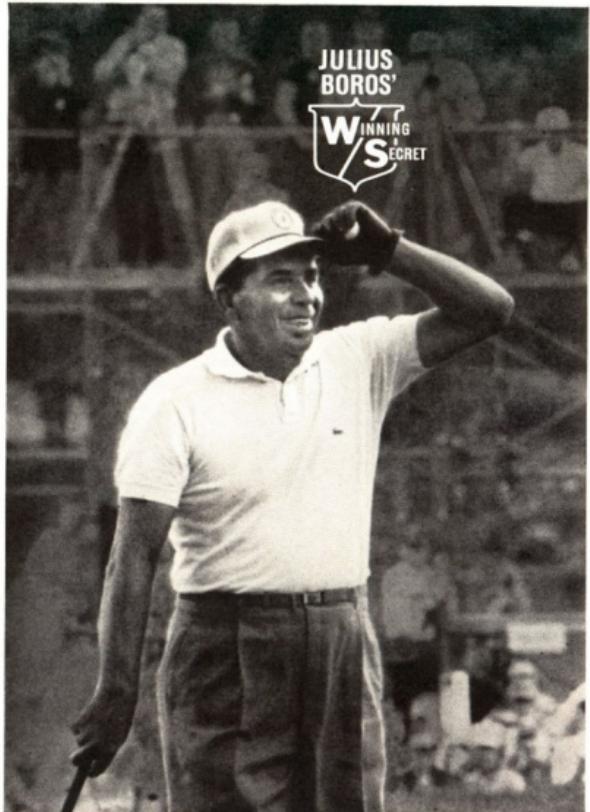
Morris thrives on such displays of university spirit. Along with Little Egypt's awakening from economic and cultural torpor, it is proof of his promise that S.I.U. "must do more than promote good teaching. We must take the university to the people."

STUDENTS ABROAD

Le Stop

In the U.S., it's called hitchhiking, and although many a student with a sign (GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST ALBUQUERQUE PLEASE) can still be seen, expressways and police are driving the custom out of style. But in Europe, the *autostop*, as hitchhiking is known in international, is a thriving student institution. In universities across the Continent, and on many U.S. campuses too, college kids are about to dust off knapsacks and take to the open *Autobahnen*, *routes nationales*, *carreteras* and *autostrade*.

West Germany is a favorite for practitioners of the *autostop*. At border crossings, West German police have been known to halt a car and order the driver to take aboard a wholesome-looking *stoppeur*. Neatness counts, since it de-



Julius Boros, 1963 U.S. Open Champion, plays the Wilson Staff ball

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HOPEFUL HIKER IN GERMANY
The king had 1,000 jokes.

notes respectability; so does a pair of knobby knees (male), because Germans like outdoorsiness. The thumb is a U.S. import; native custom dictates an erect forearm and a vigorous loose-wristed wag of the hand. One student last summer became king of the *Autobahnen* by carrying a sign that said: I KNOW A THOUSAND JOKES.

Spain is also popular, because it issues a free formal card to hikers if they supply character references. By using the card, the *stoppeur* automatically renounces the right to sue his benefactor in case of accident, and gets maps and a small national flag. Drivers who help a hiker get a coupon toward membership in the honorary "Brotherhood of the Highway." In Italy, more cars and better roads have raised the country's ranking on the *autostop* circuit, though the hot-blooded national temperament sometimes makes hitchhiking a perilous means of transportation. Italian men are markedly hospitable to foreign girls ("Because you never know how it might wonderfully end," says one driver).

Stoppeurs were panicked recently by a rumor that France had outlawed *le stop*. It turned out that only persons under 18 were forbidden to hitchhike, and the situation soon returned to normal. Yet for single girls who do not happen to be judo champions, a women's magazine darkly warns that white slavers cruise the roads for recruits. Military uniforms and Boy Scout get-ups are a help for hitchhikers, and two Canadians in Nice recently made it in record time to southern Spain by dressing in cassocks.

A handful of daredevil *stoppeurs* have developed their own system: the hiker slaps the side of a moving car, then quickly falls down. The driver screeches to a stop and out of fear and sympathy takes the traveler aboard, or so survivors report. A commoner, and safer, technique is to spot the license of an oncoming car and whip out a national flag to match.

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MEDICINE

PSYCHIATRY

The Kennedy Round

In Los Angeles last week, no less than in Geneva, it was "the Kennedy round." When the curtain went up on the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association, a huge portrait of the late President was the backdrop. The opening session was programmed in mourning type: *"In Memoriam John Fitzgerald Kennedy."*

Speaker after speaker reminded the 5,000 psychiatrists that no President ever did as much to aid the fight against

Dr. Moreno had asked Dallas Judge Joe B. Brown to let Ruby out to play himself on the psychodrama stage. Predictably, Judge Brown refused. Moreno also had asked former Defense Counsel Melvin Belli to re-enact his own part. Belli accepted, then failed to show. But every role had volunteers, and though members of the audience who sat as a mock jury took no vote, their consensus was plain: if the Dallas jury box had been packed with psychiatrists, Ruby would have been found "insane."

Most orthodox psychiatrists are skeptical of psychodrama, but at play's end

JULIAN WISEMAN



DR. MORENO AT OSWALD-RUBY PSYCHODRAMA
With a jury of psychiatrists, a different verdict.

mental illness as John Kennedy. His mental-health message to Congress last year represented the sort of official recognition for which the Psychiatric Association had been waiting for a century. Said the association's new president, Dr. Daniel Blain of Philadelphia: "Because of his understanding and because of his own family situation, he became a champion of the cause."

Kill the Father. An offbeat splinter group, the Academy of Psychodrama and Group Therapy, got into the act by staging a curtain raiser for the main meetings in the form of a Kafka-style reconstruction of the personalities and possible motives of Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby. Said Manhattan's Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, who invented psychodrama as a medium for acting out emotional disturbances and thereby treating them: "We are all suffering from a tremendous amount of unresolved guilt and confusion over what happened to President Kennedy. After all, if you can 'kill the father,' anything goes. We are all involved and we must all be cured together. We need a mass psychotherapy—a mass catharsis."

the entire audience of 400 seemed to feel better—as if the doctors of the mind had needed to get something off their minds. Next day, they turned to the main business of the A.P.A.

Road to Immortality. Political assassination, said Dr. G. Wilse Robinson of Kansas City, Mo., did not change from the time of Cain to that of the Medici, but in the modern era there has been a change in the character of the assassin. Today's hired killer wants no part of any attempt on the life of a prominent political figure. Such work is too dangerous. That leaves two types of assassinations: the conspiracy, as in the death of Lincoln, and the person-to-person attack. But the conspiracy against Lincoln was conceived and directed by John Wilkes Booth, Dr. Robinson argued, so even Booth really fits the more modern pattern: "A single man with a desire that results from long brooding to destroy a leader who is antagonistic to some belief that is very important to the assassin. The political figure has become a personal enemy of the assassin and must be destroyed."

Booth, said Dr. Robinson, had told

his friends: "What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!" This concept may motivate more assassins than is now realized. "It may have been a major motivation to Lee Oswald. We know Oswald was unhappy in school, in the Marine Corps, in the Soviet Union, and in his own country. He probably would have tried to become an anarchist if he had lived around 1900."

"Perhaps we can say that in Booth, in Leon Czolgosz who shot McKinley, and in Oswald we have three men who were very much alike in basic personality defects. We must assume that they did not expect to change the basic political philosophy of the country. There must have been other motives. Two interlocking concepts seem possible: 1) that they were seeking immortality, and 2) that they were destroying the symbol of the highest authority. Their victim was a symbol of their general basic anger against the social order."

NUTRITION

Cutting Calories

The affluent life in the U.S. of the 1960s is also the sweet life, the fat life and the soft life—or so the top U.S. experts have decided. Last week they announced that if the average American male wants to stay lean and healthy, he should cut 300 calories out of his daily diet and his wife should cut 200 from hers.

The change has come about since 1958, said the Food and Nutrition Board of the Government-sponsored National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council. The board sets up "recommended dietary allowances" for what it calls a "reference man"—a healthy 25-year-old who weighs 154 lbs. and leads a moderately active life. By the board's 1958 findings, that man was supposed to stay healthy and not too hungry on 3,200 calories a day. Now he is advised to get by on 2,900.

The difference is the caloric content of two average martinis. The board has soberly concluded that Americans are drinking more, and that more Americans are drinking. This is boosting the calorie intake even of people who are telling the truth when they say they don't eat too much. Another factor in the board's reasoning is that mechanization is reducing the amount of body fuel that modern Americans burn up in physical activity. The power lawn mower figures in the need for the reference man to eat less, and electric washing machines and clothes dryers are important contributors to the recommendation for a 25-year-old, 128-lb. woman to cut back from 2,300 to 2,100 calories a day.

The board's recommended food allowances for adults of all ages have been reduced in the same proportions, by about 10%. The experts counsel of perfection: nobody should gain weight after age 25.



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The Salzburg Festival. The Hapsburg Collection. The blue Danube. The Black Forest. The Arc de Triomphe. The Rue de la Paix. Versailles, the Louvre and Fontainebleau. Aperitifs in Montparnasse. The bookstalls along the Seine. London Bridge. Stratford on Avon. Sherwood Forest. Piccadilly Circus. 10 Downing Street. The Trooping of the Colors. The Changing of the Guard. Perhaps a peek at the Queen.

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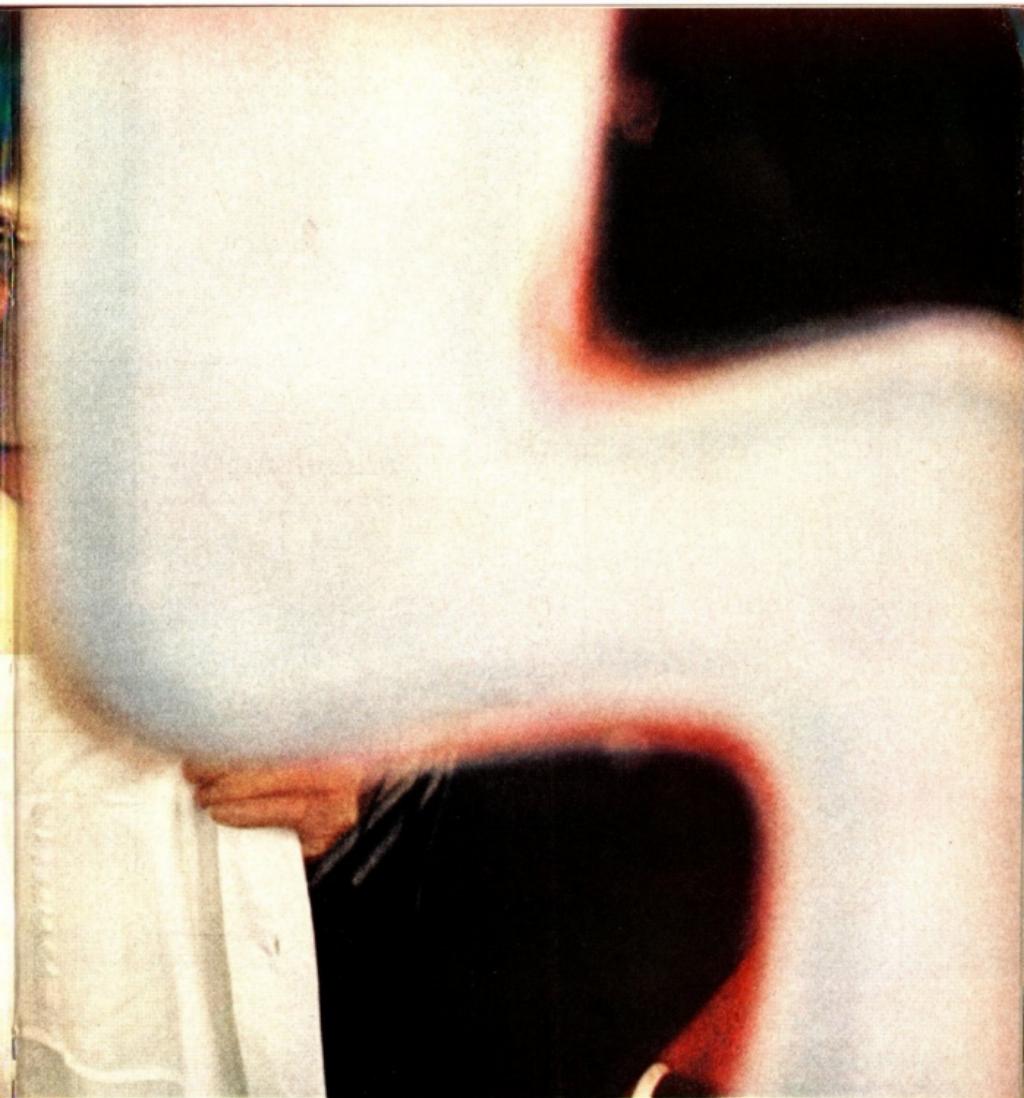


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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

Mixed Marriages at Cannes

Today the smallest child can tell a movie (it is "made" in Hollywood) from a film ("created" anywhere else), and serious students of the cinema know the U.S.'s last big one was *Birth of a Nation*. So critics at Cannes's 17th annual film festival were startled last week to see that the picture they gave the longest, loudest ovation in nine years was 100% American.

Comfortably enough, *One Potato, Two Potato* is no Hollywood product. A delicate semidocumentary on the indelicate issue of racial intermarriage, it was directed by ex-TV Actor Larry Pearce, 34, son of Metropolitan Opera Tenor Jan Pearce, and produced by a friend and colleague, Sam Weston, 36. The film was shot in Painesville, Ohio, and has no big stars. When the scant \$250,000 budget started to run dry, Producer Weston doubled as actor.

Major Hollywood studios, every bit as frightened by miscegenation as by Communism, approached the finished film with asbestos gloves and judged *Potato* too hot to handle. British Lion felt differently, snapped up world distribution rights, and a special screening in Paris so impressed foreign critics that they got the festival to accept the picture as an unofficial American entry.

Child custody is ordinary movie fare and positively trite in television, but if the child is white and her stepfather black, the subject gets special in a hurry. Julie Cullen (Actress Barbara Barrie) divorces her husband on grounds of desertion. With her child she moves to a small Midwestern town, takes a job in a factory. Her friendship with a Negro fellow worker (Bernie Hamilton) turns

gradually to love. His parents are appalled, warn him "not to marry any damn white woman," and accept the union only when a son is born. Four years later, Julie's first husband turns up. He has made good money, he says, and he demands custody of Ellen. An understanding judge finds the Richards' family life "exemplary" but cannot defy the social structure, and he sends the child home with Cullen.

Some mixed marriages simply won't do, even in Cannes, and Italy's *La Donna Scimmia* (*The Monkey Woman*) is at the head of the list. The hero is a Neapolitan con man who marries a girl covered tip to toe with monkey fur (played by pretty Annie Girardot, who spent two hours getting hairy every day, three hours shaving every night). He has a purpose: he figures he can put her in his sideshow and his fortune will be made. He does, he prospers, then—alas—she gets pregnant. Worse yet, she dies in childbirth. But all is not lost. He has the corpse embalmed, puts it on show, and trade is as brisk as ever.

Nervous American exhibitors were considerably soothed to learn that their version will have "a happy ending." The monkey woman loses all her hair at death, and even her reluctant husband concedes that the corpse is too normal and unsightly to put on exhibit.

The Girls of *Henry Orient*

The official U.S. entry at Cannes is *The World of Henry Orient*, due for festival screening this week. It is a genuine Hollywood product and, simultaneously, an exception to the norm: bright, breezy and brimming with fun, it doesn't celebrate sex. It thwarts it. The thwarters are two little girls who develop a crush on Peter Sellers and tumble after him all over town, inadvertently wrecking his sleazy love affairs.

Films about teen-agers almost never ring true, but *Orient* does. To find the girls and begin his extraordinary feat of verisimilitude, Director George Roy Hill reached into the unsuspecting halls of two Eastern girls' schools and plucked forth two genuine specimens. Their names are Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth.

Tippy wears a decaying fur coat that all but sweeps the sidewalk behind her, and her hair hangs down so thoroughly over her eyes that she appears to be the youngest daughter of a woolly mammoth. Actually, her father is a man named Gordon Walker, who is an engineer with Allied Chemical Corp. in Manhattan. He lives in Rye, N.Y., and sends Tippy to the Masters School in Dobbs Ferry, where she clings giddily to a B average and writes for the literary magazine, *Panache*.

"What writer do you most admire, Tippy?"

"John Lennon," she says, probably

without blinking, although with her screen of hair it is hard to tell. John Lennon, of course, is the married Beatle, and author of such poems as "On Safari with White Hunter" and "Deaf Ted, Daneoata (and me)."

Amiable Opposite. Elizabeth Tipton Walker is 17 and light enough to be lifted in one arm. Her speech comes forth in sporadic marvels, and her feet don't quite brush the ground. Adults instinctively want to shield her. Merrie Marcia Spaeth, on the other hand, has hair that is always carefully waved, an

WALTER SAYRE



TIPPY & MERRIE

A father would take one of each.

unpuzzled look in her eyes, and an air of absolute balance. As on film, she is an amiable opposite to Tippy.

She is 15 and a sophomore at Philadelphia's Germantown Friends School, where she maintains an A-plus average. She is an accomplished student of piano. She knows what she wants to do—study language at a college like Middlebury, study acting at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and then pursue an acting career.

Skirts & Sheaths. Merrie's mother was once a fashion model, and her father is an ophthalmologist. The family lives in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia's social ionosphere. "I don't need to prove I'm sophisticated by wearing a bikini," says Merrie, "if it's in bad taste."

"I love bikinis," says Tippy Walker, tossing her hair away from her eyes. "I'm going to wear one some day if I get the courage."

Merrie calls her father "Sir." Tippy calls Walker "Daddy" and saves empty Walker-Gordon milk bottles for him because his name is Gordon Walker. In a situation when Merrie wears standard, tasteful red lipstick, pleated schoolgirl skirts and loafers, Tippy wears heels, sheath dresses and no lipstick. When Merrie walks, she moves with rhythmic and graceful steps. Tippy takes enormous, preoccupied strides. A father walking with them can only say to himself: "I'll take one of each."



AFP-PICTURES

GIRARDOT & ALTER EGO
Hairy but happy.

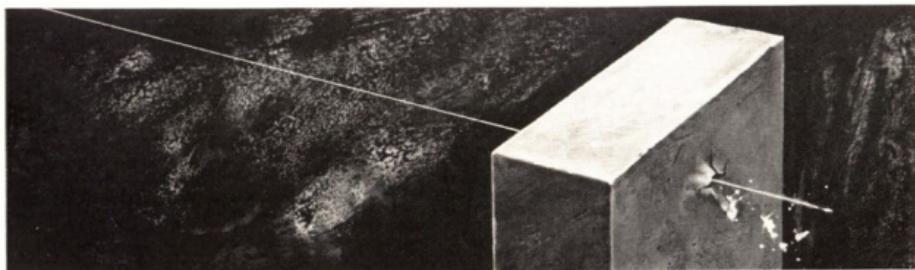
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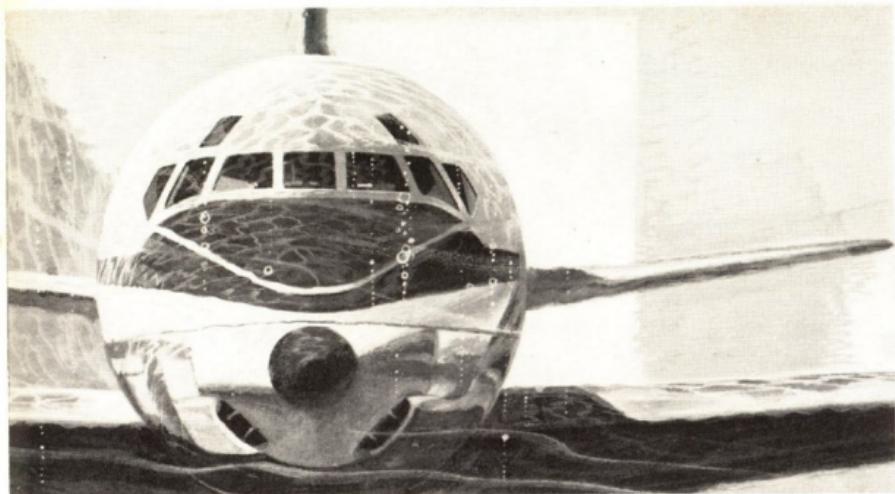


DC-8 MAKES 140,000 FLIGHTS UNDER WATER in Douglas program to check its fuselage structure. Hydrostatic tests conducted in a huge tank at the Douglas Aircraft Division subjected the jetliner to strains equivalent to one hundred years of airline service, proving the aircraft's outstanding durability.



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TO ASSIST IN BUILDING S-IVB, 58 foot long, hydrogen powered upper stage of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's *Saturn*, prime contractor Douglas is enlisting the services of more than five thousand other companies. These include both small and large businesses, located in 48 different states.



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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Down to the Sea

Boats, like horses, were once used for transportation; now they are mainly for pleasure. When it is your own boat, this is called cruising; when it is not, it is called taking a cruise.

Cruises come in all shapes and sizes, from the *Caronia's* annual round-the-world (\$2,875-\$14,000) to Eastern Steamship Corp.'s all-expenses weekend sprees starting at \$59 between Miami and Nassau. There are special cruises emphasizing bridge (with Charles Goren), culture (Japanese

He sold his business, bought a 94-ft. schooner called *Tondeleyo*, changed his name to Burke, and went into the cruising game. "Now here I am with five boats, all going strong, catering to about 70 or 80 people a week all year round. I didn't plan it that way at all. It was just a fun weekend that got outta hand." Out of hand, that is, to the tune of \$1,200,000 last year.

Boys & Girls Together. Prices for Burke's ten-day Windjammer Cruises through the Bahamas range from \$185 for bachelor quarters (six men to a room) to \$310 for deck cabins with private bath (only available on the

LYNN FELLMAN



WINDJAMMING ON "MANDALAY"

Sometimes things can get too shippy.

brush painting and photography). And for the "adventurous"—meaning those with a hankering for hardship, seamanship, courtship or strong drink—there is something called a "Windjammer Cruise."

Beating through Bahamian waters this week, as they are almost every week of the year, were the schooners *Yankee Clipper* (197 ft.), *Polynesia* (151 ft.) and *Mandalay* (128 ft.), loaded with sun-peeled cargoes of businessmen, secretaries, airline stewardesses, honeymooners, second-honey-mooners, sexagenarians and swingers. Most of them seemed to be having a wonderful time. And all of them were making money for a tall, swarthy ex-submariner from Newark, N.J., who calls himself Mike Burke.

In 1947, Mike Burke was a small-time building contractor in Miami named Mike Schwartz who had a 48-ft. sloop for weekend recreation. In time, he found he had more friends than he had room for and was both footing the bill and doing the work.

Yankee Clipper). Inside cabins for two cost \$210 per person, outside cabins \$260. This buys everything, including one ration of 140-proof rum per day. The rest of the drinks are sold at about cost.

The Windjammer booking office does its best to match age brackets and interests. In addition to sailing, skindiving, etc., two of the interests that can be checked off on the application forms are "Boys" and "Girls." "Sometimes we tell girls who apply that on a different trip from the one they want, there'll be a better balance of boys and girls," says Burke. "Nine out of ten write back and say, 'By all means, I'll wait.' And guys will write in and say, 'I want a trip with a lot of girls.' That's fine by us. We let 'em know when we got one."

Shuddering Nature. It's not all this kind of call of the wild, though. Many middle-aged couples sign on for the informality and the chance to play the role of old sea dogs, and Burke's crews give them all the work they want—

polishing brass, taking the wheel, standing watch. "They love watches," says Burke. "It's so shippy when they're awakened by a crewman at 2 a.m. saying 'It's your watch.'"

Sometimes, of course, things can get a bit too shippy. One Detroit adgirl still shudders at the memory of a cruise last Christmas on the *Polynesia* (promptly dubbed the *Polynausea*), which was complete with 12-ft. waves, several broken bones, plus passenger who went berserk and jumped over the rail. On one hairy occasion, three missionaries were washed overboard, but the only passenger who seems to have been lost permanently is Miss Sara Reiser, 70, who disappeared last month during a walk on one of the Galápagos Islands—a port of call on Burke's round-the-world cruising brigantine *Yankee*.

But in a time when the Bahamas and the rest of the West Indies are suffering from creeping civilization—even on the best powder beaches, people no longer lie on the sand but on chaise longues, swim not in the ocean but in shore-side swimming pools, at night prefer the soft mechanical thunder of the air conditioner to the sound of the tropical breeze through the palms—Burke offers the uncertain pleasure of putting the escapist back in touch with elemental nature.

THE CITY

Not Getting Involved

New York City, the truism goes, is not America. But it is the American Big City—increasingly so, as the homogenizing forces of the 20th century make all cities, all towns, all countrysides, and the people in them, interchangeable. In recent weeks, two New York crimes have dramatized facts of big-city life that have implications far beyond New York's five boroughs.

First came the murder of Kitty Genovese in the predawn darkness of the quiet, middle-class community of Kew Gardens. The murderer was a lunatic who had never seen her before. It took 35 minutes; the killer left and returned three times to stab her again and again while Kitty Genovese staggered and screamed and dragged herself along the street. The interesting thing about it was that the police established that at least 37 neighbors, roused out of bed by Kitty's screams, had stared out their dark windows at one time or another, but none of them, in all that 35 minutes, called the police. When it was all over, a man—after phoning a friend for advice—crossed the roof of his building to a 70-year-old woman's apartment to get her to call the police. "I didn't want to get involved," he explained later.

At 3:40 one afternoon last week, an 18-year-old switchboard girl named Olga Romero hurtled naked and screaming down the stairs of a building on busy East Tremont Avenue in The



Master printer Johan Rosenbach of Barcelona and Perpignan adopted this mark in 1503. It represented a devoted striving for originality, unwavering integrity, and painstaking workmanship. Today's IBM® typewriters reflect similar aims. Precisely engineered, uncompromisingly built, they set standards of quality and performance. The IBM "Executive" Typewriter, for example, distinguishes your correspondence with the look of fine printing...creates impressions beyond words.



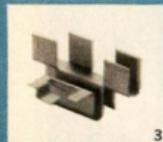
1



2



Owner: Brickell Town House, Inc.
Architects: Steward & Skinner, Miami
General Contractor: Alfred Kessler, Miami
Plastering: National Plastering Co., Miami Beach



3



4



5

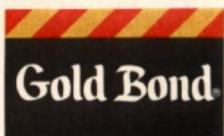
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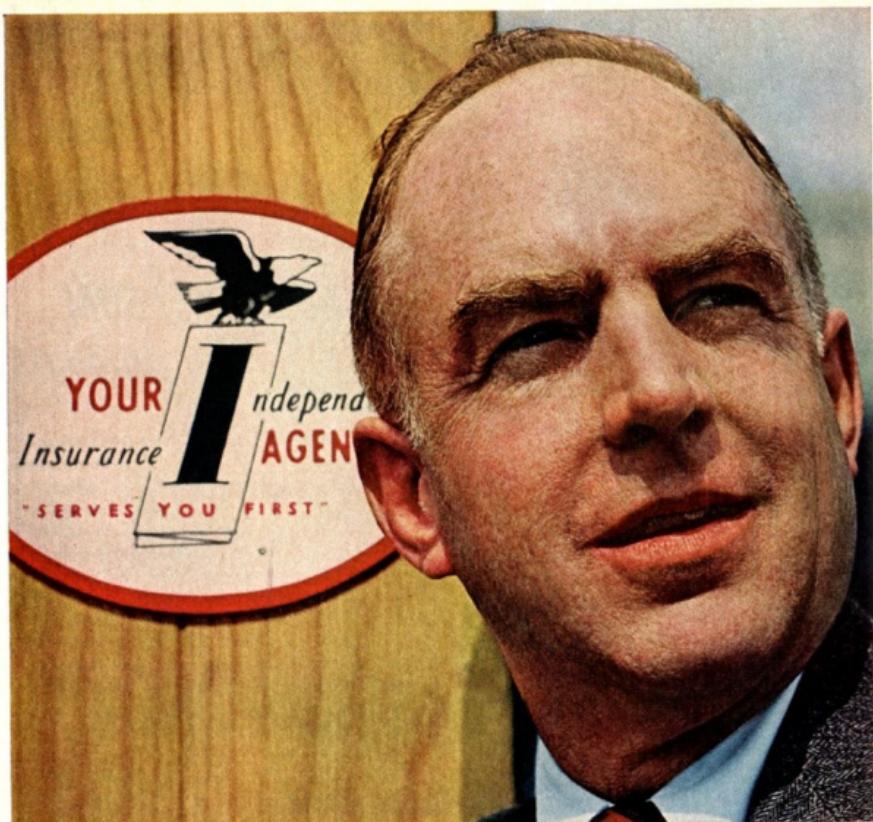


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There are three times when you may save big money by insuring your car, home, or business through this man

1. When you buy a policy

An independent insurance agent represents several strong, reliable insurance companies. He is therefore free to select the best policies for you from a wide variety of possibilities. He can make sure that you get the right kind of insurance for your situation at the best price.

An insurance company salesman, on the other hand, can offer you only the policies of his company. They may not be sufficient for you. Only a few insurance companies offer all types of fire and casualty insurance.

2. When you have a loss

An independent agent is free to be on your side in dealing with the insurance company. He uses his skill, knowledge, and independent position to make sure you are paid not only promptly but fairly as well. He makes no charge for these services.

If you buy insurance directly from some companies, who will you have on your side to help you?

3. Any time in between

An independent agent keeps your

coverage in line with rising replacement costs... and informs you about new policies. You won't lose big money because of insufficient insurance or incomplete knowledge.

What are your chances that you'll hear again from a company salesman once he's sold you a policy?

The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent. Look for the

Big "I" Seal when you buy insurance. Only an independent agent can display it.





DOWN THE STAIRS ON TREMONT AVE.
Who cares?

Bronx. In the vestibule, in plain sight of the street (the door was open), she lay screaming and bleeding, while a man struggled to drag her upstairs again. "Help me!" she cried again and again. "He raped me." Heads popped out of offices along the hallway, and a crowd of about 40 gathered outside to watch. No one made any move on her behalf. No one called the police. It was sheer chance that two officers pushed through the crowd.

What has happened that these things should be possible? One thing, certainly, is that the sense of community has been lost in the bigness and bureaucracy of big-city life. In small-town America, people wanted neighbors for a defense against loneliness; in big-city America, people feel that neighbors are merely crowding in on them and threatening their privacy. Nobody knows his neighbor—and doesn't want to.

And no one wants "to get involved" with these unknown and unloved neighbors—it may cost time to testify in court, maybe bring on a lawsuit for interference or for some nameless offense. The Decent Citizen and Taxpayer is apt to feel that taking any kind of action is unwise, unsafe—and unnecessary.

The Roads of Rome

Like great beasts sickening with a common plague, the world's big cities have long been struggling to keep from choking to death on the automobile. During the past few years, in the wake of Italy's economic miracle, Rome developed an advanced case of the disease

in its streets designed for chariots and its piazzas designed for people.

Ten-minute trips turned into hour-long undertakings, and it was always rush hour in this siesta city, where people normally go home to celebrate the three-hour lunch. Business suffered, and so did social life; instead of zipping across Rome in their Ferraris to make three parties a night, the glitter set began going only to parties in the immediate neighborhood. Last week Rome was incredulously experiencing something nobody thought would ever happen again—traffic was moving.

How had the miracle been wrought? By a series of simple edicts, issued by Traffic Commissioner Antonio Pala. On 57 main streets in Rome's three-square-mile central area, all parking—even stopping—was banned. Everywhere else, parking was limited to an hour, and all parked cars were required to display cardboard disks showing the hour of arrival and the hour of expiration. Not even M.D.s were exempt. "A doctor can do almost anything in an hour," a traffic official declared. At the same time, a fleet of midget buses was launched to ferry people from parking areas on the edge of the disk zone to the center of the city.

At the end of the Pala plan's first fortnight, Rome was wondering whether it could possibly last. Other cities, including New York, have tried much the same measures, but they have usually foundered on the failure of the local patrolmen to enforce them (a \$10 bill in the right hands from time to time works wonders in any town, in any country). Could the Roman cops—so much more noted for their ballet technique of directing traffic than for their enforcement of law—maintain the zeal that has them handing out more than 5,000 tickets a day? And how long

would it be before Roman individualism rose triumphant to beat the system?

"If I put my car in a garage, it will cost me \$56 a month," one descendant of Romulus mused. "And if I leave it on the street and get a \$1.60 ticket five days a week, it will only set me back \$32. But suppose the cops give me one ticket for every hour overtime? And suppose they raise the fine?"

TRAVEL

ARCH to the Rescue

A popular gag of the wondrous jet age is "Breakfast in Berlin, lunch in London, dinner in Detroit—and baggage in Bombay."

At any given moment, the airlines estimate, some 2,500 pieces of U.S. luggage are somewhere they shouldn't be (a total the U.S. airlines consider not unreasonable in view of the 100 million items they handle each year). Nothing much, apparently, can be done to stop losing them, but this month 20 American airlines began to do something about finding them faster.

Into operation went ARCH—which stands for Airline Baggage Recovery Clearing House.

Any bag that is unclaimed for three days is opened—an invasion of privacy which may be justified by the number of suitcases that look identical—and its contents are described by Teletype to ARCH headquarters in Chicago. The information is coded according to a standard format that assigns a number to each of the 89 most frequently carried articles: 12 is food, 27 is suspenders, 40 is sneakers. The fuming passenger is read a list of the articles and asked which of them his luggage contained. From there on, it is simply a question of matching up punch cards. Getting bag back to owner is up to the airline.



MOVEMENT ON THE VIA CONDOTTI

In an hour, a doctor can do almost anything.

THE LAW

TORTS

Outguessing the Jury

"Litigation doesn't pay," says Cleveland Lawyer Philip J. Hermann. He means that it takes years to get a personal injury case to trial, and the delay makes it far better to settle out of court. But for how much? Fact is, most lawyers do not know; 50% of them, says Hermann, lose money in injury cases for both their clients and themselves.

Lawyer Hermann claims to be on the way to licked this problem with a unique if simple device: prediction tables based on the amount that juries actually award for all kinds of injuries all over the U.S. Put out by Hermann's new Jury Verdict Research, Inc., the tables are now consulted by 25,000 of the nation's 296,069 lawyers and by most insurance companies. Able to predict a probable jury award to within 7% accuracy, says Hermann, both sides can skip trial and settle immediately.

Hermann cites a typical plaintiff with a fractured femur suffered by slipping on an oily factory floor in Chicago. By consulting his four-volume tables, a lawyer figures the going verdict for a fractured femur as \$13,500, with 5% more expectable in Chicago, which boosts the claim to \$14,175. Unfortunately for the plaintiff, the factory has movies showing that he does not limp, which indicates a 27% cut, to \$10,347.75. Since juries like round numbers, he asks for \$10,000—and settles.

All this overlooks such unpredictable factors as the defendant's reputation or the plaintiff's sex appeal. But the technique could solve thousands of run-

of-the-mill personal injury cases, the main road block in clogged U.S. courts. Meanwhile, Hermann's researchers have uncovered useful facts—for example, that 72% of all injury verdicts are for less than \$10,000.

The best place to sue is Cincinnati, where jury awards are 30% above the national average. One of the worst places: Lansing, Mich., where awards sag 20% below the U.S. rate. Of all U.S. plaintiffs in negligence cases, 61.3% win. The top state recovery rate: Pennsylvania's 74.3%. In Philadelphia, it hits 78.3%.

COURTS

Slowdown for Quickie Divorces

When Mrs. Martin Wolf went to court in New Jersey to force her estranged husband to support her, she got a shock. Architect Wolf, she discovered, had already divorced her more than a year earlier in Alabama. Moreover, she had "agreed" to the action. Her signature was on the papers.

Mrs. Wolf was one more victim of Alabama's "quickie" divorce racket, which the state legislature itself created in 1945. Until then, Alabama required one year's residence for plaintiffs seeking divorce from outside-the-state spouses. But under a brief amendment, the residence requirement was waived if "the court has jurisdiction of both parties." As Alabama lawyers saw it, this allowed even a single day's residence to serve for purposes of divorce so long as the plaintiff claimed "intent" to live in Alabama. All a lawyer needed in addition was the defendant's signed agreement that the case be tried in Alabama. Mrs. Wolf says that her husband's divorce was even easier: someone forged her signature.

Hidden Records. In the quickie heyday, thousands of outsiders flocked to Alabama to get divorced between lunch and cocktails. Alabama acquired—for at least an hour—such famous citizens as baseball's Hank Greenberg, Mrs. Aristotle ("Tina") Onassis and TV's John Daly (so he could marry the daughter of Chief Justice Earl Warren). Some quickie lawyers raked in as much as \$200,000 a year. In 1961 the Alabama Bar Association threatened to disbar lawyers knowingly involved in phony quickies. That cut the Alabama divorce rate by almost one-third, but quickie business persisted, notably in the town of Geneva (pop. 3,840), seat of a Florida-border county that in 1962-63 granted more than 2,500 divorces, including Mrs. Wolf's.

With Mrs. Wolf as a star witness, the bar association has just held stern hearings in Geneva. Local Lawyers Edward C. Boswell and Jack Smith have been indefinitely suspended from practice. Suspended for two years: State

PETER HUDDON, LEVITON ATLANTA



GENEVA COUNTY COURTHOUSE

The bar fell on Alabama.

Senator Neil Metcalf, charged with faking the residence of a New Jersey woman who got home just in time to present her husband with a divorce on Father's Day. Similarly suspended was Judge George Black of Geneva County Inferior Court, where investigators found a locked room containing hidden quickie records. Architect Wolf's own lawyer, Ned Moore, faces a further hearing in nearby Andalusia.

Foreign Courts. All this may slow down Alabama quickies, although the state legislature has yet to reform the law. But outsiders already divorced in Alabama may be in for trouble. The U.S. Constitution's "full faith and credit" clause (Article IV, Section 1) requires all states to honor the court decisions of other states unless the "foreign" courts are shown to lack jurisdiction. In legal case, an Alabama quickie is open to attack if the plaintiff was not a bona fide resident, or if the defendant's signature was obtained by threat or forgery. In one recent New York case, a wife sued her second husband for separation. He counter-claimed for annulment, saying that she had married him on the strength of a shaky Alabama quickie. He won, leaving her without support, let alone alimony. For years to come, such Alabama reverberations are likely to spread across the country.

Of Booze, Broth & Anguish

"Law is not a science, but is essentially empirical," said Mr. Justice Holmes. Law also deals with everything under the sun—in the highest courts as well as the lowest:

► The Florida Supreme Court ruled that a price may be put on human anguish over a dog's death. In West Hollywood, a privately employed garbage man laughingly hurled an empty can at



HERMANN & PREDICTION TABLE
See you in Cincinnati.

How to be fully understood without talking too much...



IN TEACHING

An Iowa school superintendent put it this way: "We're convinced that sound movies increase learning efficiency by 20% to 30%. Even slow learners grasp meanings quickly when they see a subject in context."

Movies add to the learning experience only so long as the projector does not intrude. It's important that mechanical troubles do not snap the tenuous thread of attention. This is one of the reasons why we transistorized the sound amplifier of the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR. To make it more of a *teaching* projector.

There are no tubes in this projector to interrupt showings. None to burn out. None to keep classes waiting while they warm up. There are none of the irritating hissing or popping sounds sometimes found in vacuum tube amplifiers. We use the same type of relied-upon circuitry used in space satellites. The sound you hear is as pure as can be recorded on 16mm film. At low volumes, at peak volumes, this projector speaks clearly and with authority the instant you push a button.

Pictures start the instant you move a lever. Comfortable pictures with edge-to-edge brilliance.

There's so much to be said about this projector, we'd like to say it in person. May we?

IN TRAINING

A man concerned with industrial training programs told us: "Movies communicate in minutes what would otherwise take hours or days to learn. They can create an understanding vitally needed among engineering teams widely separated by place, time or technology."

Interruptions interfere with the effectiveness of communication. The projector must take every distraction out of screened instructional material. It must contribute continuity. We make a projector that contributes superbly. It's the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR.

If you've budgeted 40 minutes to a film, a PAGEANT Projector gives you the full 40 minutes worth. No seconds lost for a warm-up. No minutes squandered on a breakdown.

If your film is highly sophisticated, still no worry. Every word, every meaning comes through loud and clear. No muffled basses, no sibilant-ridden trebles. This is projected sound-on-film at its very best.

No matter how you use it, this projector can make your training activities more fruitful to trainees and more rewarding to management.

May we demonstrate this in person?

IN SELLING

A real estate promoter says it this way: "... 28 minutes after I flip a switch, I can count on 25% of my audience becoming buyers. Because our sales story is filmed, the presentation is never diluted, always perfectly duplicated, always successfully the same."

But that wasn't all this man had to say. He makes the point that salesmen aren't mechanics. A *selling* projector must be easy to set up and operate. It must *never* get in the way of the presentation. We make one like that. It's the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR.

The transistorized sound system of this projector should never need servicing—even when subjected to the bumps and jars of travel in the trunk of a car.

Setting up is as easy as opening a sample case and just about as fast. Speaker and power cords are permanently attached. And they're long enough to reach anywhere in rooms of a size salesmen are likely to be using.

There's ample power in the 12-watt amplifier to drive extra speakers or feed a PA system without distortion.

May we give you a salesman-to-salesman demonstration? You can begin by sending the coupon.

Send this:

• AUDIOVISUAL SALES DEPT.
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y. 14650

Kodak
TRADEMARK

Please send me details on the KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR.
 Please arrange a personal demonstration.

• NAME _____

• ADDRESS _____

• CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

5-119

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100%
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ALMOST
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Lowest in Saturated Fat of the nation's leading margarines

Because it's made from 100% corn oil, not a mixture of oils, delicious Fleischmann's Margarine is *lowest* in saturated fat of the nation's leading margarines. Fleischmann's is ideal for low saturated fat diets many doctors recommend. Scientific research indicates liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's Margarine helps reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. Ask your doctor how Fleischmann's can help reduce the saturated fat content of your family's diet.

Fleischmann's also comes *Unsalted*. Ideal for low-sodium diets. Get Fleischmann's *Unsalted Margarine* in the frozen food section.

Both margarines sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

Fleischmann's
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

Phyllis La Porte's pet dachshund, Heidi. When the blow killed the dog. Plaintiff La Porte's "marked hysteria" won her a \$3,000 jury verdict against the garbage company. An appellate court reversed the verdict, hewing to the general rule that a dog owner may collect only his pet's market value. The state Supreme Court disagreed and set a new precedent: "We feel that the affection of a master for his dog is a very real thing, and that the malicious destruction of the pet provides an element of damage for which the owner should recover, irrespective of the value of the animal."

► The New York Supreme Court's appellate division reversed a \$4,604 workmen's compensation award to Business Executive Guy F. Hancock, who was badly injured in a plunge from a hotel balcony while on a business trip to Chicago. Reason: Hancock fell in the act of tossing "hats and coats over the balcony railing," apparently after too many drinks. Said the court: "The frequenting of cocktail lounges with unknown female companions cannot be considered part of employment under the guise that this is accepted business activity."

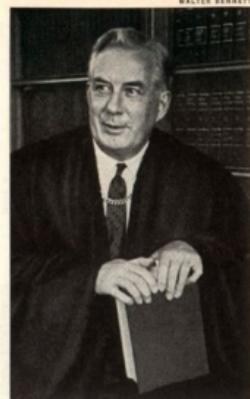
► The Massachusetts Supreme Court struck a blow to "save our world-renowned fish chowder from degenerating into an insipid broth." As all seasoned slurpers should know, New England fish chowder is full of dangerous objects—from bones to bits of shell. And when Priscilla Webster swallowed without seining at Boston's Blue Ship Tea Room, she got a bone in her throat that required hospital extraction. Miss Webster sued, won a jury verdict of \$1,800. On reversing it, the Supreme Court absolved the restaurant of responsibility for the damage done by "the bone of contention," even though "we sympathize with the plaintiff, who suffered a peculiarly New England injury." The court's reasoning: to force all restaurants to grind up chowder chunks would destroy "a hallowed tradition." Said the court: New Englanders "should be prepared to cope with the hazards of fish bones."

SEARCH & SEIZURE

Be Sure It's Legal

One of the great safeguards of U.S. law is the stern refusal of criminal courts to accept illegally seized evidence. Yet many a lawyer has been moved to ask: Has this well-intentioned "suppression doctrine" reached a point of endangering the public safety?

An uneasy yes is the answer given by Judge Warren E. Burger of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. In a notable lecture at American University, Judge Burger traced the suppression doctrine back to 1886 when the Supreme Court banned evidence consisting of a man's private papers (*Boyd v. United States*). In subsequent and often conflicting opinions, frets Burger, judges have construed the doctrine as proscribing evidence ranging from narcotics to a murder victim's



JUDGE BURGER
To watch the watchman.

body. As a result, says Burger, more and more criminals are going free on what newspapers call "technicalities." Those technicalities are clearly the errors of policemen who are so ignorant or complacent about the doctrine that they go on making futile searches and seizures in an illegal manner.

Judge Burger offers a solution: independent boards in each city that would review police illegalities, much as expert investigating teams move in after a plane crash. Consisting mainly of lawyers, but also including policemen, Burger's boards would have the power of subpoena and the authority to recommend disciplinary action. The overriding purpose would not be to subvert the suppression doctrine but to train every policeman to make arrests that will hold up in court.

Burger hopes to provoke criticism and debate, particularly among police themselves. Initial police reaction last week was strongly defensive. "Citizen review boards," snapped former FBI Agent Quinn Tamm, now executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, "would be nothing more than useless superstructures on a system of justice which has proved as workable as any ever devised."

Tamm has a point. More than 100 U.S. municipalities have experimented with citizen review boards in recent years. Nearly all have died aborning—but mainly because their very establishment spurred police to internal reform. In Rochester, for example, a citizens' board set up last year has still heard only one case. Meanwhile, the Rochester police force has organized its first truly effective internal disciplinary system. In light of this reaction, Judge Burger is delighted that Policeman Tamm also extended an olive branch: he wants the judge to state his case before a forthcoming meeting of police chiefs from all over the U.S.



Only one thing keeps a Buick LeSabre from being an expensive car. The price.

True, there are other cars in LeSabre's price class. But from there on, they aren't in the same class at all. Consider LeSabre's response. And comfort. And ride. You'd expect them to cost much more. They don't. Now a few small niceties: a flatter floor for lucky people who sit in the middle, finned aluminum front brakes, big 15-inch wheels. (Are you thinking such things might strain your budget? Don't.) Now consider Buick styling—

Buick Motor Division

the subtle splash of elegance that would cost a bundle, elsewhere. If you could find it. And the one way in which LeSabre is like some less expensive cars: its prodigies are performed on admirably small amounts of gas. (Our point? LeSabre is a bargain, any way you slice it.) Now. See your Buick dealer about that price. Be prepared for a pleasant surprise. Better be prepared for two: the price and the car. **Above all, it's a Buick!**



Is it news that a leading maker of spacecraft alloys had a hand in dolling up Mildred Kinne's potting shed?

It isn't really surprising that a single U.S. corporation provided the metal for the outer skin of Mercury space capsules. It's perfectly natural to be called in on that kind of a job when you lead the nation in developing a line of alloys that resist extreme heat, wear and corrosion.

You'd also expect that a leading producer of petrochemicals could develop a new base for latex paint—called "Ucar" latex—since paint makers are among its biggest customers. Now Mildred Kinne can paint right over a chalky surface without priming. It's dry in minutes. And her potting shed will look like new for many New England summers and winters.

But it might indeed be surprising if both these skills were possessed by the same company. Unless it were Union Carbide.

Union Carbide also leads in the production of polyethylene, and makes plastics for packaging, housewares, and floor coverings. It liquefies gases, including oxygen and hydrogen that will power rockets to the moon. In carbon products, it has been called on for the largest graphite shapes ever made. It is the largest producer of dry-cell batteries, marketed to millions under the trade mark "Eveready." And it is involved in more atomic energy activities than any other private enterprise.

In fact, few other corporations are so deeply involved in so many different skills and activities that will affect the technical and production capabilities of our next century. It's already making things a great deal easier for Mildred Kinne.

**UNION
CARBIDE**

UNION CARBIDE CORPORATION, 270 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017. IN CANADA: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO
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THE PRESS

PRIZES

Just Doing the Job

Before John Hammer was thrown out of office as chairman of the Florida Turnpike Authority, he sent a complaining letter to Governor Farris Bryant. It concerned a reporter for the St. Petersburg Times, Martin Oliver Waldron, 39, who, said Hammer, had been "rude, discourteous, ungentlemanly, and roared at my employees." No one from the governor's down could challenge the accuracy of that description—or wonder why Hammer should be so annoyed. For it was the rude, discourteous, ungentlemanly and roar-

—collect—and invited him down. There he learned something about the extravagant tastes of John Hammer, Governor Bryant's appointee as Turnpike Authority chairman. While on the job, Hammer stayed at a \$65-a-day hotel room, paid as much as \$30 a day to eat, and put corsages for his secretary on the tab. He chartered a plane, and charged taxpayers for more hours aloft than the plane was actually flown. Under Hammer's loose hand, headlined the Times, a \$100 million road had stretched to \$400 million.

Plugging the Leaks. Unraveling this skein of questionable public arithmetic took 4,500 inches in the Times: about

BOB DELANEY



ST. PETERSBURG TIMES'S WALDRON

A roar against a turnpike and a call for reason.

ing reporter from the Times who cost John Hammer his job.

Drawing Flies. Anything less than a roar would sound inadequate coming from a man who stands six feet tall, scales 240 lbs. and sometimes has to go sideways through a door. Waldron roars at everybody. Once, when Leroy Collins was still governor, Collins stamped up and down the cabinet room for four hours demanding that Reporter Waldron disclose his source for a certain story. For four hours, Waldron stamped right along with the governor, roaring refusal. Then the governor gave up trying.

His reportorial behavior goes over big with statehouse tipsters. Sooner or later, they all visit Waldron, and the tales they tell are music to a man who defines his job as a daily search for crooked politicians. In due time, Waldron's questing eye turned on Florida's Sunshine State Parkway, a four-lane asphalt ribbon winding the 211 miles between Miami and Orlando. If ever a state project might draw flies, thought Waldron, that was it.

While Waldron was working on this suspicion, a tipster called from Tampa

150,000 words. It was worth the effort. Out went the high-living John Hammer, and in went five new state laws that plugged the holes through which millions of tax dollars had leaked. It was a prime example of the kind of investigative reporting that a good reporter on a crusading newspaper ought to do. So it should have been no surprise last week when the Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service went to the St. Petersburg Times. Martin Waldron was not mentioned in the award—an omission that did not bother him one bit. "I don't get any money out of the prize," said he, "so it isn't like being paid for doing your duty."

Among the other Pulitzer prizewinners in journalism:

► The United Press International's Merriman Smith, 51, known to millions of television viewers as the slim, mustached man who ends presidential press conferences with the words, "Thank you, Mr. President." On the day John Kennedy was shot, Smith, who was riding in the motorcycle three cars behind the President, grabbed the car phone and got out a U.P.I. bulletin six minutes ahead of the competition. Smith's later

eyewitness story won him the prize for national reporting.

► The New York Times's David Halberstam, 30, and the A.P.'s Malcolm W. Browne, 32, shared the international reporting prize for their coverage of Viet Nam, up to and including the coup that deposed the Diem regime. Bad luck probably eliminated Neil Sheehan, 27, the U.P.I. man in Saigon, from consideration. Although his reportage matched Halberstam's and Browne's, often with remarkable fidelity, Sheehan flew out to Tokyo for a week's rest—and thus missed the coup.

► Mrs. Hazel Brannon Smith, 49, editor and publisher of the Lexington, Miss., Advertiser and three other weeklies (TIME, Nov. 21, 1955). Mrs. Smith couldn't be more unpopular in Mississippi if she were an integrationist, which she isn't. But she is the next best thing. Her papers and her editorials have fearlessly called for reason on the race issue, whether she is challenging the white Citizens Councils ("If they have their way, the free press in Mississippi will be destroyed, and with it the liberty and freedom of all Mississippians"), or reporting a concert by Metropolitan Opera Star Leontyne Price in Laurel, where Miss Price was born ("Leontyne does not need Mississippi, but Mississippi needs Leontyne"). She won the prize for editorial writing.

Not Enough Merit

Although journalists get most of the Pulitzers, awards are also made in the field of arts and letters. But on this far larger hunting ground, the judges have had chronic trouble finding, or at least recognizing, enough merit to cover all seven divisions. The fiction prize has been skipped seven times in 48 years, the drama award eight times. This year the Pulitzer jurors withheld awards in music, drama and fiction.

Under those headings, the jurors sent not a single nomination to the University of Columbia board of trustees, which picks the winners. Some of the other arts-and-letters awards, though, testified to a painstaking search for merit. The history award went to *Puritan Village: The Formation of a New England Town*, a book that was rejected by two publishers before Author Sumner Chilton Powell found a printer. Powell fielded his prize with special gratitude. He hoped, he said, that it might help him on his newest project: finding a suitable job.

Author Powell's publisher, the Wesleyan University Press in Middletown, Conn., was not far behind him in gratitude. Although the university got into book publishing only seven years ago, it published another of this year's winners: *At the End of the Open Road*, a volume of verse by Louis Simpson.

* Music, fiction, drama, history, biography, poetry, and something the Pulitzer committee calls "general nonfiction."



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ART

Boxing Match

Andy Warhol, 32, is the Pop artist who won fame painting pictures of Campbell's Soup cans, and then topped that by making reproductions of shipping cartons for them. This accomplishment did not entirely satisfy him. Somehow, says he, "they didn't look real enough." Then one day, in a supermarket, he saw a stack of boxes used for shipping Brillo steel-wool pads. He was overcome with envy and a sense of beauty. So he had a carpenter make 120 Brillo-size boxes, and ordered a silk-screen stencil of the Brillo design. He stenciled it on all the boxes, just in time for his current show at Manhattan's Stable Gallery, where they are selling for \$300 each.

James Harvey, 35, is also an artist, but he draws his inspiration from religion and landscapes rather than supermarkets. At nights, he works hard on muscular abstract paintings that show in Manhattan's Graham Gallery. But eight hours a day, to make a living, he labors as a commercial artist. Harvey likes to keep up with the newest in art, and when he heard that Warhol was having a show, he dropped in. What he saw made him choke back an impulse to start a paternity suit. For it was Harvey who a few years ago designed the original Brillo box.

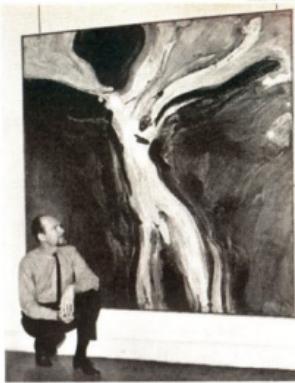
Endless Sculpture

No modern artist has stepped as far out into thin air as wan, visionary Frederick Kiesler, 67. More than steel, stone, bronze, wood or oil paints, his medium is space.

As a member of the idealistic de Stijl group (TIME, May 8) in the 1920s, he planned spiral buildings before Frank Lloyd Wright built the Guggen-



WARHOL AMIDST "BRILLOS"



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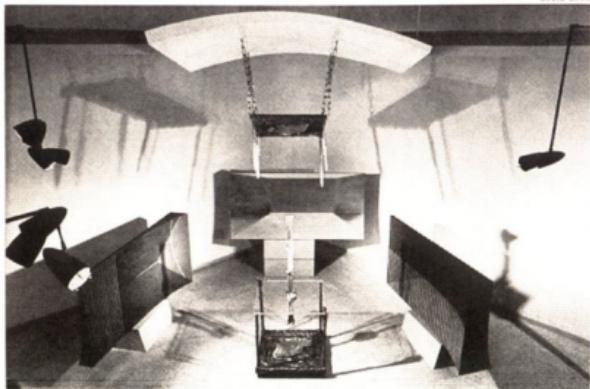
Grounds for a paternity suit?

heim Museum, and proposed horizontal skyscrapers on cantilevers before Le Corbusier built them. Rarely has he realized what he has designed on paper: he has, for example, never built the "endless house," a sculpture to live in, that made his fame.

"We know we belong to the stars," explains Kiesler. "We are related to them in just a matter of intervals." His objective is continuity in space, in which no art work would exist by itself, frozen away from man's activity. In fact, his wife says that "whether eating an omelet or filling out his income tax, everything is space and continuity." Museums today look like laundromats," he says of paintings unrelated on the walls, like separate peepholes into separate worlds. Says he: "Space is something that cannot be looked at through a keyhole."

So when Kiesler made a show of

DAVID GAHR



KIESLER'S "THE LAST JUDGMENT"
In eating omelets, everything is space.

Heim Museum, and proposed horizontal skyscrapers on cantilevers before Le Corbusier built them. Rarely has he realized what he has designed on paper: he has, for example, never built the "endless house," a sculpture to live in, that made his fame.

"Environmental Sculpture" that opened last week in the Guggenheim Museum, he proposed to do over an entire gallery. "You can't absorb the room in one glance," explains Kiesler. "You must know what's above, below—again the totality." Part of the whole, called *The Last Judgment*, consists of a huge bonelike shaft of fire-gilt bronze that thrusts through a Plexiglas slab at counterheights of heaven and earth. It leaps up at an aluminum table whose bronze legs look like lightning bolts and jabs down at a white bronze floor plate. "Feel it," urges Kiesler, "the metal is warm like a woman's belly."

Flanked by panels painted with false perspectives, other bits of bronze, chunks of pavement, ax-hewn and charred wood catch the eye. Some parts of the sculpture peep from behind doors; others curlicue underneath canopies. One piece, or "galaxy" as Kiesler calls them, is titled *The Cup of Prometheus*, and appropriately contains a burning smudge pot. To encourage people to contemplate the work, Kiesler cast two 85-lb. aluminum stools that are exactly placed in reference to larger parts. The problem is that Kiesler has had to borrow his most precious commodity—space—from a polygonal room in Wright's animate museum. Nothing can dissolve the walls, and the sculptures seem strangers to them. Yet, even in failure, Kiesler makes more out of nothing than many do out of everything.

Father of Impressionism

Until the mid-19th century, nobody looked at a landscape while painting it. An artist could sketch out of doors, but he repaired to his studio to finish his work. Nature, the neoclassicists held, needed ennoblement by man: the faithful reproduction of it was imitation rather than creativity.

Some dissident painters who left Paris for the leafy countryside around Barbizon changed all that. One such artist,

DAUBIGNY'S GENTLE NATURALISM



"MORNING ON THE OISE" (1866) is full of lush green impasto that suggests weight of grass sodden with dew.

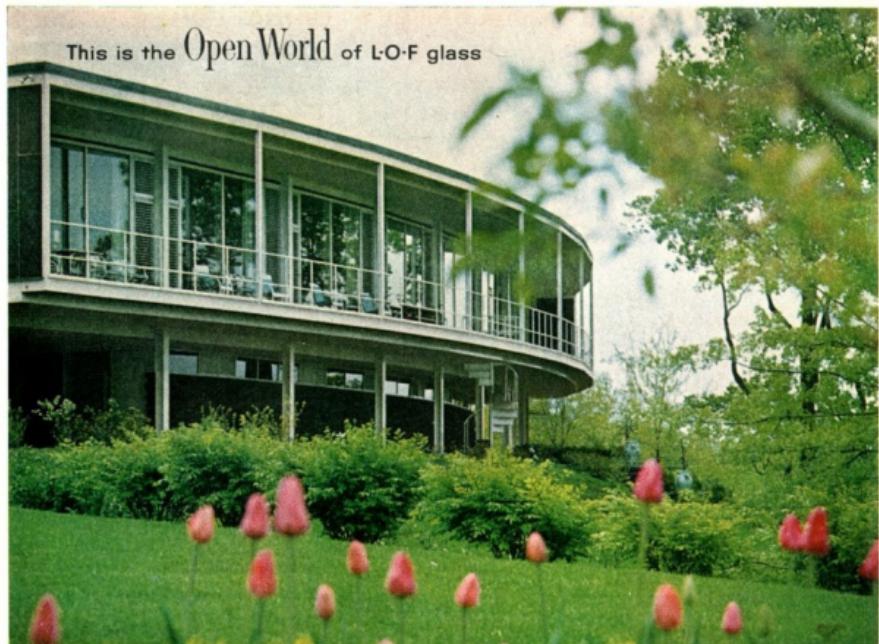
PAINE ART CENTER AND ANDREW M.



"FIELD IN JUNE" (1874) precisely describes midsummer torpor, enlivened by red poppies popping like fireworks.

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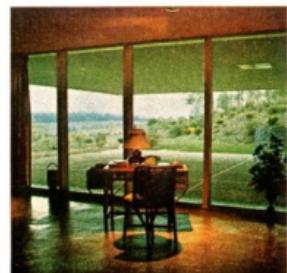
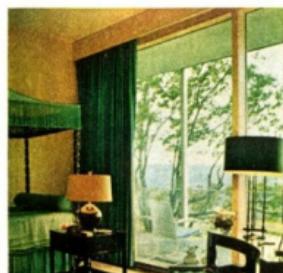
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Charles François Daubigny,⁵ bought a 29-ft. houseboat which he named *Le Botin* and turned into a floating studio. For 21 years he sailed the waterways of France in search of nature as freshly seen as newly picked lettuce, and he was a more influential forerunner of impressionism than all the others.

Displaced Piety. Barbizon painters yearned for compassion in an era of harsh industrialization. Later they fell into disfavor for supposed sentimentality, but now scholars have resurrected them from the charge of Victorian piety and have shown that their passion for nature was closer to the scientific quests of Darwin than to unqualified love for small dogs and flowers. Now the U.S.'s first exhibition of Daubigny, some 82 oils, prints, and drawings, is on view at an out-of-the-way but ambitious institution, the Paine Art Center and Arboretum in Oshkosh, Wis.

For a living, in the 1840s, Daubigny worked for travel books and magazines, doing graphics of a candidness that showed his immediate vision of nature. The more dependent his landscapes became on fleeting optical visions, the flatter they grew, as if no matter how far away an object was, it registered equally on his retina. In the eight years between *Morning on the Oise and Field in June*, Daubigny traded the traditional depth of his predecessors for the surface impact of red poppies. Eventually, even such panoramas were replaced by the narrower vision that the eye can encompass without moving.

Rough Drafts. "He copies nature with his soul," wrote a French critic in 1857 of Daubigny. Unlike his forerunners, Claude Lorrain and Nicolas Poussin, the gentle naturalist looked more to the effects of nature than to rearranging its contours into earthen architecture. He and his Barbizon mates abandoned the brown studies of strong lights and darks that the Dutch masters used to dramatize thickets and glades that never existed outside their minds. Instead, Daubigny sketched directly from nature, in the volatile light and weather of the moment.

For such a precise, scientifically honest approach, Daubigny was criticized by some of the best brains of his times. In 1861, the French author Théophile Gautier tut-tutted Daubigny, said that his paintings were just "rough drafts." He continued: "It is really too bad that this landscape painter, who possesses such a true, such a just, and such a natural feeling, is satisfied by an impression and neglects details to this extent." Scornfully, Gautier noted that the brushwork was "merely spots of color juxtaposed."

As history shows, the French impressionists went on to make "spots of color juxtaposed" into the greatest art movement of the century.

⁵ Other greats of the Barbizon school: Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, Jean François Millet, Théodore Rousseau.



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SCIENCE

CHEMISTRY

Mining the Sea

Chemists located the treasure long ago, and the knowledge that many valuable elements, including gold, are found in sea water has nourished a long dream of riches. But try as they would, no sea-water miners could recover precious metals in practical quantities. Germany's famed Chemist Fritz Haber spent years after World War I trying to extract gold from the ocean to pay off his country's war reparations. He failed,



PROFESSOR BAYER

Sea squirts also do it.

and finally gave up the struggle. But in *Angewandte Chemie* (Applied Chemistry) another German chemist tells how he took a long step toward success, using subtle modern techniques.

Copper Blue Blood. While Professor Ernst Bayer of Tübingen University was still a graduate student, he began to study the ability of marine animals to concentrate some of the rare metals found in sea water. The sea squirt, *Phallusia mammillata*, for example, has 1,000,000 times more vanadium in its blood than the water it lives in; the deep blue blood of the octopus has 100,000 times as much copper. If sea squirts and octopuses can do the trick, asked Bayer, why shouldn't human chemists?

From octopus blood he extracted hemocyanin, a protein that picks up copper because its molecule has a structure that a copper ion fits into neatly, like a key into a lock. But proteins are hard to handle and almost impossible to synthesize, so Bayer looked for simpler compounds that would do the same job. After many tries, he put together a black granular material that picks up copper and uranium only. When this "chelating agent" worked well in the laboratory with simulated sea water, Bayer took it to Naples, put it in a glass column and ran 100 liters (26.42 gal.) of real sea water through it. Then he flushed the chelating agent with dilute

hydrochloric acid. Analysis proved that the acid had picked up 450 micrograms of copper and 50 micrograms of uranium, the precise amounts present in 100 liters of Bay of Naples water.

.000000049 Oz. His achievement was impressive, but Bayer had his eye on the much more difficult feat of capturing the ocean's gold. He concocted another chelating agent with an appetite for gold and went back once more to Naples. There he put a pinch of the new compound in 100 liters of sea water and shook the mixture mechanically for twelve hours. Then he filtered out the chelating agent and washed it with acid. The result: 1.4 micrograms of gold (.000000049 oz.), the exact amount in 100 liters of Naples sea water.

Dr. Bayer himself is not much interested in the practical aspects of ocean gold mining, but he suggests that his method be tried in more favorable places where the water contains more gold than the Bay of Naples. Placed in a stream of sea water that is being pumped through a power-station condenser or a desalination plant, the chelating compound would work quietly, collecting gold that could be extracted at intervals by washing with acid.

AERONAUTICS

How to Come in Blind

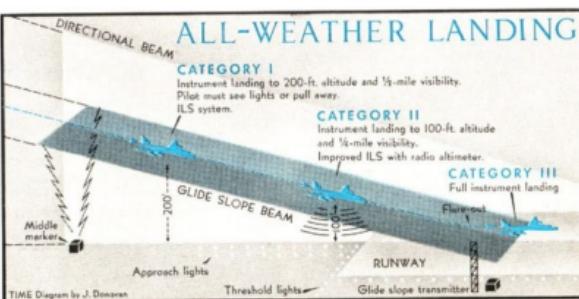
Except in dire emergencies the pilots of U.S. commercial jets are far too cautious to try blind landings with zero-zero visibility. When weather conditions at their target runways are worse than 200-1 (200-ft. ceiling, half-mile visibility), they are diverted to the nearest useable airport, which may be hundreds of miles away. The system is remarkably safe; during 1963 no fatal accident to a scheduled airline was caused by bad landing visibility. But passengers who were taken to Montreal instead of New York were seldom grateful, and airlines suffered financially. The Federal Aviation Agency figures that weather delays, diversions and cancellations cost \$67 million last year. With

air traffic increasing sharply, and supersonic airliners hopefully only a few years away, a better bad-weather landing system is a crying need. Last week a string of FAA officials told an Atlantic City meeting of the National Business Aircraft Association that the technical problems are practically licked.

Using the present Instrument Landing System (ILS), the pilot of a jetliner approaching a fog-shrouded airport hears the sound pattern of a "localizer" radio beam when he is approximately eight miles from the end of the runway. He follows the beam, and soon a radio beacon warns him by means of a sound signal in his earphones and a purple light flashing on his instrument panel that he is five miles from touchdown. A few seconds later, he picks up the "glide slope" beam, which controls a pair of pointers on the plane's instrument panel. By flying his plane to keep the pointers properly positioned, the pilot can keep to the center of the sloping beam. He sees nothing but fog ahead, and he knows that the runway is approaching at 150 m.p.h. A second beacon sounds its signal, to warn him when he has dropped to an altitude of 200 ft. At this point he must spot the brilliant runway lights. If he cannot see them or the runway markings, regulations require that he pull up and try again—or fly to another airport.

Guiding Cables. Below 200 ft. the glide slope beam of conventional ILS is not dependable because of ground interference and reflections from nearby buildings. In Britain, where fog is frequent and nasty, magnetic cables have been laid leading to the runways. Instruments enable a pilot to keep between the cables and glide down safely, even below 200 ft. But magnetic cables are not considered the final answer, even in Britain.

In the U.S., where dense, long-lasting ground fog is not nearly as common, the FAA is approaching blind-landing problems by two stages. The present system is Category I. Category II will permit properly equipped jetliners to land when the ceiling is 100 ft. and the visibility is one-quarter mile. The hardware for this technique has already





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been developed, says FAA. It consists chiefly of new antennas that give more dependable localizer and glide slope beams. One of them will soon be tested on an instrument landing runway at New York's La Guardia Airport.

To make sure of their altitude, Category II airplanes will probably carry radio altimeters, which are free of the uncertainties of barometric instruments. An airport that qualifies for Category II must install many "transmissometers" to measure local visibility along its two-mile runway, and it must be equipped with the best and brightest of runway and approach lights. With all this gear in working order, a Category II airport in the U.S. will seldom be forced to order incoming airplanes to go somewhere else. At New York's Kennedy International Airport, for instance, the ceiling is below the permitted 100 ft. on only about 16 hours per year.

Flare-Out & Glide. The FAA is not sure that Category III, true blind landing in which the pilot gets not a glimpse of the ground, will ever be popular in the U.S. where most pilots disapprove violently of giving up their critical control when bringing an aircraft to earth. But the British feel differently. At London Airport the ceiling is below 100 ft. for an average of twelve full days every year, and sometimes the fog is so thick that passengers cannot see the wing-roots from the cabin windows.

When supersonic transports become an actuality, the case for Category III is bound to improve. The SSTs cannot afford to circle above an airport waiting for fog to lift. Diverting them to other airports would be almost prohibitively costly. Many advocates of the SST's believe that they cannot operate effectively without the capability of unrestricted blind landings.

The British have taken dead aim at Category III, though they know its difficulties only too well. The most serious problem is "flare-out," the flattening of an airplane's glide just before its wheels touch the runway. If flare-out is started too soon, the airplane may overshoot the runway. If it is too late, wheels hit the ground with a dangerous force. During a Category III landing, electronic instruments must judge the precise moment and control the flare-out maneuver through the autopilot.

After ten years of work a British government group called BLEU (Blind Landing Experimental Unit) has developed beam antennas, radio altimeters and other equipment that make completely blind landings comparatively easy and reasonably safe. British airplanes have made more than 10,000 fully automatic landings, and at last week's Atlantic City conference the FAA reported on a DC-7 prop-driven plane that it outfitted with British instruments with U.S. trimmings. Up to last summer, it had made 1,149 automatic landings at 47 different fields with only trifling errors.

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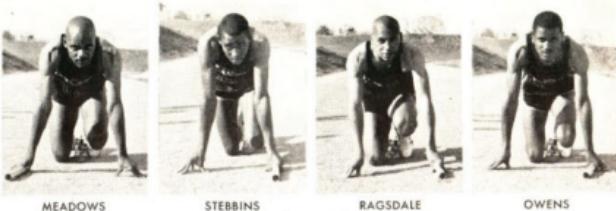
TRACK & FIELD

Ten Years After

Of all track's "impenetrable" barriers—every one of which has now been broken—none seemed more solid, a little over a decade ago, than the 4-min. mile. In the years between 1934 and 1942, the world's best runners could only lower the record .6 sec. (from 4 min. 6.8 sec.), and in 1945 when Sweden's Gunder Hägg ran a 4-min.-1.4-sec. mile, that seemed to be just about the ultimate of which any man was capable.

Then came Britain's Roger Bannister, a dour, monkish medical student, who attacked the 4-min. mile the way a researcher attacks a microbe. Bannister approached the barrier as if it were strictly physical. He built up his lung capacity until he could absorb 54 qts. of oxygen a minute—125% the normal rate. He lowered his pulse rate to 50 beats per minute v. an average 72. Finally, on May 6, 1954, Bannister ran the mile in 3 min. 59.4 sec.—and nearly killed himself in the process. He was half unconscious with anoxia. His pulse had soared to 155 counts per minute. He was temporarily color-blind. "Real pain overtook me," he wrote later. "It was as if all my limbs were caught in an ever-tightening vise."

Roger Bannister retired at the end of the 1954 season, his theory proved—or so it seemed. But no, it turned out that the 4-min. barrier was only mental after all. One after another, other milers began to break 4 min. John Landy did it. Jim Beatty did it. Australia's Herb Elliott did it 17 times. And there was New Zealand's Peter Snell, who holds the current world record (3 min. 54.4 sec.) and breaks 4 min. practically every time he steps on a track. In one race alone last summer, the first six



A slap for speed.

finishers all beat 4 min. By last week, the barrier that Bannister had labored so long and hard to crack had been smashed by 44 men from 15 nations a total of 143 times.

And what of Roger Bannister now? Married, 35, the father of four children, he is a consultant on neurology at three London hospitals. Last week, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his historic run, he went out to supper with Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher, the two runners who had paced him to the record—and talked about a new "absolute limit" for the mile. He set it at "about 3 min. 30 sec. This is the physiological limit," he said, "with our bodies made the way they are."

Looking for a Challenger

Grambling, La., is a sleepy Negro town in the heart of the pea-patch and catfish country. The best way to get there is by car from Shreveport, over a highway that is partly pitted blacktop, built by Huey Long in the 1930s. But there is not much point in making the trip—unless, of course, you happen to be an athlete. Grambling is the home of Grambling College, a state-operated school with only 3,700 students, half of them girls, and year after year some of the best college football players in the nation. At last count, 17 Grambling alumni were playing with the pros, in-

PICTORIAL PARADE

cluding All-Pro Safety Man Roosevelt Taylor of the Chicago Bears, 315-lb. Tackle Ernie Ladd of the San Diego Chargers, and End Willie Davis of the Green Bay Packers.

Football is fine, but track is even finer. It is newer, too. Grambling had neither a track nor a team until five years ago. What's more, Track Coach Tom Williams, a one-time halfback with the Los Angeles Rams, gets only ten athletic scholarships a year. But he makes the most of what he has. Williams can field nine runners capable of cracking 10 sec. in the 100-yd. dash, a 174-ft. discus thrower, a 26-ft. broad jumper—and the best sprint relay team in the U.S.

Say "Hey!" This season, four Californians dressed in Grambling black-and-gold have run off with practically every sprint relay in sight, and their times (40 sec. for the 440, 1 min. 23.3 sec. for the 880) are the fastest in the U.S. Last week, at the Southwestern Athletic Conference meet in Houston, they romped to yet another 440-yd. victory, in 40.4 sec. Better still, they have only begun to hit their stride. Donald Owens is only a junior, but he is the captain of the team. The others—Richard Stebbins, Vernon Ragsdale and Donald Meadows—are all sophomores running in their second varsity season.

Key to the sprint relay is the baton pass—a complicated maneuver that must be accomplished blindly but precisely. Grambling's Coach Williams learned the secret from the British. Impressed by the fact that the British national team had beaten the U.S. in international competition, Williams studied movies of the teams in action. The Americans were faster, but they tended to slow down for the tricky pass, while the British made the transfer at full speed. The Americans also had a habit of waiting, hand low, palm down, trying to snatch the baton from their teammates. The British on the other hand, reached back, hand high, thumb up—and the incoming runner simply dropped the baton into his teammate's open palm.

Williams decided to crossbreed the two styles. His runners hold their hands palm down, in the classic American style, but the incoming runner slaps the baton upward into his teammate's palm, alerting him just before the pass by shouting "Hey!" In the 440-yd. relay, where even a fraction of a second is im-



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portant. Williams staggers the passing points so that Stebbins and Ragsdale, the two fastest men, get to run 10 yds. farther than Meadows and Owens.

Stayers & Anchors. Most coaches simply run their fastest man as anchor and their second fastest as No. 1, but Williams tries to fit each boy's personality to the leg he is assigned. Meadows is no speedball, but he is a stayer: he can match almost anybody for 110 or 220 yds.—so Williams runs him as the No. 1 man. Stebbins and Ragsdale are both convinced that they are the fastest sprinters in the country, so they run No. 2 and No. 3. Their job is to build up a lead for Anchor Man Owens, who runs best when he starts in front.

The closest anybody has come to beating Grambling in the 440- or 880-yd. relay all year is .3 sec. back at the tape. That makes Williams proud but unhappy. "These boys need a challenge," he says. "They have never yet been in a race where they all had to put out their best effort." If that ever does happen, officials are unlikely to believe their watches. Meadows already has clocked 21.2 sec. for a 220 leg this year; Owens

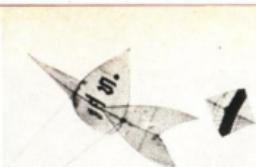
GOLF'S TOP TRIO

After 15 P.G.A. tournaments, in three of which neither played, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer were battling it out as usual for the lead in money winnings. The only thing still up for grabs was third trumpet on the Fort Knox bandwagon. Puerto Rico's Juan ("Chi Chi") Rodriguez was tooting mightily, and only a connoisseur would have the bad sense to ask whatever happened to Tony Lema. The standings last week, before the Colonial National in Fort Worth:

	Jack Nicklaus	Arnold Palmer	Juan Rodriguez
Los Angeles Open	Did not play	Tie, 3rd \$2,775	Did not play
San Diego Open	Did not play	Tie, 15th \$725	Did not play
Lucky Open	Tie, 12th \$1,200	Tie, 3rd \$3,100	1st \$7,500
Phoenix Open	1st \$7,500	Tie, 9th \$1,450	Cut, 36 holes
New Orleans Open	Tie, 2nd \$3,400	10th \$1,500	Tie, 2nd \$3,400
Pensacola Open	Did not play	Tie, 2nd \$2,300	Did not play
St. Petersburg	Tie, 4th \$1,400	Did not play	Tie, 24th \$226
Doral Open	2nd \$4,000	Tie, 18th \$794	Tie, 27th \$525
Greensboro Open	4th \$2,550	Tie, 13th \$845	Did not play
Masters	Tie, 2nd \$10,100	1st \$20,000	Tie, 21st \$1,100
Houston Classic	2nd \$4,000	Did not play	3rd \$3,300
Texas Open	Did not play	Did not play	Tie, 2nd \$3,100
Tournament of Champions	1st \$12,000	9th \$1,850	Tie, 4th \$3,020
	\$46,150	\$35,339	\$22,171

like U.S. bowling teams), its league, its rules (72 of them), its umpires and its World Series, the All-Thailand championships, held each spring in Bangkok's Phramane Grounds. In India, where kite fights are also common, strings are coated with ground glass; in South America, frames are studded with razor blades.

The Thais are too sophisticated for such crude devices. Their fighting kites, which cost up to \$18, are made of rice



LOUIS A. MARSH

MALE (LEFT) ATTACKING FEMALE

has done 20.2 sec., Stebbins 20 sec. and Ragsdale a fantastic 19.5. Together, those times add up to 1 min. 20.9 sec.—almost two full seconds faster than the world record for the 880-yd. relay.

KITE FLYING

A Man's World

"Go fly a kite," an angry housewife snarls at her husband—but imagine her surprise if he actually went and did. There was Ben Franklin, of course, with his handkerchief, his key and his lightning bolt, and if Orville and Wilbur Wright had not been kiteing enthusiasts, a Russian might have invented the airplane after all. But the adult U.S. male who shows up at the park with kite and twine is certain to be suspect unless he has a passel of kids in tow. And there is something definably foreign about the doughty Somerset Maugham hero who preferred to rot in jail rather than pay his ex-wife alimony—all because he had smashed his favorite kite.

Perhaps it is just that Americans have no sense of the sublime. "My kite rises to celestial regions," wrote a 9th century monk. "My soul enters the abode of bliss." On Formosa, the ninth day of the ninth moon is the Day of Ascending Heights, a holiday in honor of kites. In Japan, kite flying is so popular that it was once legislated out of existence, so that people could keep their minds on their work. And nowhere is kiteflying pursued with more passion than in Thailand, where legend has it that a young lover found his lady fair by following the string of a runaway kite.

Talons & Nooses. From February to May, when the Lom Ta-Phao wind blows from the southwest, the sky above Bangkok resembles a vast aerial Disneyland. Long (up to 25 ft.), hinged kites, shaped like kraits and cobras, wriggle sinuously in the breeze. Peacock and butterfly kites flutter their iridescent wings; owl roll their eyes, and paper hawks wheel and dive. Thai boys get their first kites about the same age that U.S. youngsters get their first baseball gloves, and most of them dream about growing up to be another Poon Yuvaniyom, who is the closest thing to a Mickey Mantle west of the Mekong.

A telephone company executive, Poon, 55, is the kite-fighting champion of Thailand—and in Thailand, kite fighting is a big-league sport. It has its teams (sponsored by private companies,



WINNER POON
A sense of the sublime.

paper delicately stretched on a fragile bamboo frame, and come in two sexes: the star-shaped *chula*, or male kite, and the diamond-shaped *pakpao*, or female. Each has its special weapon. The *chula* sports five bamboo talons called *champas* (literally: fruit pickers), and the *pakpao* carries a long noose called a *nhiang*. The male kite tries to capture the female's control string in its talons and drag it to earth; the female tries to encircle the male with its noose and ride it to the ground.

Courtesy Advantage. The battle is not really equal—but that fits perfectly into the oriental scheme of things. Only 34 in. sq., the dainty *pakpao* is less than half as big as the bulky (85 in. sq.) *chula*, which takes as many as 50 men to control. But the *pakpao* lines up along the north side of Phramane Grounds, and the steady southwest wind gives a courtesy advantage to the weaker sex. The female kites bank on speed and guile: sometimes two *pakpao*s will pounce on a single *chula*, like nimble fighter planes attacking a lumbering bomber. Even if an opponent's kite is captured, the fight is only half over: it must be grounded on the attacker's side of the field.

Poon Yuvaniyom is strictly a *chula* devotee, and he is an old hand at outwitting wily females. "I'm a man," he says, "and I like male kites." This year's All-Thailand championships started in the middle of April and went on for two weeks. While vendors hawked spiced fish and chicken in the milling throngs of fans, Poon maneuvered the control ropes of his *chula* with hands calloused by 30 years of kiteing. He and his Thailand Telephone Organization team had little trouble winning their third straight national title and the King's Cup—thus proving that, for the moment at least, it's still a man-kite's world.



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1. January 31, 1958. First American milestone in space. Explorer 1 satellite puts the nation in orbit.



2. January 31, 1961. "Ham," the astro-chimp, soars into space on 414-mile Mercury-project ballistic flight.



3. May 5, 1961. Alan Shepard, in his "Freedom 7" spacecraft, becomes the first American in space.



4. July 21, 1961. Virgil Grissom undergoes five minutes of weightlessness in suborbital flight aboard the "Liberty Bell 7."



5. February 20, 1962. John Glenn becomes first American to orbit the earth. Sees three sunsets in five hours from his "Friendship 7" capsule.



6. May 24, 1962. Scott Carpenter rides "Aurora 7" spacecraft for three orbits; after anxious search, is rescued from raft in the Atlantic.



7. October 3, 1962. People of Perth, Australia, salute Walter Schirra with city lights as he orbits earth six times in "Sigma 7."



8. May 16, 1963. Gordon Cooper completes twenty-two orbits, lands his "Faith 7" spacecraft by hand—just 7,000 yards from recovery ship.



9. January 29, 1964. SA-5 Saturn rocket orbits a record-breaking 37,700 pounds—more than 1,000 times heavier than first U.S. satellite.

History was never more exciting, nor so swift. Just six years passed from the day America launched a 30.8-pound satellite to the day it orbited a record-breaking load more than 1,000 times heavier. The rocket engines behind these nine historic space flights—and more than 205 others—were designed and built by NAA/Rocketdyne. Now North American is building advanced engines to power tomorrow's journey to the moon...and beyond.

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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

It's Just Wonderful

That It's Not Too Good

Every week is full of good news about the U.S. economy, whether the news comes from cold statistics or from the seemingly inexhaustible interest of President Johnson in the affairs of business. The economy is doing so well, in fact, that the main concern of economists in and out of Washington is to prevent a steady and solid advance from turning into an overheated boom that could later cause trouble. To that end, the nation's economic planners last week sounded almost apologetic when they had to report good news, and relieved when they could point to signs that a real surge has not yet begun.

Bucking & Filling. There was Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, for example, talking about the best news that the U.S. has had about its international payments in the past three years: a balance for the year's first quarter. How could Dillon play that down? Well, he managed deftly by describing the new payments figures as "alarmingly good." Talking before the Advertising Council, Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. seemed relieved to report that the demand for money had fallen below his expectations, largely because of high corporate profits and heavy cash flow. The result: the Federal Reserve's Open Market Committee decided that high-

er interest rates are not necessary now.

Throughout the U.S., economists who had predicted that February's \$11.5 billion tax cut would touch off a strong wave of consumer spending were pleased to find that so far they have been wrong. Retail sales are rising nicely, but the consumer, whatever he has done with his tax savings, has shown no signs of going on the splurge expected of him. Perhaps partly for this reason, economists for the prestigious 100-man Business Council, which met in Hot Springs, Va., stuck steadfastly to their cautious prediction of a \$620 billion gross national product for 1964—even though the Administration expects the G.N.P. to hit at least \$623 billion and some private economists feel that it may go higher. Viewing all this backing and filling, Associate Dean Walter D. Fackler of the University of Chicago Business School saw some irony in the situation: "The optimists are pessimistic and the pessimists are optimistic."

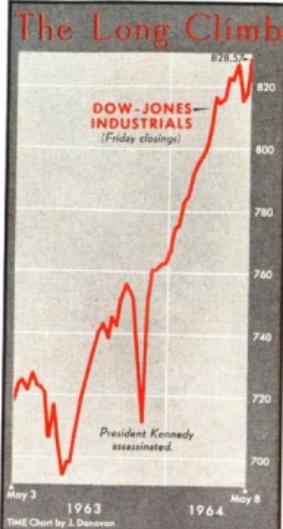
Psychology & Downturn. The shrewd reluctance of the optimists to push the good news too hard—many of them feel that President Johnson does that all too well—is based on their experience of what a boom psychology can produce. When they feel a boom coming on, businessmen often tend to overestimate the market for their products, stockpile inventories in anticipation of inflation and expand their capacity more than they will eventually need—thus helping to bring on an economic downturn. Just in case anyone felt that that could not happen again, President Johnson said last week: "I wouldn't say for a moment that recessions are not possible." Warding off as long as possible is the motive behind the sudden negativity of so many economists.

WALL STREET

On Toward 880

Only a few weeks ago, the bears were out and growling on Wall Street. The Dow-Jones industrial average faltered after a sustained rise that had sent it smashing through the magic 800 mark; in the sharpest daily decline since the assassination of President Kennedy, it dropped 6.77 points in one day. As the bears saw it, this was the start of the major shake-out they had been expecting all along: it was time to dig in for a slide to well below 800. But the market barely gave them a passing nod before it turned around and galloped up 18 points in only eight trading days. Last week it set a new record of 830.17 before settling back at week's end to 828.57—and there was hardly a bear on the Street.

No Kiting. The market has given the bulls many strong points to bellow about. April, with an average of 5.6 million shares traded every day, was



the third most active month in Big Board history (behind June 1933 and October 1929). Daily trading volume is now poking above 6,000,000 so often that hardly anyone gasps any more, even though just two years ago the daily average was a paltry 3.8 million. What especially pleases the bulls is the high quality of the most popular stocks. Leading the upswing are such solid blue chips as General Motors, Jersey Standard, Singer, International Harvester, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Motorola—a sure sign that the buying is still dominated by the professional investors and the wealthy, who usually do not bite at untried glamour stocks or frightened easily at a slight downturn.

The small investor is still slowly returning to the market, but, says Eastman Dillon Partner S. Logan Stirling, "he is no longer in the silly stage looking only for new issues." One of the signs of the instability of 1961's runaway bull market was the ridiculous kiting that amateurs gave any new stock that came out. Today each one gets a cold eye, and wild successes are few. One pending exception: Communications Satellite Corp., the first blue chip of space, which last week set the price of its stock (expected to be issued in June) at \$20 per share. Brokers were immediately swamped with orders, and many turned down all but their own customers.

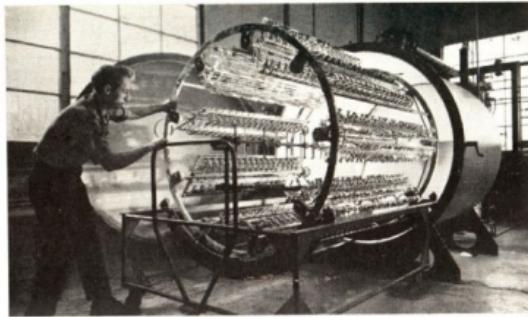
Values Untapped. There will certainly be temporary drops in the Dow-Jones average this year as the market pauses every once in a while to catch its breath. But with the U.S. economy looking stronger than ever and the



FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN
Even the pessimists are optimistic.



WELDING IN A VACUUM



COATING PLASTIC JEWELRY

Much can be done with nothing.

stock market so free of speculative excesses, only a few cold-nosed bears still sniff a sharp price break in 1964. Most Wall Streeters rub their hands with glee when they behold the market still so full of untapped values, of stocks selling at only 14 or 15 times the company's earnings. The most common prediction on the Street: the Dow-Jones will hit 880 before year's end.

TECHNOLOGY

The Useful Void

Though nature abhors the vacuum, businessmen have learned to regard it highly. By emptying air from sealed chambers to create a void, U.S. industry keeps the \$16 billion electronics industry going, adds life to jet engines and makes the vitamins in cod liver oil easy to take. Sales of the machinery used to produce vacuums for industrial uses are growing 10% to 15% a year; awareness of the vacuum's almost limitless potential is growing even faster. Last week in Toronto this potential was probed at a meeting of physicists who specialize in working with vacuums. Though their esoteric experiments in the labs are far in advance of industry's needs, they will almost certainly produce new uses. Said Dr. Robert Bakish of New Jersey's Electronics & Alloys Inc.: "The developments of this conference, today will go to business tomorrow."

Sucking a Straw. Taking advantage of vacuums is nothing new; everyone who sucks a straw, works a pump or runs a vacuum cleaner uses the principle. But the first big breakthroughs in efficient methods of using vacuums industrially did not come until World War II, and improvements and refinements have piled up so quickly since then that industry has achieved vacuums equivalent to conditions in outer space. While dozens of companies turn out vacuum-making equipment, including such giants as G.E. and Westinghouse, the biggest in the field is Rochester's Consolidated Vacuum, a subsidiary of Bell & Howell, which produces a line of

pumps and airtight vacuum chambers for all industrial and laboratory uses.

The value of the vacuum to industry lies in the fact that materials act differently when not surrounded by air than they do when surrounded by it. In a vacuum, atoms of gas in any material float away because they are unobstructed by air pressure. Last week U.S. Steel announced that it will build a giant vacuum, "degasser," similar to one already at Jones & Laughlin, that releases contaminating gases from hundreds of tons of molten steel in minutes. Result: steel with so few harmful impurities that castings made from it for automobiles last 25% longer.

Loose particles of any material tend to travel in a straight line in a vacuum—a phenomenon that made television a reality by allowing the direction of electron beams to be precisely controlled in a vacuum tube. Liquids, from water to molten metals, boil and evaporate quickly at low temperatures in a vacuum and condense in an even film on any surface they strike. Thus industry has been able to lay thin metal grids in microcircuits (TIME, Feb. 7) and coat cheap plastic jewelry, auto trim or Christmas wrappings so that they look like gold or silver.

Cool Boil. Cool boiling in vacuums has also revolutionized the food industry. To concentrate its frozen orange juice, Minute Maid boils the water out of regular orange juice in a vacuum at such low temperatures that the juice does not take on a cooked taste. But Antle Inc., California's largest lettuce grower, cools whole boxcar loads of lettuce at once by spraying them with water and evaporating it quickly in giant vacuum chambers, thus extending shelf life by 20%. Armour & Co. has a quick freeze and a vacuum process, called freeze-dry, that removes 98% of the moisture from such foods as beefsteak and stew so that they will keep up to five years without refrigeration. As for the vacuum approach to cod-liver oil, producers now extract heat-sensitive vitamin A from fish oil by cool boiling, then dole it out in candy-coated pills.

LABOR

The Other Rights Battle

Though the civil rights battle gets most of the attention, another rights battle is also being fought across the U.S. It concerns something called the right-to-work law—a legal guarantee that a worker need not join or pay dues to a union to hold his job. Already on the books in 20 states, right-to-work laws will be an election issue in four more states before 1964 is out, and another four states are on the brink of putting the issue on their ballots. Right-to-work laws have received the endorsement of the nation's most liberal management association, the prestigious, nongovernmental Committee for Economic Development—but the opposition is still strong. Last week, after a bitter struggle, Oklahoma voters turned down a right-to-work proposal by a narrow margin.

Despite the setback in Oklahoma, right-to-work proposals stand a good chance of becoming law before year's end in Idaho and Montana, both of which border on states with similar laws. They will also come up in Vermont, but the Northeast has a tradition of cold-shouldering such measures. Strong right-to-work movements are underway in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Oregon and Kentucky, and in New Mexico right-to-work forces are trying to elect state legislators who favor their cause in order to pass a rights law next year.

Since the enactment of the first right-to-work law in Florida in 1944, the movement has been hotly debated in virtually every state, but has been really successful only in the Plains, Southwestern and Southeastern states, where the laws have been passed mainly to lure industries from union-dominated Northern states. Opponents, led by the chiefs of organized labor, have countered the lure argument with a statistic that again proved to be forceful in last week's Oklahoma election: the states with right-to-work laws have an annual per capita income of \$379 less than



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the national average. One of the reasons advanced by labor: unions in those states, among the poorer states to begin with, have lost an important part of their power.

AUTOS

American's Troubles

While the U.S. auto industry speeds toward its first 8,000,000-car-sales year, the only U.S. automaker failing to share in the boom is the one that needs it the most: American Motors Corp. Sales of its Big Three competitors have risen 7% above last year's level, but American Motors has so far sold 8,800 fewer cars this year than last. Last week AMC announced a 17% drop in earnings for its first fiscal half at a time when the other car makers are setting new profit records. So many Ramblers remain unsold that cigar-chomping President Roy

J. EDWARD BAILEY



ABERNETHY & RAMBLER AMERICAN
Thinking bigger.

Abernethy, 57, next week will lay off 7,800 workers, probably will not recall them until new-model production begins in August.

Compact Crusade. American Motors' troubles came only five months after the demise of Studebaker as a U.S. automaker, but the two cases have few similarities. With efficient plants, strong dealers, and no long-term debts, AMC is by no means another Studebaker. Despite difficulties, its sales hit \$551,531,239 in the fiscal half, and are headed toward the second-best business year ever. But in the most critical measure of an automaker's performance—the share of the market—AMC has slipped from 6.4% of all U.S. auto sales in 1960 to 4.5% last month.

Ironically, AMC's present troubles are rooted in the philosophy of the man who rescued the company from the junk heap in the mid-1950s: George Romney. Romney steered AMC to pros-



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perity by bringing out the compact Rambler and crusading against Detroit's "gas-guzzling dinosaurs." Believing that compacts would corner 50% of the U.S. auto market, he concentrated his company's efforts exclusively in the compact field. Though Romney is now Governor of Michigan, AMC is still selling Romney-selected compacts because of the two-year lead time needed to produce new models. Meanwhile, the auto-buying public's taste has strongly swung back to bigger, flashier and more luxurious cars. Compacts now account for only 18% of auto sales, and AMC is stranded without the right variety of cars for today's prospering auto market.

Sensible Change. President Abernethy has done what he could to liven up AMC autos by adding plush touches to the interiors of his cars, bringing out an optional V-8 engine for the Ambassador and Classic, and introducing a limited-production Typhoon sports car that is powered by a spirited, brand-new six-cylinder engine. But Abernethy's first real chance to reverse AMC's decline comes this fall with the introduction of the first models for which he is responsible. The big change: the Ambassador has been redesigned and enlarged to compete with the Big Three's intermediate-class cars, will be available in eight models ranging from a station wagon to a convertible. Abernethy has also given the Classic a face-lift and toolled up for a fastback sports car that will probably be called either the Marlin or Sceptre. The handsome American compact will continue almost unchanged. Abernethy has no intention of abandoning the image of making "sensible cars" that Romney created for the company, but, being a sensible type himself, he wants to have models in the bigger class where affluent Americans are now spending the bulk of their auto dollars.

ADVERTISING

Hershey Sees a Need

The chocolate company that Milton S. Hershey founded 61 years ago is the only major U.S. corporation that does not advertise. It got into the business on the ground floor, rode up through the years, prospered so well that its sales in 1963 reached \$203 million. At no time have Hershey executives claimed to be dogmatic about advertising. "We've never been against it," says one. "We've always said it was a tool we would use when the need arose." Last week the need seemed to have arisen.

Cranking up a \$7,000,000 plant in Smiths Falls, Ont., to serve the Canadian market, Hershey took a look at the entrenched competition—Fry-Cadbury, Neilson, Rowntree and Lowney—and hired Manhattan's BBDO to create a Canada-wide Hershey campaign. Did Canadian advertising mean a weather change in the U.S.? "When, as and if we think we need advertising here at home," said a Hershey man archly, "we'll turn to it."

PERSONALITIES

COCA-COLA CO.'s expansion plans have recently put it into the orange-juice, diet-pop and instant-tea business. Last week Coke announced a new addition that fits in with what President J. Paul Austin calls its new "total refreshment" concept. It acquired Houston's Duncan Foods Co., purveyors of coffee under a number of brand names (Fleetwood, Butter-Nut, Admiralty). Austin, 49, who joined Coca-Cola's legal department in 1949 and was named president two years ago, sees the merger as another step toward Coke's first \$1 billion year (1963 sales: \$637,424,475). A Harvardman ('37), Austin started out selling light bulbs door to door in La Grange, Ga., later crewed on the U.S. team in the 1936 Olympics. One of the youngest presidents Coke has ever had, he spends long hours earning his \$100,000 a year. The pause that refreshes has meaning for him, but anything longer seems out: he last took a vacation 13 years ago. Austin's quick pace and the company's new concept mix well; for the first quarter, earnings are up 21%.

LEXINGTON-ATLANTA

J. PAUL AUSTIN



MELVIN BAKER

MELVIN H. BAKER personally sold \$1,000,000 worth of stock to set up National Gypsum Co. 39 years ago in a ramshackle Buffalo building. At 78, Baker is still going strong—and so is Gypsum, whose \$250 million sales in 1963 make it a giant in the building-products industry. Baker can be harshly protective toward his creation: he once abolished a whole department for socializing on the job. But the Tennessee-born onetime beaverboard salesman softens over children, spends Sundays entertaining his six grandchildren at his Buffalo penthouse. He also has solid business reasons for liking kids: more babies mean more homes, more schools and greater demand for his 350 products, which range from cement to ceramic tile. And that means more plants. Having just returned from California, where he inspected Gypsum's first plant in the West, Baker last week flew to Jackson, Tenn., to celebrate the opening of Gypsum's 72nd plant, which will provide jobs for hundreds of young Tennesseans.



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PROVED

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ALL AROUND THE CLOCK ALL AROUND THE CALENDAR ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY ALL AROUND THE CAR

Churning through the shifting sands of desert dunes is one way to test a car's tractability—to find out how it handles and responds. That's what we mean by "proved all around": tested and re-tested to know how every part of a GM car will work and hold up. Under one set of conditions after another, wherever our testing takes us. Into the rolling hills of the GM Proving Ground in Michigan during winter. Onto sun-baked stretches of Indian country near our base of operations in Arizona. Over mountain

roads winding up to the summit from our Pikes Peak test headquarters. For exacting tests of braking, demanding cooling system tests, precise evaluations of how a car does on fuel. In other words, we test GM cars the GM way: the long way, the hard way, the right way—on the world's truest proving grounds. *Before they go into production.*

It makes a GM car very likely to be worth more—when you buy it, as you drive it, and when you trade it in.

GENERAL MOTORS CARS ARE PROVED ALL AROUND

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WORLD BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

A Disappointing Start

It was heralded as the greatest and most important tariff-cutting meeting in the history of world trade, but it began with the style and promise of a shotgun wedding. As 300 delegates from 66 nations gathered in Geneva last week for the long-awaited trade talks under the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT)—labeled the Kennedy Round because the late President gave them impetus—the air was heavy with torpor and reluctance. After more than a year of preliminary parleys that tried to lay a groundwork on which the conference could proceed, all the delegates had really agreed on was that they still have monumental disagreements to overcome. GATT Executive Secretary Eric Wyndham White, whose job was to open the conference with a ringing keynote, had to admit the seriousness of the failure to set so much as the terms for negotiating. "This is disappointing," he said, "and it would be foolish to pretend otherwise."

Even the setting was unsettling. Because the United Nations trade conference had pre-empted the grandiose Palais des Nations, the GATT delegates had to forgo the peacock lawns and lakeside vistas to meet amid six scraggly potted palms in the salon of the Balfour Electoral, where the Swiss hold cantonal elections. On a floor below, the brass band of the Geneva Landwehr could be heard holding its rehearsals. The remarks of Chief U.S. Negotiator Christian A. Hertel were punctuated by the faint oom-pah-pahs of the Landwehr as he warned: "The longer we procrastinate in setting the formulas by which these negotiations will proceed, the more we risk the success of the entire negotiations."

Disparities Despair. Fundamental to the lack of progress so far is that the U.S. Congress passed the Trade Expansion Act that inspired the Geneva talks for the express purpose of breaking down Common Market trade barriers to expand U.S. exports. The U.S. thus wants to negotiate a flat across-the-board percentage cut on 5,000 items in international trade. The Six, understandably, want to open up world markets for their own industry and farmers. Since their tariff walls are already generally lower than the U.S.'s, they reject a flat cut that would only perpetuate the disparities, prefer instead a selective approach that would make progress toward equalizing all trade barriers. Further complicating the talks is the failure of the Eurocrats to set a Common Market farm pricing policy, without which it is impossible to discuss agricultural tariffs—an issue vital to the U.S. because it sends \$1.2 billion worth of farm exports to Europe yearly.

The world economic situation has changed since the Trade Act was passed. Then it looked as if the Common Market, with its lower labor costs, would chop away U.S. world markets; instead, inflation is now racking most of the Six, while U.S. prices have remained relatively stable. Result: U.S. trade and payments balances are improving against the Common Market's, a fact that makes the Six all the more wary of dismantling their trade barriers.

No Blast. The first week's talks did produce one agreement: after a battle of semantics, the negotiators agreed to accept as a "working hypothesis" the aim of reducing tariffs by 50%, the goal set forth in the U.S. Trade Act. On the surface, it looked like a clear U.S. victory; actually, it was a mere formalism that left the big questions still open. The fact is that the U.S. has been forced to move closer to the European point of view. It has conceded that items on which tariff disparities exist should be dealt with separately, after long opposing any such concession. A tacit understanding is also developing that the U.S. will allow negotiations over agricultural tariffs to be put off until Europe's farm quarrels are settled. To cast the week's efforts in the most encouraging light, Christian Hertel was driven to new heights of diplomatic double-talk. The agreement, said he, was "a definite step toward moving ahead."

The event that caused the most stir last week was one that did not take place at all. France's Charles de Gaulle has few good wishes for the success of the talks, and no one in Geneva would have been particularly surprised if he

had scuttled the whole conference with a single blast. Instead, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard D'Estaing bid his time, made no statement at all. "I think," said he after the meeting, "that St. Thomas Aquinas was right: 'Talk only when you have something to say to someone.'⁶ I had nothing to say." This was encouragement of a sort, and the general dissatisfaction expressed by the delegates over the lack of real progress so far provided grounds for further hope. At least no nation is deluding itself that the negotiations will be anything but long and arduous, and that many compromises must be patiently worked out if the Kennedy Round is ever to come close to fulfilling its great promise.

That Russian Gold

"When we are victorious on a worldwide scale," bragged Lenin in 1921, "we will make public toilets out of gold on the streets of the world's largest cities." Last week Russian gold was indeed flowing into some of the world's largest cities—but for reasons that make Lenin's grand vision seem even more absurd than it did in 1921. Into London and Paris flew ungainly Aeroflot TU-114 airliners bearing gold bars imprinted with hammer and sickle for delivery to Western customers. To cover their huge purchases of Australian, Canadian and U.S. wheat, and their increasing trade with non-Communist nations, the Russians are selling gold in the West

⁶ A loose rendering of a letter said to have been written by Aquinas to a Dominican novice, in which he advised: "I exhort you to be chary of speech, and to go into the conversation room sparingly."

FATIGUE



WASHING DOWN GOLD AT SIBERIAN MINE
And they owe it all to Bret Harte.

at twice last year's pace. They have already delivered about \$200 million worth so far this year, and before year's end are expected to sell at least another \$350 million worth.

Stalin's Scheme. Though the Soviet Union has somewhat suddenly emerged as the world's second largest exporter (after South Africa), the big influx of Communist gold has failed to upset the West. Actually, the Soviet gold is welcomed by the U.S. Federal Reserve and European central banks, which have formed a consortium—called the London gold pool—to buy up gold as it comes on the market. Reason: the new supply of Soviet gold has eased the West's acute gold shortage and helped stabilize the free market price of gold at very near the official U.S. price of \$35 per ounce. The Soviet gold has not only eased the pressure on the dollar but has also alleviated much of the drain on U.S. gold reserves, since European bankers are now able to bolster their holdings with Soviet gold. Chiefly because of the Russian sales, the U.S. partially replenished its own reserves by buying \$300 million in gold from the London pool last year.

Gold mining in Siberia, a big business under the Czars, ground to a halt after the Revolution. It did not get started again until 1927, when Stalin, after reading Bret Harte's novels about the California gold rush, set up a gold trust in hopes that renewed mining in Siberia would spur a mass migration to that sparsely settled area. His scheme produced no substantial population shift, but the Russians so rebuilt and expanded their mining industry that by 1938 their annual gold output was worth \$183 million.

Party's Call. Russia's main mines are located near a city named Bodaybo in central Siberia, at Magadan on Siberia's east coast, and on the Chukotskiy Peninsula on the Bering Strait. Last month came reports from Russia of new strikes in Kazakhstan and Transcaucasia that promise to be richer than the combined output of the Siberian mines. The Soviets keep as closely guarded secrets the amount of their gold output and reserves, but estimates by gold experts in London and Paris place Russia's current output at \$500 million to \$1 billion a year and reserves at perhaps as high as \$8 billion.

What is not secret is that Soviet gold mining has been plagued for years by thievery—even though trafficking in gold is a capital offense in Russia. When guards were posted and a fence erected around one Siberian mine, production immediately rose 25%. Lax discipline in the mines prompted the Communist Party's Central Committee a few months ago to call on the miners to "exceed output goals and reduce production costs." The exhortation reflected the Soviet Union's growing recognition that so long as Russian agriculture remains disjointed and inefficient, the country's surest breadbasket is its rich gold mines.

ITALY

Stretching Spaghetti

While the Common Market is having its trouble agreeing on common tariff policy, one export seems to be welcome everywhere. For some reason, perhaps better left to psychologists and cooks, Europe is taking to a food that has long been largely an Italian preserve: pasta. Though Italians are still the heartiest eaters (66 lbs. per year), Italy's pasta exports have risen 1,400% in a decade, crossing practically all national borders. Much of the increase has been the work of Paolo Agnesi & Sons, Italy's oldest pasta maker and (with \$10 million annual sales) one of its largest. Anticipating a 50% increase in exports this year, Agnesi has just opened a milling plant that processes 600,000 lbs. of grain

home from New York's Syracuse University, where he studied computer applications to spaghetti-making.

In the new Italian mass market, which has tempted some businessmen to stretch olive oil with water and parmesano cheese with sawdust, the Agnesi steadfastly insist on quality. Their spaghetti is made only from expensive durum wheat; lately it has become even more expensive because the company began importing U.S. and Canadian wheat when demand outran Italian supplies. But Agnesi spaghetti also sells for more, and proud Nonagenarian Paolo further insists that it be consumed correctly—with only a fork and with as little sauce as possible. Shocked when he heard that Germans were eating spaghetti as a side dish to sausage, Agnesi dispatched Imperia's best chef to



PAOLO AGNESI



PASTA PACKING LINE

Shocked by the Germans.

daily for 75 varieties of pasta. It is the largest plant of its kind in Europe.

Only by Fork. The 140-year-old family-owned Agnesi company is a heterogeneous blend of old and new. The new plant, so automated that only three men handle all milling operations, sits among old buildings in Imperia, 80 miles southwest of Genoa. Surrounded by hills and served by a wheezing one-track railroad and the winding two-lane Via Aurelia, a relic of the Roman Empire, Agnesi's Imperia businessmen air-freight their goods to Scandinavia more easily than they can ship it to Rome. From their isolated offices, they ring up the highest long-distance telephone bills in Italy. Third-generation Family Head Paolo Agnesi, 93, who wears handle-bar mustaches and goatee, for 76 years has arrived at the plant with his laborers at 6 a.m. His grandnephew, Paolo, 24, recently returned

the Munich trade fair to cook up 35,000 servings and teach the *Haussfrauen* their spaghettieta. Germany is now the company's second biggest export market, after Switzerland.

Scoop, Slurp & Chop. Looking beyond Europe, the Agnesi plan another aggressive campaign in Japan, which, curiously, is second in world pasta consumption, and in Australia and South America, which have sizable Italian-descended populations. Aiming also for the big U.S. market, Agnesi hopes to overcome the American complex about weight by stressing that hard-wheat spaghetti contains only 300 calories a serving and is rich in B and E vitamins. Agnesi hopes to prove that it is also so filling that Americans, who can be distinguished at the table by their knife, fork, spoon, twirl, twist, scoop, slurp, and even chop, techniques, will not reach for richer foods at all.



Manning Atherton is Music Director of Public Schools in Bangor, Maine

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"I'll get more insurance some day," I told MONY man Jim Greene, "but now I can't afford it. These mortgage payments are killing me! Besides, anything extra I put by for the children, for later on."

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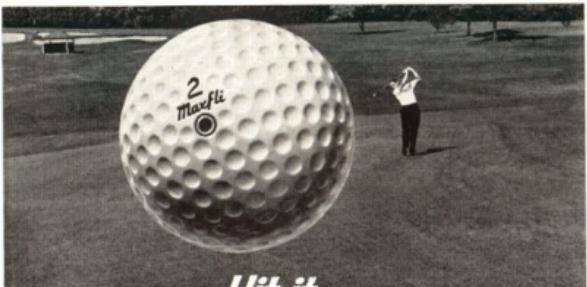
- "The ABC Of Life Insurance." How insurance works, in plain English. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.
- "Talking Over Federal Taxes . . . And Life And Health Insurance." What kind of sense does the tax cut have for your family?
- "The Unique Investment Features Of Life Insurance." Informative comparison of insurance with stocks and bonds.

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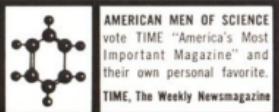


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Married. Durie Desloge, 22, daughter of Palm Beach Socialite Durie Desloge Shevlin; and Roderic Ian Bullough, 28, London blueblood, Oxonian, former Coldstream Guardsman; in Manhattan.

Died. Rico Lebrun, 63, Italian-born West Coast painter and sculptor, a wistful, wiry Neapolitan whose lifelong preoccupation with the grotesque and the macabre led critics to think of him as a 20th century Goya, produced a savage, semi-abstract body of work illustrating grim themes classic and modern, from Dante's *Inferno* and the Crucifixion to Dachau and Buchenwald; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Franklin Delavergne Jones, 65, Pennsylvania chemist who in 1944 discovered the nation's most widely used herbicide, 2, 4-D; of cancer; in Philadelphia. Experimenting with synthetic plant hormones, Jones found that one killed broad-leaved plants instead of stimulating growth, leaving such narrow-leaved plants as corn unscathed; it soon became the standard ingredient in preparations for controlling poison ivy and dandelion, paving the way for a host of other weed killers.

Died. Attaullah K. Ozai-Durrani, 66, an immigrant Afghan who in 1941 walked into the Manhattan office of a General Foods executive, set up his portable stove and demonstrated a quick-cooking rice he had developed, so handy that General Foods marketed it as Minute Rice, which with its imitations accounts for 25% of all rice cooked by U.S. housewives, filled his inventor's ricebowl with royalties estimated at more than \$1,000,000; of cancer; in Denver.

Died. Martin Quigley, 73, Manhattan publisher of the trade magazine *Motion Picture Herald* who, in 1929 with the late Jesuit Father Daniel Lord, prepared a guide governing the treatment of sex, crime, religion and "repellent subjects" in movies that became Hollywood's official production code; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, 86, Japan's Ambassador to the U.S. on Dec. 7, 1941, who called on Secretary of State Cordell Hull one hour after Japanese bombs had fallen on Pearl Harbor to deliver a note breaking off peace talks because of "U.S. bad faith"; of a stroke; in Tokyo. At least to Westerners, Nomura will be best remembered for the tongue-lashing administered by Hull: "In my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions, on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."



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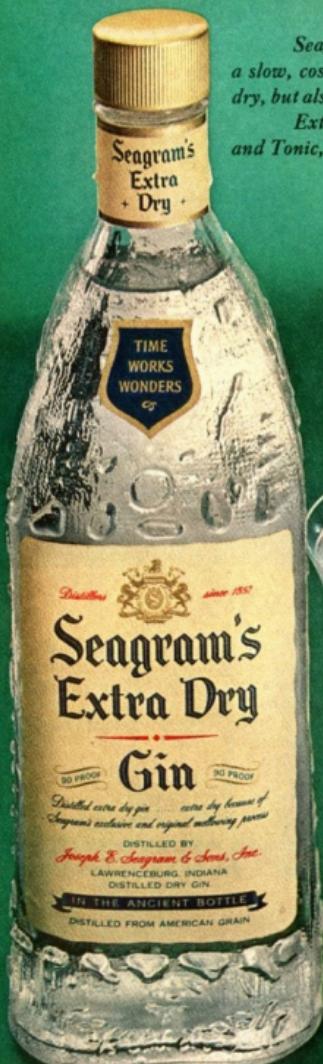
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Werewolves—And Other Dogs

Nothing is less appetizing than last year's ghoulash. Dracula and Frankenstein were fun the first time—and were still fun in later films, when they met each other, their own progeny, and mates worse than death. But in the '40s and '50s, the customers got bored with movies that cried werewolf, got fascinated with atomic-age monsters like *The Blob*, *The Thing*, *The Great Green Og*, and a colossal purple caterpillar filled with green radioactive goo. In the '60s, the fashion in fright has become eclectic: mad scientists, mole people, teen-aged werewolves and creatures from outer space have all done a bloody good business. And recently the technicians of terror have also produced a peculiar breed of hybrid horrors that mingle maniacs and muscles, gore and giggles, and even set monstrosity to music. Some recent screamers:

The Masque of the Red Death dusts off a trifling Poe classic and adapts it to fit the collected smirks of Vincent Price. Poe's original described a masked



DOOMED PARTYGOERS IN "RED DEATH"
Poe, Price, and the plague.

ball at which the vulgar Prince Prospero and all his company succumb when Death appears disguised as a plague victim. In the elegant, elongated movie version, Prospero is a Satanist who scourges the entire 12th century countryside. He tortures peasants, tries to corrupt a village maid, and lets his pet dwarf barbecue a guest. Fortunately, by the time Death gets to the party, most of the nicer people have fled.

Black Sabbath is a three-part demonology. *The Drop of Water* tells what happens to a nurse who steals a jewel from a corpse: she is hounded to her doom by a fiendish faucet. *The Telephone* tells the story of a girl who gets a phone call from a boy friend she sent



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Justice Man's Shop, started six years ago in a suburban shopping center, has grown steadily, now carries a \$75,000 inventory of brand name merchandise—and does 90% of its business with suburban wives and mothers!

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Successful businessmen prefer metered mail—to adhesive stamps and pre-stamped envelopes. You get rid of tedious, time-wasting stamp sticking and guarding stamp denominations. The meter prints postage as you need it, any amount, directly on the envelope; or on special tape for parcel post. You always have the right stamp. Mailing is more efficient.

Your postage is protected from loss, damage, misuse; and automatically

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And with every meter stamp you can print your own small ad, if you want one.

The Pitney-Bowes DM, little, low-cost desk model postage meter, is made for the small business. And more than a third of the DM users average less than \$1 a day for postage—favor the meter for its convenience and utility. Twelve other models for larger mailers. Ask any of the 190 Pitney-Bowes offices for a demonstration!

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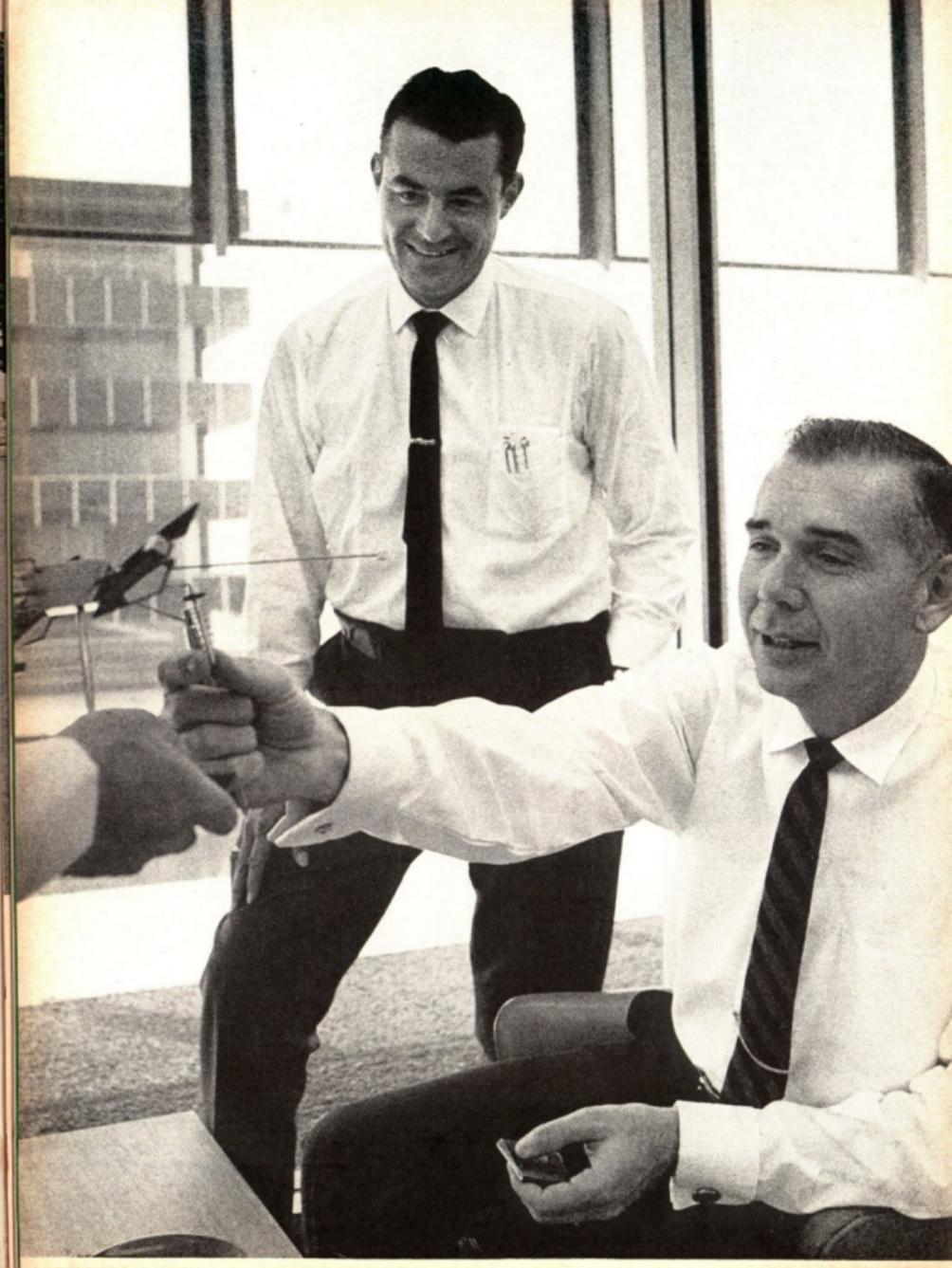
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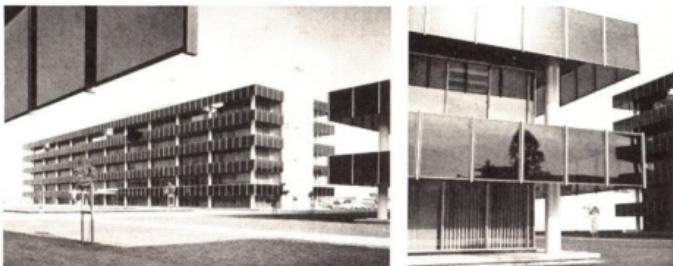
Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
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Here, where men strive to reach the stars a unique glass has already subdued the sun

The California sun is bright and hot. Few clouds block its glare.

Yet, something must. For here, men work in total concentration. They need the light, the freedom that wide windows admit. They need the blue sky where their imaginations roam. But they cannot tolerate irritating heat and glare. They don't have to. For between these men and the withering sun outside is a remarkable glass. Its special properties temper the heat, subdue the glare of the sun.



Research and Development Center at the Space Technology Laboratories of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge in Redondo Beach, California.

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PPG SOLARGRAY® Plate Glass absorbs much of the sun's heat and inhibits glare. Hanging sunshades of PPG GRAYLITE™ Glass further reduce glare to take most of the sting out of California's sunshine.

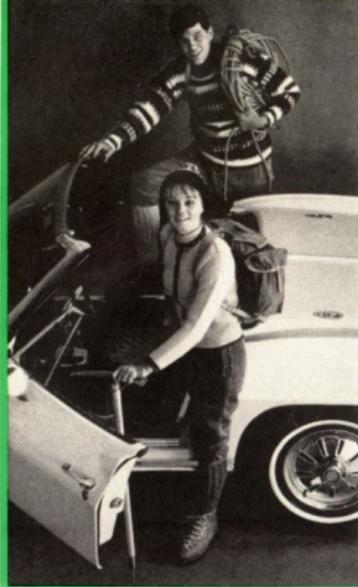
Glass Conditioning with SOLARGRAY, GRAYLITE and other PPG environmental glasses brings added comfort to the stimulating atmosphere of today's glass-walled buildings. Yet these unique products cost little more to install than conventional glass.

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Keeps cars running young

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KARLOFF & VICTIM IN "SABBATH"
Murder, mystery and a monster emeritus.

to the gallows. "I want that beautiful body of yours," he murmurs lustfully, and later he comes to get it. Terrified, she stabs him to death with a kitchen knife, but an instant later the phone rings, and when she answers it the voice of the dead man ironically reassures her: "Don't worry, darling. You can never kill me."

The *Wurdalak*, longest and scariest episode in the picture, represents that hoary old horror, Boris Karloff, as an East European vampire who carries somebody's head around in a canvas sack, and one dark night, while everybody is sleeping, tears the throat out of his four-year-old grandson. Silly stuff, of course, but it's nice to know that a monster emeritus can somehow manage to eeeeeeek out a living.

Comedy of Terrors is a lushly produced little parody of Hollywood scream fare, hopefully labeled "horroromp." Vincent Price and the late Peter Lorre play a team of New England undertakers. When business is slack, the two wheel off in the hearse to raise the death toll, chew the scenery, and feed each other jokes. But the jokes lack nourishment. Foppishly appraising a coffin, Price sneers: "Nobody in their right mind would be caught dead in that thing." True enough. So Basil Rathbone gets buried alive, while Boris Karloff, in a minor role, eyes his former gloom-mates and a dose of poison with equal distaste. "When I was young," Karloff grumbles, "we knew how to live." They also knew how to die—back in the days when a tongue in the cheek was soon pickled in brine.

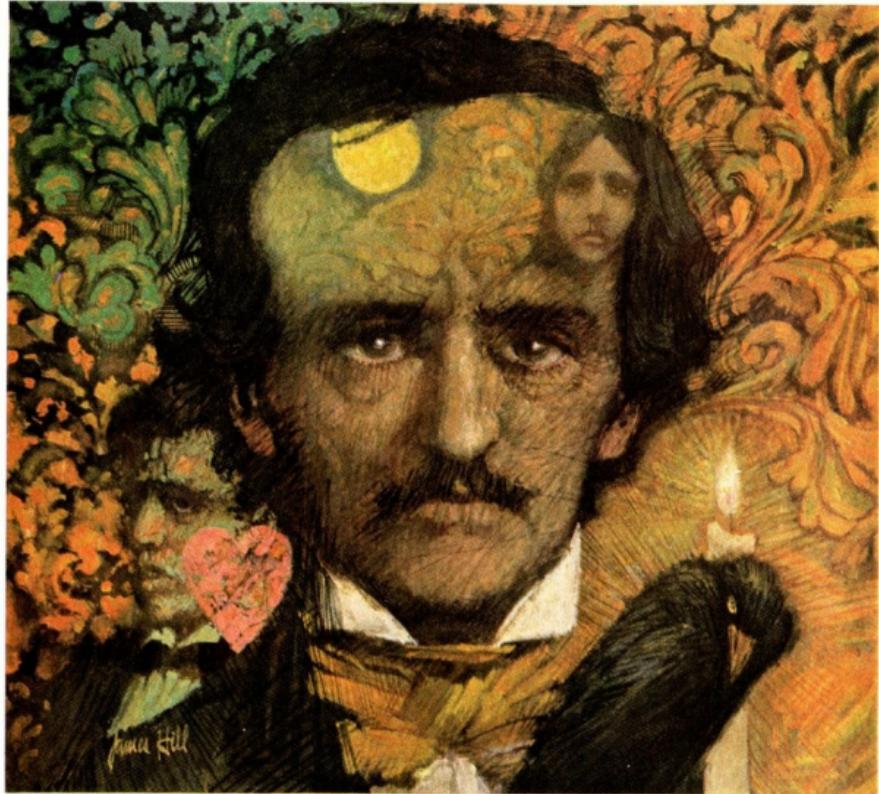


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Poe was a restless, unhappy man. And when he died, nobody much cried. The tears were to come later—a century later—from his country's school children reciting "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

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50-in. bust—bigger than Jayne Mansfield's and, strange to say, almost as voluptuously formed. What's more, even though he plays a country boy, Gordon's nails are exquisitely manicured, his teeth are expensively capped, and his wardrobe apparently includes a loincloth by Balenciaga. But he's tougher than he looks. In one scene he puts his fist through a paving stone (well, anyway, it looks like a paving stone) almost a foot thick. In another, he connects with an uppercut and rockets his opponent 30 ft. into the air. In the last reel that nasty old Kobra turns himself into Goliath's double, and at the climax Gordon beats Gordon to a bloody pulp, rips off his smiling mask, displays the inside of his head. It looks like the inside of a pumpkin.

Pyro glosses over its terror with a sort of Hitchcock-and-bull story photographed in Spain in flamenco hues and laved in bucketfuls of blue butane gas. The film casts Barry Sullivan as a phialanderer who becomes a firebug when cast-off Playmate Martha Hyer sends



SULLIVAN & PREY IN "PYRO"

Glossy, ghastly, with a carbonized brain.

his house up in flame. His wife and daughter dead, Barry survives, a hideously deformed monster with a "carbonized" brain. Crazed, hunted, vowing fiery vengeance, he hides behind a mask that inexplicably looks just like his old self. To keep the movie's audience from straying out for a smoke, there are some stunning pyrotechnics, views of the rugged Spanish landscape and—at last—the ghastly terrain of Sullivan's singed face, done to a turn by a mad makeup artist.

The Curse of the Living Corpse, despite its air of amateur Grand Guignol, unreels with grisly assurance. The plot involves "a homicidal maniac—bent on revenge by the most horrible means possible." Though locked in the family vault, a late and unlamented patriarch seemingly wants to settle his estate heir by heir. One morning the hired girl comes up on the dumb-waiter head first. Head only, in fact. Subsequent victims

are cruelly disfigured, dragged behind a horse, stabbed, burned alive, or drowned in the bath. In this orgy of supermarket sadism, the blood looks like Brand X catsup, but there's plenty to splash around.

The Horror of Party Beach, billed as "the first horror monster musical," gets off to a swingin' start with a bunch of teen-agers engaged in puberty rites at the shore. But man, dig that cat out there on the jetty. He's real cool. Looks like a stalk of asparagus with an artichoke heart for a head. Marinated by radioactive waste, maybe. And there's more where he came from. Crazy? Let's dance. Yeah, yeah, yeah. When a trio known as the Del-Aires isn't pushing that Big Beat, the big beasts claim several dozen victims. "Sounds like somebody big walkin' in the mud," says one terrified chick. Some 20 others come to grief at a slumber party when they leave the front door ajar, expecting the boys from the nearby frat house to stage a raid. *Horror's* best song: *You Are Not a Summer Love*.

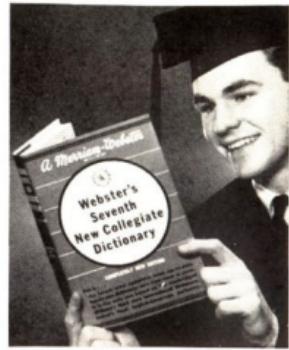
Triumph at Rome

The Grand Olympics is a blood-and-guts thriller of more heroic cast. Filmed by 22 Italian cameramen under the direction of Romolo Marcellini, this color documentary dazzlingly synthesizes the glory that was Rome's during the summer Olympiad of 1960. The film begins with a helioptic view, swooping over the dome of St. Peter's, then briefly darts away to Greece to catch the sun's rays igniting the traditional torch through a burning glass at Olympia. Soon some 5,000 athletes from 85 nations parade through Rome to the vast Stadio Olimpico. The flame arrives, the Olympic flag is hoisted, and a battery of pigeons soars skyward.

Having thus taken wing, the spectacle seldom falters, for the cameras perform in a virtuoso style that rivals the competitors on the field. Again and again, with slow-motion photography and telescopic lenses that reveal an athlete's face in stunning close-up, the moment of truth is seized; an Italian cyclist, narrowly losing one contest, bursts into tears; the barefoot Bikila Abebe sprints through torch-lit Roman streets to win the 26-mile marathon and Ethiopia's first Olympic gold medal; U.S. Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson consolingly embraces his close friend and runner-up, Taiwan's C. K. Yang. Poignant drama erupts when a Russian pole vaulter disastrously breaks his ankle. There is comedy, too, as a narrator dryly remarks of Britain's winning, waddling roadwalker: "One cannot honestly say that he presents an impeccable silhouette."

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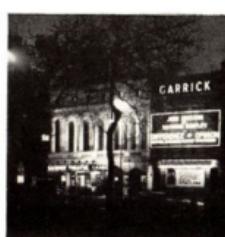
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Lyric and Apollo Theatres, London



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Olivier leads new National Theatre Company

This Fall, London offers one opportunity no serious playgoer should miss.

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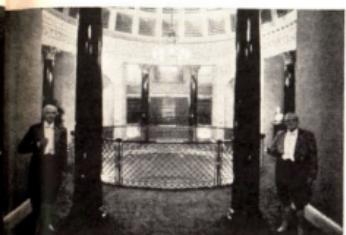
Belgrade Theatre, Coventry



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Festivals galore

When you plan your trip, include at least one of Britain's festivals on your itinerary. You'll find 23 major festivals listed in "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music." Here are a few you can visit this Fall:

Edinburgh International Festival (August 16 through September 5) This is a three-week spree of drama, symphony, opera, ballet, a military tattoo. Marlene Dietrich will star in a cabaret.

Three Choirs Festival (September 6 through 11) This is the world's oldest music festival. It began in 1714. This Fall, the Festival will be held in Hereford Cathedral.

The cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester will join with a London symphony orchestra in evenings of jubilant oratorio.

Pitlochry Drama Festival (All Summer—through October 3) The tiny town of Pitlochry nestles among the peaceful glens and lochs of Scotland. Its festival program includes plays by Chekhov, Shakespeare and Anouilh.

Stratford-upon-Avon (All Summer—through early December) This year,

the Shakespeare Season of Plays presents seven of the great historical dramas, including *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (Parts One and Two) and *Henry V*.

Shakespeare's Year in full cry

This is a joyful year for theatres in Britain. They are celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday. Most festival and theatre towns are presenting special quatercentenary productions. These are once-in-a-lifetime events. Many will run through the fashionable Fall. *Put them at the top of your list.*

How to get tickets

You can get tickets at many theatres on the day of performance—even in London. However, to be certain of seats for the new National Theatre Company or the great festivals, ask your travel agent to book them in advance.

The more time you give him, the better your seats will be.

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The Austere Heretic

GAUGUIN by Henri Perruchot. 398 pages. World. \$6.95.

"I regret what I said to you about Gauguin," the painter Paul Sérusier wrote to a fellow artist in 1880. "There is nothing of the humbug about him." Sérusier was wrong. There was a great deal of the humbug about Gauguin, as his latest biographer convincingly demonstrates. In fact, it was mainly the humbuggery that gave Gauguin a reputation—long before Somerset Maugham set his pen to *The Moon and Sixpence*—of being the very prototype of the artist

COLLECTION J. WICK



GAUGUIN IN PARIS, 1893

Searching for a vision he would never find.

in revolt against his society. Gauguin was aware of his reputation, gloried in it, assiduously cultivated it. And he was such a consummate natural actor. Biographer Perruchot believes, that he constantly—sometimes disastrously—deluded himself into believing it.

Perruchot, who has written critical biographies of Manet, Cézanne and Toulouse-Lautrec, tackled Gauguin once before in a 1948 study that he now regards as "superficial and sentimental." His conclusions in the present volume were drawn from long study of Gauguin's private journals and correspondence, conversation with people (particularly in Brittany) who still remember the painter, and, most important, a study of 600 unpublished documents in the library of the late Painter Daniel De Monfreid, who was Gauguin's chief correspondent while Gauguin was in Tahiti.

Lost Paradise. Perruchot is not always convincing as an armchair psychologist, but he makes a good case for the fact

that Gauguin was a rebel long before he walked out of his marriage and successful career as a Paris stockbroker at the age of 35. For one thing, he was a stockbroker only by happenstance. When he returned to Paris at 23 after six years before the mast, he casually accepted a minor position in his guardian's brokerage house. Gauguin was a gambler, and while the market continued to rise he prospered; but he was persistently scornful of his colleagues. More important, he was by nature a wanderer—committed half-consciously, thinks Perruchot, to a search for a vision he would never find: "the lost paradise of his childhood in Peru." Gau-

guin's instinct for self-dramatization with a typically self-conscious flourish: "Oh, yes, I am a great criminal. What does it matter! Michelangelo was too!" He exchanged his stockbroker's black business suit for a fisherman's blue jersey and high boots, retreated to cultivate a new role—"the austere heretic," in Pissarro's words, who "pontificated and was followed by a train of young men."

Gauguin talked taller than he stood. Actually, he was a little (5 ft. 4 in.) bantam of a man. But he walked Pont-Aven's streets with a nautical swagger, his great jut of a nose tilted in the air, looking like an evangelist pirate captain. He spouted maxims: "A line is colour, since it can only be born from the contour of spaces," or "The ugly can be beautiful, the pretty, never." To his wife, who was supporting the five children at her family's home in Copenhagen, he sent periodic sermons defining his new position ("The difference between us is the difference between the mediocre and the creative").

Gauguin's instinct for self-dramatization came alive most fully after he settled in Tahiti, where he painted some of his most celebrated canvases, took a Tahitian mistress and fathered two children. He saw himself as "a savage returning to savagery," and he was plainly delighted by the effect of his departure, as described to him in a letter from Europe: "You are at the moment that extraordinary, legendary artist who, from the far Pacific, sends disconcerting, inimitable works, the definitive works of a great man who has, so to speak, disappeared from the world."

But as his health became worse (he suffered from eczema, asthma and syphilis) and the demand for his paintings declined, Gauguin saw his withdrawal in another light: he had "buried his talent among the savages; no more will be heard of me; for many, it will appear to be a crime." Despondent, he climbed the slope of a mountain, swallowed arsenic and waited to die. But his stomach failed him; he merely became ill and had to climb down again, "condemned to live."

Hatred & Vengeance. It is Perruchot's belief that Gauguin's obsessive concern with how he appeared to the world sapped his powers after his retreat to the South Seas (where he spent six years in Tahiti and the last 18 months of his life in the Marquesas). He wasted the last year writing *Before and After*, a hysterical book of self-declared "hatred and vengeance" directed against his wife and the Danes. It was an ironic last word for the "austere heretic."

Gauguin died of a heart attack in 1903 in his hut on the island of Hiva Oa. A sale of his possessions was held after an "expert" in Papeete had rummaged through the watercolors and drawings, throwing most of them "on the rubbish heap—that is, their proper place." Among the surviving papers was a fragmentary note reading, "I am now down and out, defeated by poverty." It was sold in Paris in 1957 for \$1,430.



SELF-PORTRAIT, 1896

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SKETCH FOUND IN HIVA OA HUT

Searching for a vision he would never find.

guin had spent five years there with his widowed mother after his journalist father died. And he remembered Peru as "this enchanted land peopled by a primitive and simple race." He was still looking for it when he died.

Gauguin's strange marriage to Mette Gad, a plump, passionless Danish girl who liked to wear men's clothes and smoke a cigar, has never been adequately explained. Perruchot adds little to the story. They lived together for twelve years and produced five children, yet neither, according to their later testimony, ever had an inkling of what the other was like. By the time their third child was on the way, Gauguin was beginning to send his paintings to exhibitions. Through a meeting with Camille Pissarro, he was drawn into the group of eccentrics known as the impressionists—Manet, Monet, Renoir and Pissarro himself.

A Great Criminal. When he turned his back on business and family to become a fulltime painter, he announced

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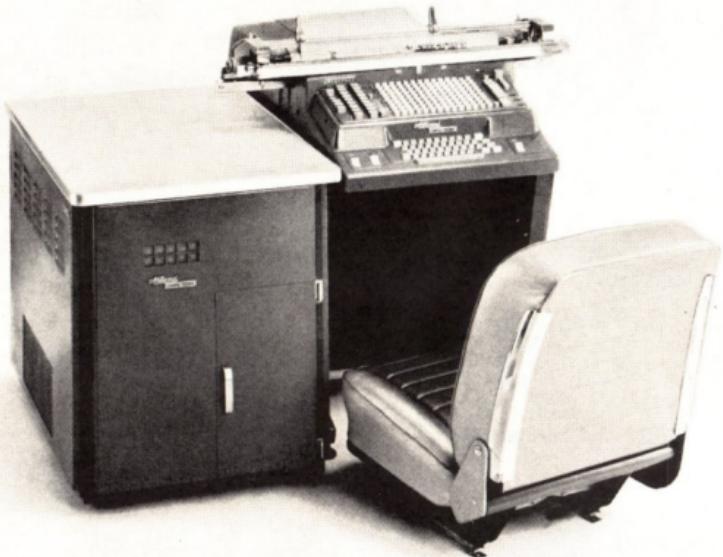
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LESLIE FIEDLER
Culture climbing—or dope?

Quick! Everybody Take Cover

WAITING FOR THE END by Leslie Fiedler. 256 pages. Stein & Day. \$5.95.

Here comes Leslie Fiedler again, and as the U.S.'s angriest critic, he throws bombs. His biggest blockbuster so far was *Love and Death in the American Novel*, in which he declared among other things that the best U.S. fiction, from *Huckleberry Finn* to Hemingway and Faulkner, has shared a theme of repressed homosexuality. But in just four years the shock waves from that book have been absorbed: it already appears on required reading lists at U.S. universities. So now Fiedler returns to the attack.

► On the next generation: "Our youngsters at least begin the shift from a whisky culture to a dope culture."

► On Hemingway's suicide: "One quarry was left him only, the single beast worthy of him: himself. And he took his shotgun in hand, improbably renewing his lapsed allegiance to death and silence. With a single shot he redeemed his best work from his worst, his art from himself."

► On Kennedy and the arts: "John F. Kennedy as Louis XV seemed up to the moment of his assassination the true symbol of our cultural plight; not only our first sexually viable president in a century, after a depressing series of uncle, grandfather and grandmother figures, but the very embodiment of middlebrow culture climbing."

Death of the Novel. There is much more, in what will surely prove the most infuriatingly quotable book of the year. While some of it is cocktail-party rant, most is meant seriously. Fiedler, for 20 years professor of English and now chairman of the department at Montana State University, is convinced that fiction and poetry really matter, not just because they delight or possibly instruct the reader, but because they are the symptoms with which to psychoanalyze a civilization. And in his

PERSPECTIVE

The son probes an elusive horizon.

The father senses an irretrievable loss...that all too frightening experience of seeing his child mature.

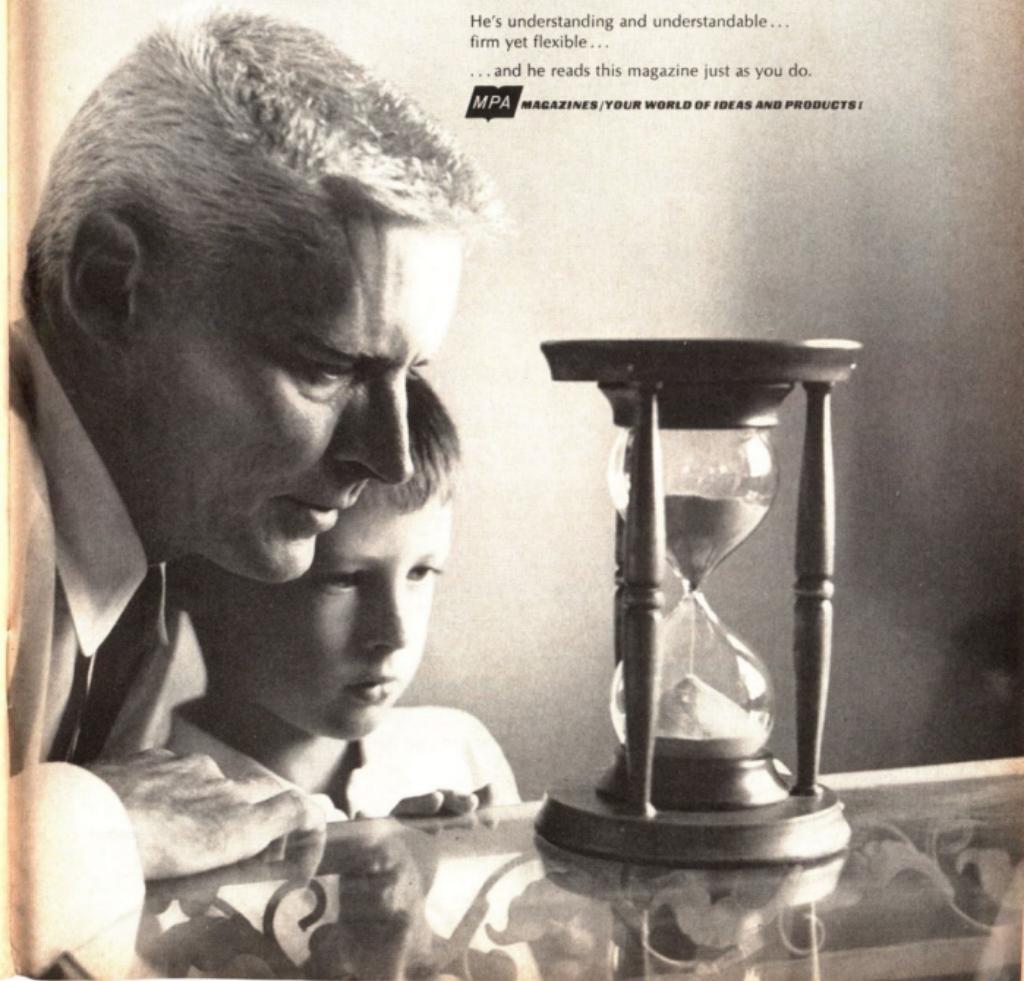
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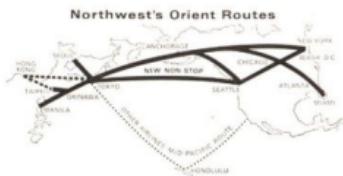
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exhaustive survey of novelists from the '30s to the present day, Fiedler concludes that the novel is probably dying and society is very sick.

"Surely there has never been so large a cluster of egregious flops in the span of a couple of years," he declares in a sweeping judgment on the recent works of such eminent names as Katherine Anne Porter, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Malamud and James Baldwin. "There are various ways to declare the death of the novel: to mock it while seeming to emulate it, like Nabokov or John Barth . . . or to explode it, like William Burroughs, to leave only twisted fragments of experience and the miseries of death."

Hope from the Poets. The sickness Fiedler most fears in society he finds expressed in Burroughs and other hipster writers who are high on "hashish and yoga, heroin and zen" and drugs like mescaline that alter consciousness. "There is a weariness in the West," he writes, "a weariness with humanism itself which underlies all the movements of our world, a weariness with the striving to be men." And he sees these writers in love with that weariness saying in effect: "Let the focused consciousness blur into the cosmic night; let the hallucinatory monsters bred of fragmented consciousness prowl that night again; let the perilously sustained absurdity of the 'soul' be abandoned."

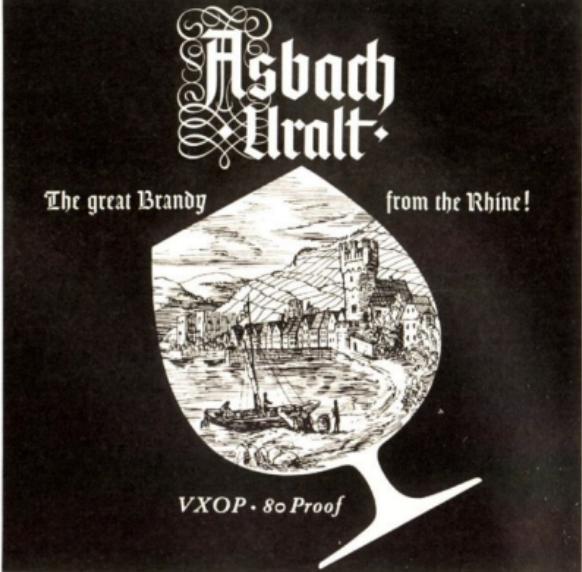
Only the poets give Fiedler a little hope and the reader some respite. In four effortless, brilliant final chapters, Fiedler charts the continuities of U.S. poetry over the past century, demonstrates how the poets of the past decade have brought the healthy "reappearance of Walt Whitman as a considerable force in our poetry, as well as the rejection of the objectivity and the metaphysical-symbolist tradition sponsored by T. S. Eliot." Ironically, some of these poets are the very beatniks whose novels most disturb him. Yet they have at least got poetry out of the classroom and "into the cafés: a kind of solution."

Rome on Wry

MORE ROMAN TALES by Alberto Moravia. 254 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$4.75.

The slight, polished pieces in this latest assembly of Alberto Moravia's fiction illustrate one of publishing's awkward truths—that while there is a good deal to say for the short story, the short-story collection is a bestiary that should not be. Not that the stories are bad, but that they resemble each other like so many peach-pit monkeys.

Moravia's pattern is distinctive but invariable: a Roman lowlife, male, gives a fourth-drink, first-person account of some minor downfall, failing to see its subtleties and thereby allowing the reader a faint, wry smile. The only thing wrong with the formula is that it does not require much space, and the reader is given only four or five pages between



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IT'S A

Money, of course, is essential to businessmen, but it isn't always the buck that gives you satisfaction.

You don't often get a chance to pull off a really good one on a man as sharp as Jake Croft, not even when you've practiced as long as I have. We've been friends since college and business competitors for sixteen years, and *never* have I seen his ruddy little face so red!

It all started last Monday morning with a tip I got from a friend who has a summer place at Lake Nepatoah. *Derhake & Price*, contractors I've been trying to sew up for a couple years, were having trouble with a water pump specified for a bunch of vacation houses they were building on the lake. Jake and I both had lost out on that contract. (My newest pump had just missed being ready in time for the bids.) So I called Sam Price immediately.



FUNNY BUSINESS!

"Yeah, yeah, it won't work at all. We've got a pretty special problem," Sam said. "But Jake Croft called yesterday. He's on his way here now. Be in about three or so."

"How did he find out so fast?" I asked.

"Maybe he keeps up with his customers' problems."

I could feel the sharpness of Sam's needle, and I made a note to zing one into our sales rep in Sam's area. Then I looked at my watch. Nine-fifteen. The lake was nearly 400 miles away. Twenty-five from Sam's office.

"There's a landing strip at the lake, isn't there Sam?" I asked.

"Well yes, but —"

"I'll be there around noon with our new pump. We can have it installed by two. Can you meet us there?"

"You crazy?"

"I can make it, Sam."

"What're you going to do, charter a plane?"

"Don't have to. We bought one. A new Cessna 210 Centurion."

"Well, fine . . . but what about Jake? I mean, I promised —"

I think I must have looked like Dennis the Menace then, frowning diabolically and grinning at the same time. "Leave word for him to meet you there."

Well, to make a long story short, I grabbed a couple of engineers and one of our new pumps and flew out to the lake. We had the pump working by the time Sam appeared. And you should have seen Jake's face when he showed up with nothing but a handful of blueprints.

To make it even funnier, Jake swallowed his pride and asked us for a ride back. His airliner wasn't scheduled to leave until the next afternoon, and on top of that he had to drive 45 miles to the municipal airport. Let me tell you, the laugh I got was worth the price of the plane—not to mention the contract!

wry smiles. If the book is used as night-table literature, even the weariest citizen cannot achieve unconsciousness without meeting, say, the indignant wife of Federico the upright thief, the witless teen-ager who lives to dance, and the impassioned auto-accessories dealer who smashes his car for love. If the reader is the least bit wakeful, he goes on to meet Consolina, the servant girl who admires blond men and Clara, the fortuneteller's fickle daughter. The face begins to ache from all the faint smiling, and insomnia sets in.

The flaw, clearly, is not in the product but the packaging. There should be a way to enjoy Moravia's stories a few at a time. Until some publisher has a better idea, why not bind small bouquets of them, like cinema short subjects, into the first pages of the next 500-page novel about Rome?

Also Current

OLD ACQUAINTANCE by David Stacton. 185 pages. Putnam. \$3.95.

Even in these one-worldly days of cultural colonies and jet-setters, most U.S. authors trying to depict European sophistication seem indefinitely out of their



DAVID STACTON

The joke lies in the telling.

league, like children sashaying around in grown-up shoes. Not so David Stacton, who here recounts with relish and delight a nostalgic encounter between two Old World celebrities at an international film festival. Leading man is Charlie, a writer rich but long past his prime, an exquisite wit, mildly fond of young men, though he has been married four times. With his latest boy in tow, Charlie encounters an old actress friend; she has a pretty girl companion, and such pairing off as occurs would come as no surprise to Rodgers and Hart. But for a baroque stylist like Stacton, the joke lies in the telling: at its best, *Old Acquaintance* is studded with aphorisms, lively with quips, and memorable as a kind of Continental *September Song* as it might have been written with book by Ludwig Bemelmans and added monologues by Oscar Wilde.

HOME IS THE SAILOR by Jorge Amado. 298 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Brazilian tall tales may be a hair taller and several cubits broader than those told elsewhere, or so this elaborately old-fashioned bawdy comedy sets out to prove. Captain Vasco Moscoso de Araújo, Master Mariner, is in fact a master fake. Craving romance, he has procured

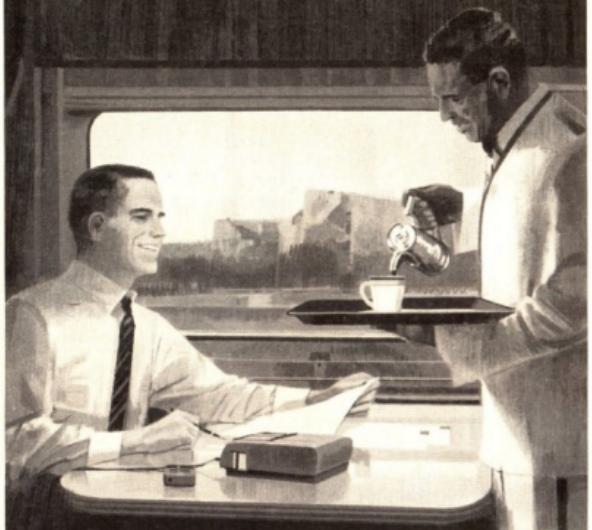


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JORGE AMADO
A moral and a dream.

himself a license as ship's captain, though he has never set foot on an oceangoing deck. At 60 he "retires" to the seaside resort of Periperi, with silver hair, splendiferous uniforms, and an inexhaustible fund of nautical whoppers ranging from heroic shipwreck to Arab dancers of more than Oriental splendor in bed. One fine day Vasco is asked to take command of a real ship. Unrattled, the sofa salt mounts the bridge, delegates all authority to the chief mate—until a moment arrives when he cannot escape command. But the very elements conspire to make him a hero and to prove a moral of sorts about the nature of man's dreams.

THE BELLS OF BICÉTRE by Georges Simenon. 240 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95.

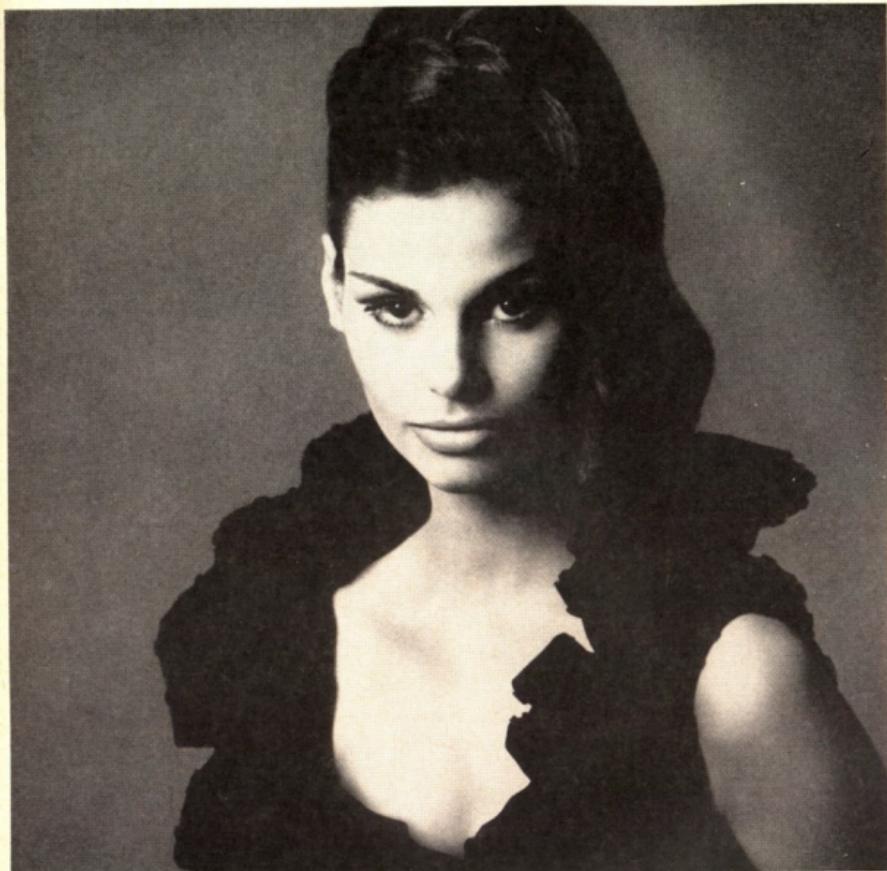
Best known for murder mysteries, Author Simenon here goes straight, trading in his Inspector Maigret for a new hero, Publisher René Maugras—and the similarity of names is the tip-off to the author's basically unchanging fascination with death and the tangles of men's motives. The death in question is Maugras' own, narrowly missed when he suffers a serious stroke: as the novel opens, he is coming to for the first time, unable to speak or move. Step by difficult step, he recovers: in the months of enforced idleness he ponders his career and his friends, his business associates and his alcoholic wife. As he ponders, he understands. Or does he? At novel's end he resumes control of his publishing empire, with one arm paralyzed but otherwise strangely unchanged. The book is skillful, meticulous, fascinating—but did Simenon really get his man?

TOMORROW WILL BE MONDAY by Katinka Loeser. 215 pages. Atheneum. \$4.50.

Thirteen short stories set in suburbia, in which the wife of Comic Novelist Peter De Vries lays sobering claim to the



GEORGES SIMENON
A fixation on death.



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KATINKA LOESER

Death stalks the good life.

terrain of the heart where the knowledge of death stalks the good life. Several grandmothers are dying—two at home, one at last shunted off to a convalescent home. A middle-aged mother dies in an auto accident. A ten-year-old girl is about to die of leukemia. Two family cats are killed and mourned. Grim fare, tearjerkers even, but told with a sensitivity which at its best reaches beyond style to become something close to a stoic philosophy of life. The author knows and can sometimes convey some odd, obvious but ageless facts of death: there are no new ways of facing it; grief is less an emotion than a physical presence; the conspiracy of the living to forget death is called life, and that goes on.

A PLACE OF STONE by Jim Hunter. 244 pages. Pantheon. \$3.95.

An otherwise sound British critic has predicted that Jim Hunter, 24, "may well prove to be one of the great contemporary writers." Talent aside, the prediction is a plain impossibility: though Hunter has published three novels in the last four years, he is clearly not contemporary. His characters, spouting great goblets of *Weltenschmerz* in the grand Victorian manner, stride moors and seashores that are the welfare-state descendants of scenery loved by Hardy and the Brontës. Principal characters are an English painter, his wife, their two grown children, frozen in various attitudes of love, hate and sheer disdain—until the wife develops cancer. The book then examines the shifting feelings of the three members of the family as they watch the fourth member die. There is room for tragedy in such a theme, but in Hunter's hands, death itself can seem mannered and quaint.



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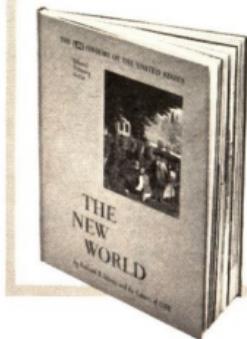
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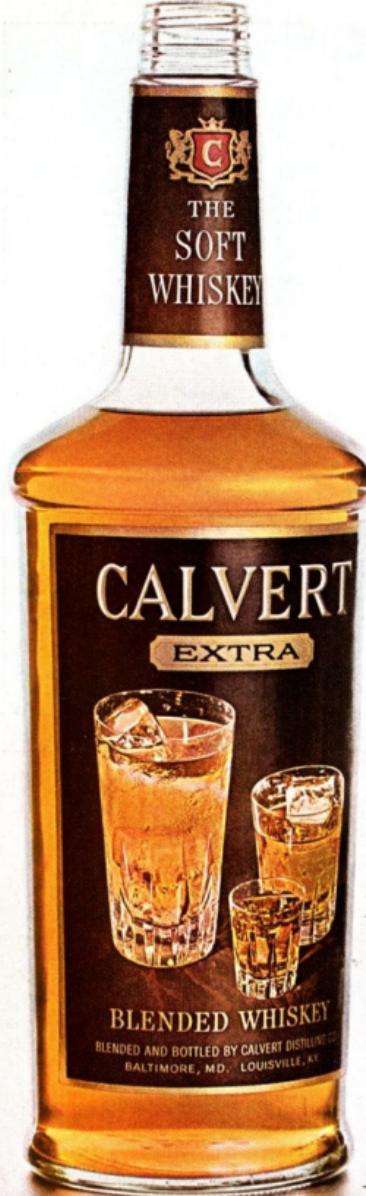
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